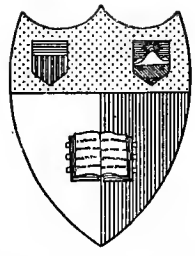

EXTRACTS

FROM

THE DIARY

OF A

LOVER OF LITERATURE.

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LOVER OF LITERATURE.

by

Thomas Green

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L.

PREFACE.

At length, after much hesitation, and in an evil hour perhaps, I am induced to submit to the indulgence of the Public, the idlest Work, probably, that ever was composed; but, I could wish to hope, not absolutely the most unentertaining or unprofitable.

For the errors and defects naturally incident to a composition successively exhibiting the impressions of the moment in the language which the moment prompted, and which must derive any interest it may possess from the ease and freedom with which these impressions are communicated, it would be fruitless and absurd to attempt an apology. That remarks, hastily made, will sometimes prove unfounded; that first views of an author's meaning and spirit, will occasionally be erroneous; that references, suddenly set down amidst the instant pressure of other matter, and not always open to subsequent revision, will now and then be incorrect; and that expressions, eagerly seized on the exigency of the occasion, will here and there appear too daring, and frequently uncouth—these, and topics of extenuation such as these, must spontaneously suggest themselves to every Reader: and as the just allowances, on these accounts, will cheerfully be made by every candid mind, so with none but the candid can I expect that any excuses I could offer on the subject would avail to obtain them. For faults of every other description, and for more than a due proportion of these, I feel that I am strictly accountable; and present myself before the Audience whose attention I have presumed to engage with my babble, under an appalling sense of the responsibility which my rashness has incurred.

To the objector, who should fiercely demand, why I obtruded on the Public at all, matter confessedly so crude and so peccant,—I have really little to allege which is quite satisfactory to my own mind, or which I could reasonably hope, therefore, would prove so to his: but to an offended spirit of a gentler nature, I might perhaps be allowed to intimate, that, whatever my faults may be, I have not attempted to decoy unwary Readers by an imposing Title, nor to tax their curiosity with the costly splendours of fashionable typography. It has been my earnest wish, at least, to obviate disappointment, by accommodating, as much as possible, my appearance to my pretensions. These are simple, and of easy statement. To furnish occupation, in a vacant hour, to minds imbued with a relish for literary pursuits, by suggesting topics for reflection and incentives to research, partly from an exhibition of whatever struck me as most interesting in the thoughts of others, during a miscellaneous course of reading, and partly, too, from a free and unreserved communication of the thoughts they gave rise to in my own mind—this is all that I venture to propose to the Reader as my aim in the publication of the following Extracts: and if, in the prosecution of this purpose, I should be so happy as to conciliate that good will which is not unlikely to result from the tolerable execution of such a design, I shall fully have accomplished every thing, so far as an Author's feelings are concerned, to which my ambition, or my vanity (if it must be so), aspires.

With respect to my success in this adventure, if I am not generally very sanguine, there are certain moments—under the encouraging influence of a balmy air, bright sky, and vigorous digestion—in which I am not altogether without hope. When I advert, it is true, to the numerous faults that deform the following pages, all crowding in hideous succession before me—when I reflect on the various improvements of which the whole would be susceptible, even under my own mature revisal—above all, when I compute what brighter talents and ampler attainments might have achieved in a similar career—my heart, oppressed with the load of my infirmities, sinks in despondency within me: but when I consider, on the other hand, the wretched trash with which the Public is sometimes apparently content to be amused, my spirits, in a

slight degree, revive; I cannot disguise, from myself, that I am at least entitled to equal indulgence with *some* of these candidates for public favour; and in the momentary elation of this ignoble triumph, am tempted to anticipate a reception, which however moderate and subdued for an illusion of the fancy, may perhaps prove ridiculously flattering compared with the actual doom that awaits me.

Though the substance of my Journal is merely Literary, other matter occasionally occurs; and perhaps I ought to notice here, from its bulk, what I have purposely neglected proclaiming in the Title, from its quality—the Notes, I mean, taken on different excursions through the picturesque parts of this Island. They are certainly slight and superficial; and though they recall very distinct images, and are associated with many delightful sensations, in my own mind, are little likely, I fear, to afford much gratification to the general Reader. Those who have visited the same scenes, or who propose to visit them, may possibly derive some pleasure from their perusal:—and, at all events, as the die is cast (though I sometimes wish it back again), they must now pass muster, and take their chance, with the rest.

The following Sheets are, of course, only a sample, though a pretty large one, of a more considerable Work:—but the Purchaser of the present Volume (I hasten to add) need not be alarmed. I cannot flatter myself that the materials for a future selection, are eminently better than those from which I have thus far drawn; and with the present Extracts I am so little satisfied, on a review of them in print, that unless they should experience the most unequivocal symptoms of public favour, they are the last that will appear. An idle experiment, however unsuccessful, may be good-naturedly excused; but to persist in a piece of folly of this kind, after a fair warning that it is such, would betray an unpardonable disregard of what is due, on the occasion, both to public feeling and my own character.

Ipswich. April the 20th, 1810.

EXTRACTS

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1796.

SEPTEMBER the 12th.

ON this day, the twenty-seventh anniversary (as Gibbon, in stately language, would describe it) of my birth, I begin a register of my observations and reflections:—a task which I deeply lament has been so long deferred, but which I am resolved to prosecute with vigour, now it is begun; anticipating much delight from the review it will enable me to take of my occupations and pursuits, and of the feelings and opinions with which they were accompanied.

Read, in the evening, "Temple on the Origin of Government:" in which the source of political power is justly traced; and the doctrine of an original compact, as an historical fact, successfully exploded. He plainly states, what, though very obvious, is often overlooked, that all government is a restraint upon liberty; and, in all modes of it, the dominion over individuals equally absolute. Pope probably borrowed, from a part of this Essay, his thought—

"For forms of government let fools contest;"
"Whate'er is best administered, is best".—

Essay on Man, Epistle 3, v. 303.

A position, however, not defensible, since the *form* may influence the *administration*.—The whole Essay is extremely judicious and unreserved. Temple is a very sensible writer; and draws more from his own stock of observation and reflection, than is usual with the writers of the present day.

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Finished, afterwards, Gulliver's Travels. Could this severe satire on poor human nature, be designed to reform it; or was it the overflowing merely of that "sæva indignatio," which in Swift, it is to be suspected, sprung less from a strong abhorrence of vice, than the exacerbations of mortified ambition? I am afraid we cannot hesitate in adopting the latter alternative.—Nothing can transcend the felicity of his contrivance for exposing our follies and our frailties, nor the consummate skill with which he has availed himself of it.

SEPT. the 14th.

Looked into the New Annual Register for 1795. The tone of politics in the History of Literature, and in the British and Foreign History, materially differ: but the wonder is, how so *much* consistency is preserved in works of this nature; and, instead of marvelling, with Johnson, how any thing but profit should incite men to literary labour, I am rather surprised that mere emolument should induce them to labour so well.—To review, in a connected series, those events which we caught only by detached snatches as they passed, is very amusing. Even an old Newspaper, in a moment of listlesness, has, with me, its charms. It puts one into something like the condition of a *prescient* being, perusing the Journals of the day: we see passions agitating, which are now extinct; reports affirmed, which we know to be false; alarms sounded, which we are sure had no foundation; and expectation all alive—upon projects which have ended in nothing.

SEPT. the 19th.

Met Mr. E——n at Mr. R.'s. The conversation (in which I took no part) turned, after dinner, on the prophecies applicable to the present period. Both Mr. E. and Mr. R. think there are such. Mr. E. is convinced, from a passage in the Apocalypse, that monarchy and hierarchy will be restored in France for three years. Appearances indicating so little the completion of this event, he was tauntingly asked, what he would think of the prophecies, if it did not take place? I see, said he, so manifestly that many parts of them have been fulfilled, that I should only conclude my application of this part was erroneous, and that it still remained to be accomplished. I should, of course, be disposed to examine very seriously, and to adopt if it was plausible, any other interpretation which might be offered; but my assurance of the truth of the prophecies at large, would not be in the least impaired.—Though, to a profane eye, the Book of Revelations may seem like the

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wild rhapsody of an enthusiastic and distempered mind, mistaking dreams for visions, and reveries for inspiration, I was not the less pleased with this temperate and ingenuous reply of one of its warmest devotees. Yet I marvel at his confidence. If prophecy is designed to convince, (and of the force of the proof which it is capable of rendering, no one can be more fully sensible than myself), why is it not clear? To me it seems evident, that unless the event is so distinctly and circumstantially *foretold*, that it might be distinctly and circumstantially *foreseen*, we can never have satisfactory assurance that a prediction has been fulfilled. Obscurity is so readily accommodated, by a willing mind, to any contingency; an ardent fancy, bent on the discovery, can so easily find whatever forms it pleases, in the clouds, that any supposed completion must otherwise be received with considerable distrust. What shall we say, then, when there are scarcely two commentators, of any note, on the Revelations, who are agreed in the application of its prophecies to events allowed, on all hands, to be *past*.—I am aware of the old excuse, that if prophecy were so clear that the event could be foreseen, we should be induced to ascribe its accomplishment to art—to conclude that the prediction led to its completion. Such an argument, so far as it applied, would merely go to shew the incompetency of any such species of proof: but surely it is easy to imagine events foretold, which, as no human sagacity could foresee, so, from the opposite interests or utter ignorance of the parties concerned in bringing them to pass, we might be morally assured no human agency designedly promoted.—The most *politic* defence of the obscurity of prophecy, would be, to regard it as an exercise for our diligence and faith.

SEPT. the 22d.

Finished the New Annual Register for 1795. The account of the Religion and Government of the Japanese, is highly curious; and exhibits that people, of whom we have known little but through defamatory channels, as considerably more advanced in all the refinements of civilization, than we had hitherto supposed. But has not the passion for the marvellous, which luxuriates equally in an excess of *chiaro* as *oscuro*, a little overcharged the picture?—The Review of Literature, is not enlivened by much critical discernment: the praise is far too indiscriminate, and the censures too feeble.

Attended a Concert, in the evening; at which Hague, of Cambridge, led the Band. His taste is refined, his tones sweet and rich, and his execution easy and correct: but, if I may judge from the concluding piece, he wants force to transfuse, and possibly genius to catch, the fire of Handel.—It is a lamentable drawback on mu-

sical composition, that the author cannot exhibit his conceptions *directly* to the Public; but must trust, for this purpose, to the agency of others. The Painter, the Architect, the Poet, address themselves at once, and without any intervention, to the senses and feelings of mankind:—an inestimable advantage!

SEPT. the 23rd.

Began with eagerness, and read, with increasing avidity, the first four Chapters of Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo de Medici. The style is luminous and flowing: not curiously elaborated, perhaps, into exquisite precision; but utterly free from all affectation. The subject itself is ably treated: the thread of the narrative is steadily pursued; the collateral and explanatory matter, judiciously interwoven; and the images by which particular sentiments are enforced, are generally just, and sometimes original and happy.—His strained comparison, however, (C. 3), between the disciples of Plato and of Wesley, I either do not comprehend, or do not feel.—In the atrocious conspiracy of the Pope, the Cardinal, the Archbishop, and the Ecclesiastics, (C. 4), against the lives of Lorenzo and his brother, a real philosopher, perhaps, might see nothing peculiarly repugnant to the superstition of the times. Our deep abhorrence of the crime of murder, is the offspring, not of devotion, but of a cultivated and refined humanity—of a heart revolting at blood, the shrieks of terror, the convulsive agonies, the ghastliness, and all the horrors of sudden and violent death. The soldier, who undertook the assassination with readiness, yet shrunk back from performing it *in church*, displayed the genuine feelings of a *Layman*; but the Priests were Lords of the Sanctuary, and might surely apply it to any *pious purpose*. *They* probably would have shuddered with horror, at the proposal of throwing the consecrated wafer to the dogs.

Gibbon has touched the interesting period which Mr. Roscoe treats, with the hand of a master. I am surprised that in Mr. Roscoe's notice of him—for he *does* refer to him—he did not bestow an ampler measure of applause. Robertson, on a similar occasion, in his Disquisition upon Antient India, paid a just and noble tribute to the comprehensive erudition of this accomplished writer. Certainly in his qualifications as an historian and a critic, he is above all praise: but my opinion of him as a man and as a genius, has rather been diminished by the perusal of his Miscellaneous Works; and I heartily acquiesce in the very sensible judgment pronounced upon *them*, and upon the author, in the last Monthly Review.—Of Robertson himself, it is remarkable, that he has written nothing but History.

SEPT. the 24th.

Read the 5th. Chapter of Roscoe's Life: consisting chiefly of a critical disquisition on the poetical character of Lorenzo de Medici; injudiciously introduced in the midst of an interesting narrative, and by no means executed with the skill and taste which I expected. His exposition of the great end and object of Poetry—" to communicate a clear and perfect idea of the proposed subject," affords, at the outset, a very unfavourable prognostic; though I admit a man may understand well, what he defines absurdly.—Much of the matter which loads the Appendix, might surely have been spared.

SEPT. the 26th.

Pursued Roscoe's Work. The petty squabbles of the Italian States, detailed in the 6th Chapter, are much too minute and insignificant to interest attention; nor can I think that they are related in the most clear and lively manner. Of Lorenzo's abilities as a statesman, but little is made out; and I begin to question the *historical* powers of his biographer.—In treating, however, his favourite theme—the rise and progress of Italian Literature—in the two succeeding Chapters, the spirit of the narrative revives: yet an incident is now and then very awkwardly lugged in, under an apparent impression of the necessity of telling whatever has been told, however trivial and uninteresting, of the domestic life of Lorenzo. *Distinguishing* traits of character and incident, are what we require from the biographer. In the great mass of human actions and occurrences, all mankind so nearly resemble each other, that there can be nothing worth recording.

SEPT. the 29th.

Read the 9th Chapter of Roscoe's Lorenzo de Medici; in which the rise (or renovation) and progress of the arts of painting, statuary, engraving, and sculpture upon gems, with the merits of the respective artists in each department, are happily delineated. The account of Michael Angelo—his giant powers—and the concussion with which his advent shook the world of genius and taste—is even sublime.—Roscoe is not always exact in the choice of his expressions: for instance, he uses " instigate" in a *good* sense; which, where we have another appropriate term, is unpardonable: " compromise", which properly means, the adjustment of

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differences by reciprocal concession, he employs, by what authority I know not, to express, the putting to hazard by implication. A catalogue of synonymes, executed with philological skill and philosophical discrimination, would be a valuable accession to English Literature.

Read, after a long interval, with much delight, the first two Books of Cæsar's Commentaries. The States of Gaul are represented as far more advanced in government and manners, than I should have expected him to find them; and it would puzzle the Directory of France, at this moment, to frame a manifesto, so neatly conceived, and so forcibly yet chastely expressed, as the reply of Ariovistus, a barbaric chief from the wilds of Germany, to the embassy of Cæsar.—It is interesting to trace the route of this great commander (and the similitude of names will sometimes fix it with precision) on a modern map.—Nothing can exceed the ease, perspicuity, and spirit, with which this incomparable narrative is conducted.

Dipped into Boswell's Life of Johnson. Boswell, from his open, communicative, good-humoured vanity, which leads him to display events and feelings that other men, of more judgment, though slighter pretensions, would have studiously concealed, has depressed himself below his just level in public estimation. His information is extensive; his talents far from despicable; and he seems so exactly *adapted*, even by his very foibles, that we might almost suppose him purposely *created*, to be the Chronicler of Johnson. A pleasing and instructive pocket-companion might be formed, by a judicious selection from his copious repertory of Johnson's talk.

SEPT. the 30th.

Read the 10th, and concluding, Chapter of Roscoe's Lorenzo de Medici. The last moments of the hero, whom we have so long accompanied, are always interesting: they are here related, with a due attention to this feeling, minutely and affectingly; and the subsequent fortunes of his family are pursued, in a masterly sketch, till they cease to interest. Finis coronat opus—a work, not only highly creditable to the erudition, the taste, and the judgment of its author; but which even bids fair, in a national point of view, very powerfully to advance our literary reputation on the Continent.

OCTOBER the 1st.

Began, with a view of comparing notes, Macchiavel's Historie Fiorentine. Macchiavel, under the persuasion, or pretext, of maintaining the liberties of his coun-

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try, was a determined enemy to the family of the Medicis: he was twice concerned in a conspiracy against them; and was once consigned to the torture, but had nerves sufficient to refuse a confession;—his fortunes, however, were not spared. Such a writer may be presumed to be prejudiced: yet, as he dedicates his work to Clement the 7th, the last representative of the Lorenzo branch of the Medicis, there can scarcely be any violent misrepresentation.—His first Book contains a masterly outline of a long series of History, from the first irruption of Alaric, to the final emersion of the Italian States as they presented themselves at the point of time where his immediate narrative commences:—a period nearly commensurate to the three last Vols of Gibbon's History; and the materials for which, must have lain, at his time, very widely scattered. Considering when, and where, he wrote, I am amazed at the freedom with which he treats the successors of St. Peter:—he does not even cast a veil of gauze over their follies or iniquities.

OCT. the 3rd.

Pursued Macchiavel's History of Florence. *His* talents, and the reader's patience, languish at the recital of the petty factions which convulsed the infancy of the Florentine Republic. Davila, I think, has evidently studied his manner, in the *direct narrative*: but in the general management of his matter, he is as far superior, as the subject which he treats, nor do I know a more pure and perfect historical composition, than the Historia delle Guerre Civili di Francia. What would we give, for such an account of ours!

Read the 4th Book of Cæsar's Commentaries. There is nothing to determine the point at which Cæsar embarked from Gaul, on his first expedition; but there appear sufficient indications to afford a probable conjecture of the spot where he landed in Old England, were the coast examined for the purpose. Curiosity seems to have been his leading motive in the adventure.

Looked over the last Monthly Magazine. Though conducted with considerable ability, this miscellany declines in general interest. The medical, mathematical, and agricultural departments, encroach; and there is little of literary anecdote or disquisition, the most tempting bait to such sort of reading. It is tainted, too, with the bigotry of party; so far as to induce (what is unpardonable) a misrepresentation, by heightenings and softenings, even in the *narrative* department.—A narrow, virulent, heady zeal, usually infests the underlings, it rarely pervades the chiefs and leaders, of any respectable party: *they* see too much *on both sides*; and are often compelled, I believe, to affect greater acrimony than they feel.—The European Magazine,

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though less ably conducted, and not without its bigotry of an opposite cast, has considerable attractions from its literary anecdote; with which it is principally supplied by Mr. Read, whose mind is a rich quarry of such matter.

OCT. the 4th.

Read the 5th Book of Cæsar's Commentaries. He names the port from which he sailed on his second expedition to England—Itius—: probably, as affording the shortest passage, Ambleteuse; which, though now choaked up, might then have furnished shelter to his galleys. Nothing can be determined from the distance, which he loosely guesses at "30 millia passuum", but that it was somewhere between Gravelines and Boulogne. From Calais to Dover Pier-Head is 23 miles; from Boulogne to Folkstone 29; and, midway between these ports, the two coasts approach within less than 20 miles of each other.—As Cæsar was carried by the tide in the night, till he found, in the morning, Britain left, *sub sinistrâ*, he must have drifted beyond the South Foreland.—Where did Cæsar ford the Thames in pursuit of Cassivellaunus? Stukely, I think, but on slender documents, fixes the place to Chertsey-Bridge.—I am glad he found our predecessors so impatient of submission; and could well wish to mortify his insatiable ambition, by exhibiting to him Rome and London in their present condition.

Finished the 2d Book of Macchiavel's History of Florence. The account of the adoption and expulsion of the Duke of Calabria, is admirably given; and most seasonably enlivens the dull variety of his narrative.

OCT. the 5th.

Pursued Boswell's Life of Johnson. Johnson's coarse censure of Lord Chesterfield, "that he taught the morals of a whore, and the manners of a dancing master", is as unjust as it is harsh. Indeed I have always thought the noble author of Letters to his Son, hardly dealt with by the Public; though to public opinion I have the highest deference. How stands the case? Having bred up his son to a youth of learning and virtue, and consigned him to a tutor well adapted to cultivate these qualities, he naturally wishes to render him an accomplished gentleman; and, for this purpose, undertakes, in person, a task for which none surely was so well qualified as himself.—I follow the order he assigns (L. 168), and that which his Letters testify he pursued. Well! but he insists eternally on such frivolous points—the graces—the graces!—*Because* they were wanting, and the *only thing*

wanting. Other qualities were attained, or presumed to be attained: to correct those slovenly, shy, reserved, and uncouth habits in the son, which as he advanced in life grew more conspicuous, and threatened to thwart all the parent's fondest prospects in his child, was felt, and justly felt, by the father, to have become an imperious and urgent duty; and he accordingly labours at it with parental assiduity —an assiduity, which none but a father would have bestowed upon the subject. Had his Lordship published these Letters as a regular System of Education, the common objection to their contents would have had unanswerable force: viewing them however in their true light, as written privately and confidentially by a parent to his child—inculcating, as he naturally would, with the greatest earnestness, not what was the most *important*, but most *requisite*—it must surely be confessed, there never was a popular exception more unfounded. But he—I admit it: he touches upon certain topics, which, a sentiment of delicacy suggests, between a a father and son had better been forborne: yet those who might hesitate to give the advice, if they are conversant with the world, and advert to circumstances, will not be disposed to think the advice itself injudicious.

In the 26th Letter there is a very remarkable prediction, which, as we have lived to see it fully accomplished, is worth curtailing and transcribing. "The affairs of "France grow more and more serious every day. The King is irresolute, despised, "and hated; the ministers, disunited and incapable; the people, poor and discon- "tented; the army, though always the supporters and tools of absolute power, are "always the destroyers of it too; the nation reasons freely on matters of religion and "government;—in short, all the symptoms which I have ever met with in history, "previous to great changes and revolutions in government, now exist, and daily "increase, in France." This was written Dec. 25th, 1753; and, considering the clearness with which the causes are unfolded, and the consequence foretold, I am surprised that it has not been noticed.

Regarding Lord Chesterfield's Letters as not intended for the public eye, they are probably the most pregnant and finished compositions that ever were written.

OCT. the 6th.

Pursued Boswell's Life of Johnson. The distinguishing excellence of Johnson's *manner*, both in speaking and writing, consists in the apt and lively illustrations by example, with which, in his vigorous sallies, he enforces his just and acute remarks on human life and manners, in all their modes and representations: the character and charm of his *style*, in a happy choice of dignified and appropriate expressions,

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and that masterly *involution* of phrase, by which he contrives to bolt the prominent idea strongly on the mind. Burke's felicity is in a different sphere: it lies in the diversified allusions to all arts and to all sciences, by which, as he pours along his redundant tide of eloquence and reason, he reflects a light and interest on every topic which he treats; in a promptitude to catch the language and transfuse the feelings of passion; and in the unrestrained and ready use of a style, the most flexible, and the most accommodating to all topics, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," that perhaps any writer, in any language, ever attained.—"Ipsæ res verba rapiunt." As opposed to each other, condensation might perhaps be regarded as the distinguishing characteristic of the former, and expansion of the latter.

OCT. the 7th.

Read the 6th Book of Cæsar's Commentaries. His account of the religion and manners of the Gauls and Germans, is the succinct, but masterly, sketch of a well-informed spectator: his persuasion, however, that the former worshipped many of the same Gods as the Romans, is surely fanciful. That, in many of their attributes, the divinities of each might bear some resemblance, is so probable, that I take it to be true; but their *denominations* could scarcely be alike; and what identity has a God, but his name?

OCT. the 8th

Read the 7th and last Book of Cæsar's Commentaries. The warrior warms, for once, at the recital of the affair before Alicia: he kindles at pourtraying the hot assault upon his camp, by the multitudinous forces of congregated Gaul; he paints, in glowing colours, the perils of that decisive day; he even recounts his personal achievements; and triumphantly exults at the total rout and irredeemable dispersion of the assailants, with the ardour of a veteran. After having shone with a clear and steady lustre through a long succession of adventures, he expires at last in a blaze of glory.

OCT. the 9th.

Read the 3rd and 4th Books of Macchiavel's History of Florence, which deduce the account to the period, when Giuliano, and afterwards Cosmo De Medeci,

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silently grew, by their wealth, their wisdom, and their moderation, into considerable influence in the Republic. The current of his narrative grows clearer, and deeper, and more diffusive, as it flows.

Lord C. looked in. Adverting to a late event, I remarked, that Earl Fitzwilliam was at least consistent; that he pursued the same steps I should myself have taken, had I originally encouraged the war on its only defensible ground; and that he had put administration in a much more awkward situation than it was now possible for opposition to place them—but that I feared his motives were disappointment and chagrin. Burke and the Earl, his Lordship said, had deserted their political principles entirely. This may, or may not, be true. The principles on which they *profess* to have seceded from their party, are so distinct from those which originally bound that party together, that the mere act of separation can furnish no conclusion on the subject. To be sure, if they have done it on *corrupt* motives, they have abandoned *all* principle; but they may have separated, and retain the common principles which once held them together, still.—Roscoe, his Lordship remarked, was timid, and therefore probably deficient, in Greek; and perhaps not quite stable, in Latin, literature. *He* had been struck with the unusual sense in which R. employs the word "compromise." This term seems to have undergone a singular revolution. "Compromissum," which could have meant, originally, only a mutual engagement, appears to have been restricted in Roman jurisprudence, to a "mutual engagement *to refer to arbitration*:"—to refer to the judgment of a third person, in such a way, is "to submit to hazard in conjunction with another;" and in *both* these senses the derivative word, in French and Italian, seems to have been commonly and respectably employed: in English, at least in the most accepted use of the term, we seem to have dropped both the "reference" and the "jeopardy," and to have applied it to that "reciprocal concession" which either led to admit such an appeal, or which it is probable an umpire would award.—The conversation then turned on Burke; against whom, for his late conduct, his Lordship bears an enmity approaching almost to rancour. I ventured, notwithstanding, to remark, that I saw so distinctly the principles of his present opinions scattered through his former works, that could the case of the French revolution have been hypothetically put to me eight years ago, I should have predicted that he would take precisely the course he has pursued. The care, indeed, with which this wonderful man, during a long series of strenuous opposition to the measures of government, uniformly occupied his ground, and the caution with which he qualified his reasonings—a care and caution which really seemed superfluous on the occasion—might almost indicate, that he foresaw the time would

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come, when he should be led to urge a very different strain of argument: as we can scarcely, however, give him credit for such foresight, it unquestionably affords a most extraordinary example, in a mind so vehement and impassioned, of the predominance of philosophical over party spirit.—It would be difficult to find in the English language, of equal variety and length, four such compositions, as Burke's Speech to the Electors of Bristol; Johnson's Preface to Shakspeare; Parr's Dedication to Hurd; and Lowth's Letter to Warburton.

OCT. the 11th.

Read Hawkesworth's Life of Swift; of whose character and conduct but an imperfect idea is given by the narrative of Johnson. Hawkesworth is much more communicative and interesting; and the minuteness and simplicity with which he details the few, but deplorable, incidents of the four last years of Swift's life, are highly affecting. The circumstance of his struggling to express himself, after a silence broken but once for more than a year; and, finding all his efforts ineffectual, heaving a deep sigh, quite cleaves the heart.

OCT. the 13th.

Finished Sheridan's Life of Swift. Every anecdote of Swift is necessarily interesting; but such matter could scarcely be put in a more uninteresting form. The beginning and end of Swift's life are borrowed from Hawkesworth: the intermediate materials are capriciously divided and perplexedly arranged; tales are tediously told and tiresomely repeated; the same extracts are three times quoted; and much time is wasted in needless disputation. Sheridan appears rather a weak man; yet he clearly convicts Johnson of misrepresentation: indeed the many facts mistated through negligence, or distorted through prejudice, in several of Johnson's lives, is a circumstance which considerably deducts from their value. I was rather surprized to hear of Swift's fervent piety, and secret devotion; but Sheridan's defence against the crimination grounded on his Yahoos, I can by no means admit: that this odious animal was designed as a bitter satire upon *man as he is*, I cannot bring myself for one moment to doubt.

OCT. the 14th.

Read the 5th and 6th Books of Macchiavel's History of Florence. A native of Florence, or an adjoining state, might possibly be interested with the details of the

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former: but I confess myself heartily wearied with the puny contests of these Liliputian republics; whose very warfare is insipid mockery, and yields, in heroic pathos, to the battles of the pigmies and the cranes. What can we think, at this day, of a combat raging between two adverse hosts, with various success, "dalle 20, alle 24 ore" and terminating, at last, in the utter rout of one of them, in which only a single warrior perishes; and he, unhappy wight! not by the ennobling sword, but an unlucky tumble from his horse! The fall from power, however, and the feelings on that fall, are finely depicted, towards the close, in the person of Francesco.—In the latter book, Florence, indeed, disappears; but the immediate object of my search approximates and expands.

OCT. the 16th.

Read the 7th and 8th (the two last) Books of Macchiavel's unfinished History of Florence; and found that here, for my purpose, I ought to have begun. Roscoe, I am afraid, makes fewer acknowledgements to Macchiavel, than he ought. Almost all the historical narrative with which he accompanies the life of Lorenzo, is comprised in these two Books; the general arrangement and texture are frequently the same; and the two relations sometimes bear a striking resemblance in minute coincidencies. Macchiavel, on the whole, is fair and impartial; though it is possible, I think, to discover some lurking propensities, with which, if they were really patriotic, I can well sympathise. The atrocious conspiracy against Lorenzo and Giuliano, he relates in his usual cold manner; not sparing, indeed, the conspirators, by any mutilation or softening of facts, but not expressing a proper and natural indignation at the attempt; nor warmly exulting at its failure in the preservation of Lorenzo, to whose character, however, at the close, he pays a most respectable homage. I should conjecture, that Roscoe took Macchiavel as his ground work in the historical department of his work; and afterwards wrought out the prominent parts from more circumstantial documents.

OCT. the 24th.

Finished Jortin's Life of Erasmus. The ease, simplicity, and vigour of this engaging writer (I speak of the biographer), who negligently scatters learning and vivacity on every subject which he treats, are here exercised on a most congenial topic. The chief circumstances of Erasmus' life, are extracted from his letters; and the notices of England in these letters, are peculiarly interesting. I take very

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kindly to Erasmus: circumstanced as he was, I should have conducted myself just as he did, towards the pope and the reformists:—they are only bigots, who will violently condemn his moderation.

OCT. the 26th.

Read the first two Books of Livy's History. How infinitely superior, to my taste and feelings, is his clear, free, ample, and nervous style of narrative, to the laboured terseness and condensation of Tacitus; who seems eternally on the stretch to shine, instead of taking his cue from the theme, and contracting and expanding with his subject. The topics pressed by the Tarquins on Porsena (Lib. 2. c. 9) to induce him to assist them in recovering their sovereignty, might neatly be applied to Mr. Burke. "Monebant—ne orientem morem pellendi reges, inultum sineret. Satis libertatem ipsam habere dulcedinis. Nisi quantâ vi civitates eam expetant, tantâ regna reges defendant, æquari summa infimis; nihil excelsum, nihil quod supra cetera emineat, in civitatibus fore. Adesse finem regnis—rei inter Deos hominesque pulcherrimæ."

OCT. the 29th.

Read the 3rd Book of Livy. To modern habits it appears amazing, how the Patricians, without the influence of great wealth or extensive patronage, could, by a dexterous availment of conjunctures, and the lucky diversion of wars, maintain themselves for any length of time against the unruly power of the Plebeians, conglomerated in one city, conscious of their physical strength and political authority, and headed by those fearless and turbulent demagogues the Tribunes. The two modern engines of power, the management of the revenue, and the command of the army, could here be of no avail; where the former was too inconsiderable to be named, and the latter was raised merely for the purpose of the moment, by a hasty and promiscuous levy, which it was in the power of any tribune to forbid.—A curious disquisition might be written (and it is much wanted) on the government of Rome, from the expulsion of the Tarquins to the accession of Augustus.

Looked into Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. The prolific fancy of this wild writer, and his power of ready, various, and apt quotation, are truly wonderful.

NOVEMBER the 3rd.

Read Bp. Watson's Apology for the Bible, in reply to Paine. There is an un-

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charitable and ungracious declaration at the outset, which I could earnestly wish had been suppressed; not for the sake of Paine, whom I loathe, but of Watson, whom I revere. This is certainly a very able defence of Revelation against many old and obvious objections *very forcibly urged*—(for I set aside the ribaldry, ignorance, and petulant self sufficiency of the objector, as circumstances which give a manifest advantage to the respondent):—but there runs through the whole reply, what I have often observed and reprobated in defences of this kind,—a remission of orthodoxy for the purpose of removing from view the most obnoxious parts of the cause. The inspiration of the Evangelists, the divinity of Christ, &c. are here kept back; and the case is argued as if the writers of the Gospels were ordinary biographers, Christ a mere mortal inspired, &c.; although the author hints that his belief is different; and from the situation he holds in the Church, we must presume it to be so. There is in this, to my feelings, a sort of temporising spirit, inconsistent with the warmth and earnestness which we should expect in a sincere believer contending for the rock of his Salvation; and peculiarly repugnant to that strain of simple, manly, nervous, eloquence, which distinguishes the writings of this respectable prelate.

NOV. the 8th.

I have been for some days attending lectures on chemistry. Specious as the advantages of the new nomenclature appear, they seem counterbalanced by the reflection, that on any revolution in the system, which surely stands on ticklish ground, the denominations deduced from it, must undergo a correspondent disorganization.

Saw distinctly this evening, through a microscope, the circulation of the white and transparent globules of blood, in the pellucid body and members of a water newt—a spectacle which impressed me with a more awful sense of the mysterious operations going on in nature, than the revolution of the planets.

NOV. the 12th.

Read Burke's Letters on a Regicide Peace. I am so satisfied that Burke enters into the true genius and and character of the principles which have operated in the French revolution, that I listen with reverence to whatever he advances on the subject. He has here pursued his original sentiments on these principles, with no abatement of his original vigour. In his cordial detestation of them, I heartily

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conspire; but by what measures does he propose to rescue us from their contagion? Were it possible to restore France and Europe to the state they were in before the revolution, or rather to the semblance of that state—(a thing probably inpracticable were it ever so earnestly sought; and which the corruption of courts will not allow us to suppose would for any length of time be sincerely, honestly, and steadily pursued)—still the *mind* could never be restored; pernicious habits could not be effaced; prejudices, however useful, could not be revived; nor could the sacred cause of real liberty be purified from the stains and disgrace of prostitution. We are in the midst of horrible and antagonist disorders; nor, till they reach something like a crisis, is it easy to say, what we ought to think, or how we ought to act. His strictures on the war, which certainly never originated in the views he recommended, and which, prosecuted as it is, can only tend to accelerate the evils which he laboured to avert by it, or sink us still deeper in the bog of corruption, are animated with a just and lively indignation. He certainly places us, by these Letters, in a shocking dilemma: but I wish to believe that his rampant imagination has magnified the peril; and, at worst, have considerable reliance on that *nisus* towards a healthy state, which, in the body politic, as well as natural, is often our safest and surest ground of hope, under the visitation of disorder.—The passage in which he brings the situation of the emigrants home to our feelings, and recalls us to a sense of our own danger by *their* example, is sketched with masterly judgment, and coloured with a glowing pencil.

NOV. the 13th.

Read two translations of Burgher's Leonora; one in the Monthly Magazine for March, and one by Mr. Spencer. The latter, I conjecture, more fully conveys the sense; the former more vigorously transfuses the spirit, of the original. In the latter, many vivid images are sublimed into vapid abstractions, much energy is lost by a fastidious rejection of sonorous echoes to the sense, and the general effect is perhaps weakened by the refinement of the language: in the former, the sense is invigorated by concentration; the character of the piece is sustained by correspondent, popular, appropriate, and forcible expressions; and, by the artificial incrustation of antique phraseology, a congenial gloom is shed over a tale of horror, to which I can allow every merit but retributory justice. I would certainly sooner have written the anonymous translation; but, had I done so, I should have grieved at seeing, in the rival version, many sentiments and images which I had neglected to transplant; and I should have shrunk into myself, when ——

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" Full at the portal's massy gate
The plunging steed impetuous dashed."

Lord C. called in. He believes it to be Earl Fitzwilliam, not Fox, as I conceived, whom Burke's " dim eyes in vain explored" on the side of administration, at this crisis.—*Necessity*, he thought, a *strange* doctrine. The most revolting objection to it, I observed, seemed to vanish, with those who regarded the infliction of punishment as only a means of reformation. He urged the influence of punishment, regarded as an example to others: *this*, I replied, would only be a link in the chain; and he seemed to acquiesce.—His Lordship saw no inconsistency between prescience and freedom. God foresees: *how* he foresees, I know not—certainly not as man does, by arguing from cause to effect: he foresees; he reveals his foreknowledge to a prophet; how is the event affected?

NOV. the 21st.

Read, with much curiosity and interest, Hurd's Life of Warburton. All the offensive characters of Hurd's manner, which Parr has felt with such discernment, and described with such force—the quaint phrase, the cool sarcastic sneer, the flippant stricture, the petulant gibe, the oblique insinuation, the crafty artifice, the mean subterfuge, the fawning suggestion—are here strikingly manifest. In my opinion of Warburton or himself, which Parr had settled and defined, it has not made a shade of difference.—The art with which Hurd has evaded all notice of Jortin and Leland, is very amusing.

NOV. the 24th.

Finished Maundrell's Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem: a plain, unaffected narrative; but written with an uncouthness of style, which we should not expect to find in any composition of this century. I can scarcely fancy any thing more interesting to a fervent devotee, than such a journey. What emotions must be felt, at beholding Mount Calvary, the Sepulchre of Christ, &c.!

NOV. the 28th.

Mr. L. spent the morning with me. I was pleased to find, that though of such opposite political sentiments, he fully acknowledged the integrity of Burke's principles, and the transcendant energies of his mind, which still worked with so much

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vigour under the most overwhelming depression. He stated that he had pressed Tooke, as I have done. on the ambiguity of his political principles, but without any satisfactory result; and thinks, as I do, that for the attainment of his particular and limited views, whatever they are, he has connected himself with a party whose aim extends much farther, but whom he conceives it will be possible, when his end is answered, to check in their career.

Looked into Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works. His ingenious Dissertation on "L' Homme au Masque de Fer," if not quite conclusive with respect to this mysterious personage, exhibits a wonderful convergescence of moral probabilities on—a natural son of Anne of Austria, widow of Louis XIII, by Cardinal Mazarin.

DEC. the 6th.

Finished Robertson's History of Scotland. In the 1st and prefaratory Book, he skilfully evades a long tract of obscure and uninteresting narrative, by exhibiting a brief but masterly abstract of Scotch affairs till the period of Mary Queen of Scots.—The History, which properly commences here, and embraces only two reigns, and a term of little more than sixty years, evinces unquestionably very respectable talents in the writer; but when I recollect Gibbon's exquisite taste and critical discernment, can I believe him serious or sincere, in disclaiming the honour of forming a triumvirate of British Historians, with such a colleague?

DEC. the 11th.

Finished the 1st Vol. of Robertson's Charles the V., obeying the references to proofs and illustrations. I am confounded at the immense researches which furnished materials for this preliminary volume: and if Robertson is surpassed, as he politely confesses himself to have been, in diligence, by Gibbon, it must be acknowledged, at least, that his industry has been directed to enquiries more immediately interesting to a modern European. The notice of Voltaire at the conclusion, is liberal and handsome; and, (so little are we in the habit of seeing justice done to this extraordinary man in this country,) was, to me, I confess, quite unexpected.

DEC. the 15th.

Le Marquis D' A. dined with me. Had much chat on our different modes of society. At Paris, in dinner parties, each gentleman brings his servant; calls for

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what wine he chooses, at and between the courses: liqueurs are introduced with the desert; and when the lady of the house says, "*je suis a vos ordres,*" all withdraw together to coffee and cards, or disperse to the opera: after which the same, [illegible] great a variety of dishes as the dinner. Young fellows drink only "*dans les debauches*" with their mistresses, or in set parties; and to appear drunk in mixed company, would be an unpardonable offence.—Except in an hour (could it be restricted to an hour) of seperation after dinner, the French have clearly the advantage of us.—He thought people of condition in France, in general, far more affable to the lower orders, than they appeared to be with us. I believe he is right: but then it must be recollected that the French are, constitutionally or by habit, a far more sociable and affable race than ourselves.

DEC. the 17th.

Read the 1st Book of Macchiavel's Discorsi sopra Livio. Is it possible Macchiavel could seriously believe (c. 56) that great political revolution were usually ushered in by great natural portents, as earthquakes, meteors, &c.? In the 58th chapter, he declares himself very decidedly in favour of Republics over Monarchies, as possessing greater wisdom and steadiness in the administration of affairs, stronger attachments to rectitude, and more constancy in adhering to engagements; and professes a manly sentiment, which would form a good motto, "Io non giudico, ne giudichero mai, essere difetto difendere alcune opinioni con le ragioni, senza volervi usare o l'autorita o la forza." Who would not think he was reading a sentence of Beccaria?

Attended, in the evening, the representation of Holcroft's "Deserted Daughter." H. is here very busy at his purpose: his aim, to those who are conversant with the tenets of his sect, is sufficiently manifest; but he manages and conceals it with a discretion not very consistent, surely, with his principles.

DEC. the 19th.

Finished Robertson's Charles the V.; a sound and able exposition of an interesting period, which finely opens the state of Modern Europe: I cannot think, however, that as an historical composition, it emulates the lively ease, acuteness, and penetration of Hume; or the exquisite skill, poignant taste, and profound erudition of Gibbon. Though Robertson's style appears quite unexceptionable,

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and perfectly well adapted for grave communication, there is an *artificiality* and want of raciness in it, which disappoints expectation, and ultimately tires: it seems defecated and refined, till it has lost all flavour.—The preliminary Vol. forms a most useful dissertation of itself, [illegible] nected with the subsequent History, which might well be read without it.

DEC. the 20th.

Read the preliminary Book to Robertson's History of America, comprising a history of navigation and cosmography, from the first migrations of mankind to the period of Columbus. R. seems to delight and luxuriate in these prefaratory openings; which, however, furnish a very tempting precedent for literary ostentation. The present is executed in a perspicuous, masterly, and pleasing manner.

Finished the 2d Book of Macchiavel's Discourse on Livy. He shews a considerable insight into human nature, as acting on, and acted upon by, political institutions; and where he does not push the refinements of speculation too far, his remarks are generally just. What he observes on the impolicy of trusting emigrants compelled to fly their country, might have read a lesson to the present administration. It is not often that history furnishes instruction of such sure and obvious application.

DEC. the 24th.

Finished the first three Books of Robertson's America, collating it, as I went along, with Burke's "European Settlements;" a work which has never been estimated by the public as it ought to be. Burke's is the hasty, but free and spirited, sketch of a master-artist; Robertson's the elaborate composition of a very eminent proficient: the one writer, we perceive, by a thousand careless strokes, is capable of more; the other has done the best he can.

DEC. the 27th.

Read the 4th Book of Robertson's America; containing an elaborate description of the country and its inhabitants, delivered in too much state and pomp, and upon which, much redundant thought and matter seems disgorged, for fear it should be lost to the world. Burke has treated the same subject, in the four short chapters which form the Second Part of his work, with infinite spirit; and, contrasted with

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his lively strokes and glowing touches, the laboured perfection of Robertson is heavy.—Compare their descriptions of the torture inflicted upon captives: Robertson, B. 4. c. 5; Burke, P. 2. c. 4.

DEC. 4th, 20th.

Read the 9th Book of Livy and was most powerfully struck with the uncommon public spirit displayed by the army and the state, in the affair of the Caudian defiles:——from such men we could expect nothing less than the conquest of the world, which they alone seem fit to govern. Livy's digression on the probable consequences of Alexander's having turned his conquests towards Rome, from an estimate of the respective resources of each party, is highly interesting; and, from Livy, quite unexpected.

JANUARY the 1st, 1797.

Read the 21st and 22nd Books of Livy. How fortunate is it, that the preceding chasm in this history (of ten Books) extended no farther! His description of Hannibal's passage over the Alps, is lively and picturesque; and our interest in the narrative kindles, as the Scourge of Italy advances: yet we look, in vain, for that greatness of soul which should have distinguished the Roman people under such afflicting reverses; though Livy is disposed to say all he can for them.

Dipped into Addison's Travels; of which the chief merit is the classical allusions. Our style has so much improved of late, that many of his expressions appear already uncouth and mean.

JAN. the 6th.

Read the 24th Book of Livy. An astonishing and unaccountable languor seems to have seized both the Roman and Carthaginian forces, after the battle of Cannæ; just when we should have expected the mightiest and most decisive achievements, on one side or the other. The spirit of the Romans we may suppose to have been broken; but what shall we say for Hannibal, in not following up that stupendous victory?

JAN. the 8th.

Attended Church in the afternoon. Mr. S. confounded (as among all sects of Christians, it is remarkable, has ever been the case) the Christian Lord's Day with the Jewish Sabbath. We might as well confound Easter with the Passover.

JAN. the 9th.

Finished the 27th Book of Livy. The forced march of the Consul Claudius Nero through the whole extent of Italy, to form a junction with his Colleague M. Livius; their total defeat of Asdrubal; and the eagerness, the transports, with which the rumour, the report, and, at last, the official statement, of this momentous victory, was received at Rome, are recounted with uncommon animation. Hannibal's inertia, all this time, is perfectly amazing: he seems to have possessed great talents to gain an advantage; but not to make the most of it, when won.

JAN. the 15th.

Looked over, by a cursory perusal, Beattie's Essay on Truth. I remember to have been much charmed with this work; but it has sunk lamentably in my estimation, on this maturer review. Its declamation, indeed, is lively and specious: but, as a disquisition, it is miserably deficient in acuteness of discrimination and solidity of judgment; and though we should allow that the author has, on many occasions, *felt* justly, we must confess that throughout he has *reasoned* very weakly. The great object of this Treatise, is, to prove, to the confusion of Des Cartes, Malbranche, Berkeley, and Hume,—that there are principles intuitively certain or intuitively probable,—that common sense determines what these principles are,—that all reasoning rests *upon* these principles, and that to bring such principles themselves to the test of reason, is a measure preposterous in its nature, and highly injurious to the interests of truth and virtue. In answer to all this, it might well be observed, that reasoning consists in nothing but the production of some one or more propositions, from which it follows, as a necessary, or as a probable consequence, that the proposition to be proved or disproved, is true or false;—that the propositions thus adduced, are amenable to the judgment;—that if the dictates of common sense are consistent, they cannot overthrow each other;—that all fair reasoning, consequently, must at least be harmless; and,

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that to encourage men to adopt any opinion, and shut their ears to all discussion upon it, as a point previously settled by common sense, and beyond the jurisdiction of reason, would be to give the privilege of sanctuary to every species of prejudice.

Read the 34th Book of Livy. The arguments on the Oppian Law, at the beginning of this Book, are highly curious. Valerius's, in favour of the ladies, though ingenious, passes over many topics which we should expect to be pressed with much spirit, on a similar occasion, at the present day.

JAN. the 20th.

Read Moore's History of the French Revolution; a very inferior production to what I had promised myself from such a writer on such a subject. The causes of that momentous change are loosely investigated; their progressive operation and developement, imperfectly displayed; in the reflections on the passing events, there is too frequent an affectation of smartness and näivetè of sentiment; and there runs through the whole narrative, the same debility and languor which pervades his Journal—a composition, which, for any intrinsic marks to the contrary, might have been compiled in Grub-Street.

The critique on Burke's Regicide Peace, in the last Monthly Review, is ably written: the passage which warms, in defending our national horror at despotism, is uncommonly animated;—it breathes the eloquence of passion.

FEBRUARY the 1st.

Finished the 40th Book of Livy. The speeches of Persius and Demetrius, indeed most of those which Livy introduces, bear a strong resemblance to the rhetorical theses of the schools, and seem formed on that taste. They are, of course, the entire composition of Livy; and I suppose he thought them fine.

Read the Castle of Otranto; which grievously disappointed my expectations. The tale is, in itself, insipid; and Mrs. Radcliffe, out of possible contingencies, evokes scenes of far more thrilling horror, than are attained by the supernatural and extravagant machinery, which, after all, alone imparts an interest to this Romance. —Let me, however, except from all censure, and honour with all praise, the scene in which Manfred receives the mute messengers of Challenge:—it is capitally supported.—The prefixed strictures on Voltaire, are just, but feeble.

FEB. the 5th.

Read the 43d Book of Livy. The kind of apology which he makes (chap. 12) for recounting, as he regularly does, the portents of the year, marks the state of religious sentiment in his time; and paganism, about the beginning of our æra, seems to have been in much the same degree of credit, as christianity is now.

FEB. the 7th.

Finished the 45th and last Book extant, of Livy. Literature has never sustained a severer loss, than in the disappearance of the 105 Books, which are wanting to complete this comprehensive and elaborate History. How inestimable, from such a writer, would be the account of Roman affairs, from the passing of the Rubicon by Julius Cæsar, to the establishment of Augustus! As it is, we leave the Roman empire, perhaps in its most respectable condition: Spain, in part subdued, and throughout in awe; the Macedonian monarchy extinct, and its king a captive; Carthage, tributary and dependent: and all surrounding monarchies and states, looking up, as to the lords of nature and arbiters of their fate, with gratitude, and fear, and reverence, to the senate and people of a single city—whose integrity and firmness (let me add), magnanimity and wisdom, seem worthy of holding that transcendant sway, which a long succession of these virtues had painfully won.—Livy is a sound and satisfactory historian: he never soars; nor ever languishes—but with his subject: to this he steadily adheres; and pursues the stream of time with the same even current that it flows.

FEB. the 9th.

Read the Dissertation prefixed to Dacier's Horace. The nature of Lyric Poetry is very vaguely defined; its origin and progress, confusedly traced; and the epithets "le grand," "la gracieuse," "le sublime," fortuitously applied to Horace, where we should expect to find his distinguishing excellencies appropriately marked. The defence of poetry in general, and of the antient poets, against the sophisms of Despreaux and others, is, I think, the soundest part: but, upon the whole, like many a French piece of goods, it is extremely shewy and tasty, but defective both in materials and workmanship.

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FEB. the 12th.

Looked over the first fourteen Odes of Horace, Lib. 1, with Dacier's and Bentley's Annotations. I am still undecided as to the construction of the twelve lines succeeding the 2d, in the first ode: a verse seems wanting between the 10th and 11th. "*Siccis* oculis" in the 3rd ode, appears a strange epithet—"*rectis*" is what one would *wish*; but I see no other authority for substituting it: to instance a man's fortitude, by saying that he can face danger without *blubbering*, is certainly not felicitous: but might not Horace sometimes be unhappy; and do we not criticise with more scrupulosity than he wrote?—It would be difficult, any where, to find a cramper construction of words than in the conclusion of the 5th Ode—

—Me tabula sacer
Votivâ paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

Could this ever have been clear, or pleasing?—Tarteron's prudery in suppressing, in *his* edition, the four last lines in the 4th, 6th, and 9th Odes, and the whole of the 5th, is perfectly ridiculous: one can have no opinion of the purity of that mind, which could suspect such verses as unchaste.

FEB. the 19th.

Read De Pouilly's Critique sur la fidelité de l' histoire (Memoires de L'Academie des Inscriptions, Tom 8me.); in which, the nature of historical evidence is very ingeniously discussed. Hume, I think, has borrowed from this tract in his Essay on Miracles.—Allowing for the superior spirit of attack over defence, De Pouilly has shewn himself a very superior writer to his antagonist l' Abbè Sallier, in a previous tract in the same vol., on the uncertainty of the earlier part of the Roman History, which well repays the reading.

Perused, but hastily, Erskine's pamphlet on the Causes and Consequences of the Present War; and was much struck with that part, in which he exposes the mischiefs of the coalition against France, by supposing that a similar confederacy had been formed against England, on the decapitation of Charles I.: yet, on the whole, the admirers of this great advocate must surely be disappointed with this specimen of his powers; and will be tempted to apply to him, what Cicero observed of Galba—"cujus in *verbis* mens ardentior spirat, ejus in *scriptis*, omnis illa vis et quasi flamma oratoris extinguitur."

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FEB. the 24th.

W. who, by a happy choice of characteristic features, and the dexterous use of intermediate ideas, possesses, beyond any man I know, the enchanting art of painting vividly to the imagination whatever he has seen, has been for some days delighting me with descriptions of what occurred during a voyage along the Western coast of Italy, the tour of Sicily, and a visit to Rome. The ample basin of the Bay of Naples, with its gay shores, surmounted by the awful form of Vesuvius—the Isles of Lipari, emitting flames and coruscations as he passed them in the dead stillness of night—the first distant view of Ætna, through the clear medium of an Italian atmosphere, tinged with ethereal blue, and lifting his snow-capt head in solitary majesty—the iron frontier of the coast of Scylla—the ascent of Ætna in the night, by a torrent of liquid lava, surcharged with scoria, reddening the air with its glow, and plunging with a tremendous crash over a precipice equal to the cliffs of Dover—the pillar of smoke, slowly and steadily ascending through the vast concavity of the crater, till it caught the breeze upon the summit, and scudded horizontally away, coldly tinged by the morning twilight—the first sparkle of the long expected sun ; gilding, as he rose, the highest points of the eminences beneath, while all below was buried in a purple gloom—Sicily, through all its extent and waving shores, at length spread under the eye, like an illuminated map; and Calabria and Malta, in opposite directions, rising faintly in the distance—the approach to Rome from the South, descending through a thick forest on the flat and dreary expanse of the Campania—Claudius' aquæduct, while Rome was yet invisible, shooting athwart the level, in a long line and endless succession of arcades—the first aspect of the Imperial City—the Colisœum, as he passed it, bleached to the North, and apparently fresh from the architect.—The bare recital of such scenes, fires the imagination, and kindles an eager curiosity to behold them : yet the perplexing difficulties, the vexatious delays, the misery of accommodation, the fatigue of body, and anxiety of mind, which would in many cases attend the actual inspection of these interesting objects, must considerably deduct from the delight they are calculated to afford; and it is, perhaps, only under the purifying process of *recollection*, that the luxury of having seen them, can be fully enjoyed.—W. confessed, that the ruins of Rome, widely scattered as they are, in different directions, choaked up with buildings, and in many instances artificially supported by iron cramps, at the first view, miserably disappointed him; as they inevitably must do, every one whose expectations have been formed on the sketches of Piranesi, &c. in which, all that is offensive is carefully excluded, and whatever

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is most interesting in these remains, selected and combined.—St. Peter's, though yielding to its powerful rival in exterior elegance of form, exhibits such vast dimensions and surpassing splendour within, that St. Paul's, on a review, appeared like the inside of a deserted tap-room.

MARCH the 14th.

Read Freret's Essay on the Evidence of Antient History, Tom 8me., of the Memoires de L' Academie—a masterly disquisition, which, so far as it forms a general argument, (for of its particular application to certain points of antient history, I am an incompetent judge), has my fullest assent. The concluding part, on the different and inconvertible natures of mathematical and moral evidence, particularly meets my ideas.

Pursued the Odes of Horace, Lib. 1. What does Dacier mean, in his concluding note on the 30th, by hinting, with a sort of pregnant brevity, that the reason is obvious why the antients attached *Mercury* to *Venus?* Had he been criticising a *modern*, I should have supposed he meant to be smart.—I cannot bring myself to think, with him, that the 34th Ode is ironical: it appears very evidently to me, to have been written under a sudden fit of piety, produced, as such fits often are with the dissolute,—by imminent danger escaped.

MARCH the 21st.

Looked over Malone's Enquiry into the Authenticity of Ireland's Shakespearian Papers; a learned and decisive piece of criticism, which would have settled my doubts, if all doubts had not been already removed by the forger's impudent confession. Yet Malone sometimes insists too strongly on slight proofs; as in his objection from the word "amuse" in Q. Elizabeth's Letter, which affords sense in its primitive meaning, of arresting attention: his violent politics, too, are violently introduced; and suggest but a feeble argument against Shakespear's Love Letter.

Read with much delight in the 8me. Tom of Memoires de L. Academie, Gedoyn's Dissertation de l' Urbanité Romaine, in which the origin and expansion of this quality are delicately traced, its volatile form delineated with elegance and spirit, and its seperate nature forcibly and pointedly discriminated; nor is there any part of this disquisition exceptionable, but the application of this accomplishment to Homer, Pindar, and others, in whom it surely does not predominate. Amongst the

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moderns, I should point without hesitation to St. Evremond, as exhibiting this qualification in its purest form.—Racine, in a subsequent Essay, resolves the essence of poetry, into the language of passion.

MARCH. the 25th.

Finished the Italian. This work will maintain, but not extend, Mrs. Radcliffe's fame as a novelist. It has the same excellencies and defects as her former compositions. In the vivid exhibition of the picturesque of nature, in the delineation of strong and dark character, in the excitation of horror by physical and moral agency, I know not that Mrs. R. has any equal: but she languishes in spinning the thread of the narrative on which these excellencies are strung; natural characters and incidents are feebly represented; probability is often strained without sufficient compensation; and the developement of those mysteries which have kept us stretched so long on the rack of terror and impatience (an unthankful task at best) is lame and impotent. Eleanor and Vivaldi, either in their seperate character or mutual attachment (a wire-drawn theme), touched me but little; but I confess myself to have been deeply and violently impressed, by the midnight examination of the corpse of Bianchi; by the atrocious conference of Schedoni and the Marquesa, in the dim twilight of the Church of San Nicolo; and, above all, by what passed in Spalatro's solitary dwelling on the sea shore. If Mrs. Radcliffe justly consulted her fame, she would confine herself to fragments.—She and Miss Burney might compose a capital piece between them—Mrs. R. furnishing the landscape, and Miss B. the figures.

MARCH the 26th.

Finished Gibbon's Memoirs of himself—an exquisite morceau of literature, but which might have been rendered far more interesting by anecdotes of such of his acquaintance as were distinguished characters—a disclosure, properly conducted, of which I cannot see the harm; and by less reserve on the subject of his progress in infidelity—a topic which the Biographer touches with all the caution of the Historian.—In the Memoirs, and in the Journal, there is one strange and material inconsistency which I cannot reconcile. In the former, he represents himself as overpowered with admiration of the calm philosophy, and careless inimitable beauties of Hume's history: in his Journal, descriptive of a period immediately succeeding that in which he paints himself thus struck, he calls Hume's history, ingenious but

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superficial. The accuracy of Mr. Gibbon's memory, it is to be presumed, forsook him, on this occasion, in his Memoirs; and he has been led to ascribe to too early a period, the more enlightened judgment of maturer years.

MARCH the 31st.

Read Swift's Four last Years of Queen Anne; a clear, connected detail of facts, exhibited with exquisite art (artis est, celare artem) to give the particular impression he wished. How different do the same transactions appear, under the colouring of Swift and Burnet!—The Letter to a Whig Lord (Vol. 24, Nichols' edition) strikingly displays Swift's talents as a party writer: under the shew of serious and earnest admonition, he shrewdly urges, with cutting force, and in galling succession, all the topics which malice could suggest, to bring the opponents of the Oxford administration, at the critical juncture when it was written, into general contempt and obloquy—

. . . . . Si Pergama dextrâ
Defendi possent, etiam *hâc* defensa fuissent.

Read the first five Odes (Lib. 2.) of Horace. Bentley has compleatly puzzled himself with the passage in the 5th,—illi, quos tibi dempserit
apponit annos:
and proposed an emendation, "quod" "annus," by which, if there were any difficulty, it would doubtless be removed; but Dacier's explanation, that, to a certain period of life, the passing years may be considered as added, and after that period, as taken away, seems quite clear and satisfactory.

Gibbon might have applied the remarkable pun, which occurs somewhere in his history, with good effect to Ausonius' epigram, quoted in Dacier's last note to this Ode,

Dum dubitat Natura, marem faceretne puellam,
Factus es, o pulcher, *pene* puella, puer.

APRIL the 4th.

Looked through the European Magazine for last month. I hardly remember to have been more struck, on any occasion, by any composition, than with the remonstrance of one Gibbins, a Quaker, against the proceedings of the Monthly Meeting at Birmingham towards his expulsion, for manufacturing and selling fire arms. It is a masterpiece of sound and close reasoning, forcibly urged in

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the clearest, purest, and precisest language. I hope it will have its intended effect on those to whom it is addressed: such a man, if his integrity is on a par with his ability, would be an irreparable loss to any society.—On what principles do the Quakers reconcile to themselves the payment of *war* taxes, rather than of tythes?

APRIL the 5th.

Read Swift's burlesque of Collins' arguments against Christianity, in the 24th Vol. of his works:—some of these arguments *will not* be burlesqued.—It is related of Swift, in the preceding volume, that it was his custom, before committing his writings to the press, to read them over in the presence of two domestics, demanding occasionally what they understood by such and such passages; and if any appeared beyond their clear comprehension, that he carefully altered the language till they fully caught the sense. This test could hardly be applied on all occasions. Where the subject matter is understood by an auditor, it is doubtless always practicable to render oneself intelligible to him in the treatment of it; but surely not otherwise, without such an excess of explanation as would appear tedious and ridiculous where it was not wanted.

APRIL the 13th.

Looked into the 18th and 19th Vols. of Swift's Works, Nichols' edition. Lord B——'s, (Qu. Lord Bathurst's?) Letters are written with the engaging ease and playful spirit of one who can afford to trifle without detriment; Gay's display the cheerful carelessness of his temper; and Lord Bolingbroke's exhibit that impetuous, indignant, overbearing vehemence of soul, and majesty of diction, which distinguish all the compositions of this *noble* writer.

Pursued Lib. 2. of Horace's Odes. The character ascribed to Bacchus in the 6th and 7th stanzas of the 19th Ode, a poem peculiarly devoted to the celebration of his praises, should have taught Bentley to tremble at depriving him of the epithet "prœliis audax" in the 12th Ode Lib. 1., on the ground of his being an effeminate and luxurious deity. The God of wine seems to have been as great in the field, as some of our modern heroes at the bottle.

APRIL the 15th.

Finished a cursory perusal of Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful. The penetrating sagacity, various knowledge, and exquisite taste displayed in this disquisition,

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are subordinate merits: it is the original and just mode of investigation on such topics, of which it exhibits so brilliant an example, that stamps upon it, in my estimation, its principal value.

Looked over Swift's Journal to Stella, in the 20th. Vol. of his Works. I can allow for the relaxations of greatness: trifling however, as their general cast and complexion may be, they usually confess, somewhere and by accident, the stock from whence they sprung: but these Letters are, uniformly, and throughout, the most childish things I ever read; and it is wonderful how such a man as Swift could possibly keep his mind *down* to such a level, for any length of time.

APRIL the 16*th.*

Read Sir William Temple on Popular Discontents, on Gardening, and on antient and modern Learning. Temple, whatever topic he treats, always entertains: he has an easy regular stream of good sense, which never overflows, or fails, or stagnates. In his Introduction to the History of England, he has opened our history to the death of William the Conqueror—a dark and confused period—very successfully; and laid a good foundation for a subsequent narrative. Swift, from a fragment of English history which he has left, beginning with the reign of William the II., appears to have had an intention, at one time, to follow his patron's career; but, from the specimen he has given, one cannot regret that he dropped it. I am unable to discover, in this fragment, any traces of Swift, or of superior ability of any kind.

APRIL the 19*th.*

Began Lib. 3. of Horace's Odes. We should have despised such compositions as the 12th, the 17th, and the 18th, had they been written by any one but Horace. That "privatus" in the 8th, means "throwing aside public cares for a time, and becoming a private individual," appears to me to admit no doubt; nor do I feel, with Bentley, that this construction is harsh.

Consulted, for a particular purpose, Warburton's Divine Legation. One would, a priori, have supposed it impossible to weave such a miscellaneous mass of knowledge on all subjects, upon the slender and fragile thread of his Demonstration. For vigour of intellect, and amplitude of information, Warburton is almost without a rival: but his judgment and his taste are both defective. An implicit adoption of the first and hasty suggestions of his prompt and ardent mind, seems to have been

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his predominant foible; and to this cause, I think, may be referred, that waste of powers and erudition, in the support of untenable paradoxes, which vitiates so large a portion of his literary labours:—the pains which should have been bestowed on the discovery of truth, were perversely misapplied to the maintenance of error.

APRIL the 22d.

Read Adam Smith's History of Astronomy, in his posthumous tracts, published by Dugald Stewart.—Any unusual succession of events in the appearances of nature, by obstructing the ready passage of the imagination from one to the other, creates the uneasy and restless sensation of wonder; which we endeavour to remove, by filling up the gap between them, with some connecting element—some middle term—over which the mind can glide from one to the other with customary facility: on this principle he takes his stand, in reviewing the science of astronomy; and proceeds to consider, the various expedients which have been offered to explain the phœnomena of the heavens, according to the advanced state of knowledge at the time, from the revolving concentric spheres of Aristotle, to the simple and sublime suggestion of Newton. It was Smith's design to have traced a history of all the leading divisions of philosophical enquiry, on the same original and happy idea; and, from the fragments he has left behind him, one deeply regrets that he did not pursue and complete a task, so congenial to his temper and his habits, and for which he was, in all respects, so admirably qualified.—This *phasis* of philosophy seems bottomed on Hume's doctrine of cause and effect. There is frequently an earnestness in Smith's manner, arising from an anxiety to exhibit and enforce his opinion, which is very impressive. The preceding Memoirs of Smith, by Dugald Stewart, disappointed me: they are jejune in matter, and lifeless in expression.

APRIL the 27th.

Finished the first Volume of Gregory's Essays: a most prolix and diffuse composition; from which you may just collect, by wading through 500 pages, that the author *means* to establish the liberty of human action, on a distinction between physical cause and intellectual motive.

Read the 24th of Horace's Odes, Lib. 3. I am not satisfied with Bentley's emendation and explication of the lines,—

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Si figit adamantinos
Summis verticibus dira necessitas
Clavos:

Substituting "sic" for "si," and reading the whole parenthetically: but Dacier should have understood his construction, before he derided it; and far from thinking that his own (and the ordinary) interpretation of the passage, exhibits an idea "juste et belle," it appears to me that nothing can be more forced or uncouth than the image thus presented.

APRIL the 30th.

Ran over Beattie's Elements of Moral Science—a miserable work; which does not answer to the title, and is deficient even in the wonted animation of its author. B. shines but as a disputant: as a calm disquisitionist, he is nothing.

Attended Church in the afternoon. It is strange, how differently the same subject appears to the same man at different times—how present consideration magnifies its relative importance! S. preached a sermon in which he represented "good works," as the substance of religion; and speculative dogmas, as dust in the balance: yet, I have heard him insist, at other times, on many particles of this dust, as points of supreme moment!

Looked over the first Vol. of the Tatlers—a happy design; which, however unequally executed, claims our esteem, as the venerable parent of a literary progeny, that has rendered inestimable service, in quickening the understandings, enlarging the knowledge, refining the taste, and improving the morals, of the people of this country.—The character of Orlando, in the 50th. and 51st. Nos., is original and striking.

MAY the 7th.

Began Lib. 4. of Horace's Odes. The 1st. Ode opens most gorgeously, but concludes impotently: the 2d. is throughout of consummate excellence: in the 4th. Horace loses himself, I think, by attempting to soar too high—his *forte* is elegance, not sublimity.

Read Coulthurst's Sermon on the 25th. of Oct. 1796, with Geddes' version of it. The travesty is humourous and happy; but the original is so truly ridiculous, that it is difficult, by any burlesque, to render it more so.

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Met Mr. E. He has given up his exposition of the prophecies, as applied to the present period; and does not seem prepared, or inclined, to adopt any other. He is convinced however, contrary to my opinion, that the old Catholic establishment will start up again in France, as soon as the present hurricane is over.—His liberal views in politics, derived from an ample knowledge of men and things, and purified, by long commerce with the world, from all bigotry, are quite refreshing in these days of party violence.

MAY the 10th.

Pursued the Tatlers. The 95th. No. is particularly happy in describing an amiable domestic couple;—there are touches of truth and unaffected simplicity in it, which are quite pathetic: the Vision Nos. 100 and 102—(I am not in general fond of these visions)—is neatly introduced, and prettily told: the 114th. No. is affecting, connected with the 95th.

Read the 6th. and 7th. Odes (Lib. 4.) of Horace. The former is disproportioned in its parts, involved, and obscure; nor do I think Horace successful in his laboured efforts to be great: the latter—a congenial theme—breathes all that simplicity, and tenderness, and graceful ease, for which I most admire this captivating poet. How naturally do the trains of imagery and sentiment follow each other!

MAY the 20th.

Finished, by a continued perusal, Burke's Two Letters on a Regicide Peace. They contain as much plenitude of thought, fertility of fancy, and vigour of argumentation, as any of his younger productions; nor do I perceive any symptoms of that decay of mind, which he so often asserts. How inestimable would be the remnant of such unrivalled powers!

Looked over Horace's Epodes—an unmeaning title. The 2d. is eminently happy in selecting and presenting the delights of a country life; and, notwithstanding its neatness and point, one almost regrets the concluding turn by which the illusion is destroyed.—The incantations in the 5th are very inferior, in grotesque wildness and horror, to those of the Witches in Macbeth.—How Dacier can consider the lines in the 11th., "Simul calentis inverecundus Deus,

Fervidior mero,

Arcana promerat loco;"

as meaning any thing else than "when wine (Quid non ebrietas designat? Operta

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recludit, Epis. 5., Lib. 1.) has unlocked the heart," or can impute any grossness to this idea, is perfectly amazing: was he never warmed to such disclosures, by a friend and a bottle?—The 8th. and 12th. are most abominably filthy, and utterly unworthy their author.—On the whole, I am less pleased with the Epodes, than with any of Horace's compositions; and fancy, at least, that I discover in many of them, a hardness of manner, perplexity of construction, and acridness of spirit, very remote from the usual ease, suavity, and urbanity of this Favourite of the Graces.

JUNE the 2d.

Visited the Royal Exhibition. Particularly struck with a sea view by Turner—fishing vessels coming in, with a heavy swell, in apprehension of a tempest gathering in the distance, and casting, as it advances, a night of shade; while a parting glow is spread with fine effect upon the shore. The whole composition, bold in design, and masterly in execution. I am entirely unacquainted with the artist; but if he proceeds as he has begun, he cannot fail to become the first in his department.

JUNE the 9th.

I was much amused this evening with a ventriloquist; the most perfect in his art I have ever met with. He maintained a spirited dialogue with himself, and sung an air, with good effect, in this assumed voice. The deception is highly curious. That it is in the power of the professors of this art, according to the vulgar notion, to cast their voice wherever they please, is certainly untrue: the delusion they produce, may, I think, thus be accounted for. Though I cannot admit with Reid (Enquiry into the Human Mind, chap. 4, sect. 1.) that sound does not indicate the quarter from whence it proceeds, since, as I have often observed, a dog, with nothing to direct him, will instantly turn towards the point from whence his master calls; yet unquestionably this indication is very vague and slight, and leaves the mind in considerable suspense. When the ventriloquist first inwardly articulates, we are prompted to refer the sound to *him*; but observing that not a muscle in his countenance stirs, and hearing a voice entirely different from that in which he had just addressed us, we naturally cast about to some other quarter for the speaker: the ventriloquist always takes care to lead the imagination, with much address, to that quarter from which he wishes us to

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suppose that the ideal speaker is talking: and we eagerly refer thither, those accents for which we could otherwise assign no place whatever.

JULY the 8th.

Finished the perusal of "Les Lettres Provinciales, de Pascal." In the first ten Letters, he exposes in the liveliest and most striking forms, and aggravates by a vein of the most exquisite and cutting irony, the subtle and mischievous casuistry of the Jesuits: in the nine succeeding ones, he follows up his attack upon the morality and policy of this order, seriously and in earnest: the latter, however, though by no means destitute of force; though sometimes very powerful; and though in the 14th., particularly, the writer bursts out into a strain of vehement and impassioned eloquence, which, had it been found in Demosthenes, would have been the admiration of the world,—prove, upon the whole, far less interesting to a modern reader; and it is to the former, that Pascal will ultimately stand indebted for the meed of immortal fame.

JULY the 15th.

Read in the Star, this morning, the following solemn and affecting account of the death of Edmund Burke. It has all the appearance of coming from authority.

"On Saturday night died, at his seat near Beaconsfield, after a long and painful illness, which he bore with a pious fortitude suited to his character, in his 68th. year, the Right Honourable E. B. His end was suited to the simple greatness of mind which he displayed through life; every way unaffected; without levity, without ostentation. Full of natural grace and dignity, he appeared neither to wish nor to dread, but patiently and placidly to await, the appointed hour of his dissolution. He had been listening to some essay of Addison's, in which he ever took delight: he had recommended himself in many affectionate messages to the remembrance of those absent friends whom he never ceased to love: he had conversed some time with his accustomed force of thought and of expression, on the awful situation of his country, for the welfare of which his heart was interested to the last beat: he had given, with steady composure, some private directions, in contemplation of his approaching death: when, as his attendants were conveying him to his bed, he sunk down, and, after a short struggle, passed quietly and without a groan, to eternal rest, in that mercy which he had just declared, he had

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long sought with unfeigned humiliation, and to which he looked with a trembling hope."

I shall never forget the chilling reply of a French Emigrant of condition, to whom I had communicated this awful event with some considerable emotion; "Ah! une grande perte: voila *un orateur de moins!*"

JULY the 20th.

Finished the perusal of some of the orations of Demosthenes. Upon the whole, I am rather surprised, I confess, though it be to my shame, at the *transcendental* fame of this orator; and cannot help ascribing it, in some measure, to *traditional* veneration. Of the effects of these harangues upon an Athenian audience at the time, I can readily believe any thing: but they exhibit nothing of that artificial construction and rhetorical embellishment, which is calculated to extort the applause of the critic by profession; nor of that impassioned and overwhelming eloquence, which secures the admiration of the world at large. Sheer sense, urged with masculine force and inextinguishable spirit, is all they have to boast; nor do I meet with any thing in any of them—(and when I say this, I am not unmindful of Partridge's critique upon Garrick)—which a person of sound judgment and strong feeling, long practised to an Athenian auditory, might not very naturally be supposed to urge in the same manner, on a similar occasion, without much premeditation. The speech on the Crown, is evidently the most laboured of any; yet, how inferior is it in genius, erudition, taste, and pathos, to Burke's matchless diatribe on the attack of the Duke of Bedford and Earl of Lauderdale!

JULY the 21st.

Read the first Satire of Horace, Lib. 1.: a composition of exquisite urbanity: but in which I am unable to discover any adequate connection in the transition from discontent to avarice, even by the light of the "Illuc, unde abii, redeo," in the 108th. verse. It is not merely from the love of gain, and envy of superior wealth, that we are discontented at our own situations, and sigh for those of others: nor do the instances which Horace adduces at the opening of this piece, appear to originate from this cause at all.

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JULY the 23rd.

Read Hurd's Discourse on Poetical Imitation : a critical disquisition of considerable depth and skill ; but debased by a superfluous intricacy, and frequent affectation of quaintness. I cannot think that he satisfactorily exculpates Virgil from the charge of borrowing from Homer.—Read afterwards his Marks of Imitation ; of which the canons are just, but the examples not always convincing.—The first dissertation, perhaps, would render us too credulous of originality ; and the latter, too suspicious of imitation.

Pursued Horace's Satires, Lib. 1. One wishes that he had preserved more connection of thought, in many of these incomparable effusions :—it is really difficult in several passages of the 4th. and 5th. to make out and pursue the train of his ideas. The humour of the 7th., I confess myself unable to relish ; but the 8th. is infinitely curious.

JULY the 27th.

Read Hurd's Dissertation on the Idea of Universal Poetry—a most impotent attempt to ravish a barren generality. Formally to deduce the necessity of versification to the constitution of a poem, from the abstract principle, that the end of poetry is pleasure, demanded a vigour of powers, and violence of compression, to which only his MASTER was equal. The fierce attack on novel writing, towards the close, appears unseasonable and unprovoked.—In the subsequent Dissertation on the Drama, Hurd recovers his wonted powers ; and I am inclined to acquiesce in the different provinces which he assigns, with much subtlety of discrimination, to Tragedy, Comedy, and Farce.

Read the 2d. Satire of Horace, Lib. 2. The difficulty, is hardly repaid by the pleasure, of understanding this satire on luxurious gluttony. Many of its points are happily adapted to modern circumstances, and neatly urged, in Pope's spirited Imitation.

AUGUST the 4th.

Read Burke's Memorial on a projected secession of Opposition during the American War—a most masterly composition ; not breathing the fierce passions and party violence of the day, but temperate, guarded, firm ; of measured strength ; and adapted, by the largeness of its views, to the reason of unborn generations.

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It is brought forward in the Monthly Magazine; but they do not mean, I should hope, to charge *this* against him as a proof of inconsistency.

AUGUST the 6th.

Attended, by particular invitation, a public Meeting of the Quakers, at which P. W. of G. with his suite, and between three and four hundred soldiers, were present. There were four principal speakers; two men, and two women. The dismal twang, the braying whine, the suspiration of forced breath, the sudden and violent transitions, from oracular slowness to vehement rapidity, and from sibyllistic fury to colloquial familiarity, in wild rhapsodies without coherence or drift, and perplexed applications of shreds of Scripture, Old and New, with no discoverable propriety, to no apparent purpose—contrasted with the mute attention, the sobs and tears of their own auditory—were really convulsive. With every disposition to be serious, it was difficult to preserve a decency of deportment.—This sect completely puzzles me. That persons, all above the vulgar, many of excellent good sense and extensive information, most exemplary in their conduct, mingling in the business if not the pleasures of the world, performing all the common offices of life like other folks, and governing their own society by maxims of the soundest discipline, should, at this time of day, persist in nourishing a fanaticism so extravagant and revolting to all common sense, is very surprising: that they should wish, as in this instance, to exhibit a public spectacle of their folly, is altogether unaccountable.—On shewing a disposition to withdraw, we were repeatedly pressed to stay till the conclusion; and thanks were then formally returned for the general silence and decorum maintained by the spectators (which indeed was exemplary), as if they were sensible of the difficulty of preserving it.—I really thought the thanks well merited.

Read the 3rd. Satire of Horace, Lib. 2. The humour of this piece is rather recondite; and the personages introduced in the narrative of Damasippus, renders it frequently perplexed. I was at one time, inclined to transpose the transition which Dacier places at the 187th. verse, to the 182d.

AUGUST the 18th.

Finished the perusal of Vattel's Droit des Gens: a masterly work, in which the duties of the Sovereign Power of nations, are ingeniously and ably deduced, in applicable detail, from the simple principle of the general good; and the rights

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of humanity, forcibly and eloquently vindicated against the maxims and practice of ambition. The Editor, an initiate apparently of the New School of Philosophy, seems possessed with a fanatical horror against the idea of *punishment*, in its ordinary acceptation, as inflicted by equals on equals, by man on man; and to surprise, and hunt, and combat, this many-headed monster, wherever it starts up in the text, appears the eternal purpose of his tasteless annotations.

Began the 1st. Book of Horace's Epistles. The first of these Epistles is a most delightful and mellifluous composition, full of natural ease and grace. Dacier, appears to me, to misunderstand the 19th. verse,

Et mihi res, non me rebus, submittere conor:

this he considers as a qualification on his relapses to Epicureanism: I am inclined to regard it as opposed to the 17th. verse, and expressive of the effect of such relapses; which was, that he endeavoured to accommodate things to his mind, like an Epicurean; and not his mind to the nature of things, like a Stoic. Pope, in his spirited imitation, seems to have viewed it in the same light; and "subjungere," I observe, is substituted for "submittere," in the text. I am disposed to adopt Bentley's emendation of "lenta" for "longa" V. 21., as "piger" is the varied epithet to "annus."—The 3rd. Epistle is written with uncommon ease and spirit.—If the 4th. was addressed by way of consolation to Tibullus, on his ruin,—as Dacier plumes himself on having discovered,—never were topics more unhappily selected.—Dacier has translated the 9th. in the true spirit of a Frenchman under the old *regime*.

AUGUST the 25th.

Read the 1st. Epistle of Horace, Lib. 2. (the celebrated Epistle to Augustus) with the aid of Dacier's notes, and Hurd's Commentary. I am not entirely satisfied with the explanations of either of these critics. Dacier is less happy than usual in his auxiliary lights; and Hurd extracts an order and coherence, which I am unable to recognize in the original, the true connection and bearing of which, in various passages, eludes all my research. Bentley, tempted perhaps by the difficulty of the subject, is more than usually audacious in his conjectural emendations: he appears on this occasion, in the elation of conscious superiority, to give the full reins to his genius; and where it is impossible to force our *assent*, he at least extorts our *admiration*, by the extent of his learning and the vigour of his fancy. Hurd, complexionally of a very different temperament, is always acute, and ingenious, and plausible, even in his most eccentric aberrations. His expla-

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nation, in a note on the 14th. verse, of Virgil's Allegory at the opening of the 3rd. Georgic, if it be chimærical, is gradually wrought out with exquisite art, and ultimately displayed with matchless effect; and his disquisitions on *the double sense of verbs* (note v. 97.) and the rules of criticism (note v. 214.), though in both cases depraved by too extreme a subtlety of refinement, are unquestionably, in substance, at once profound and just. For his fulsome adulation of Warburton; for the servile application of his minute and microscopic researches, to justify the casual glances of his patron, he well deserves the burning lashes of Parr: yet, when I estimate his critical achievements, I could wish his fierce assailant had given weight to his censures of them, by having previously asserted to the world the strength of his own powers in this congenial department of literature.—Pope's Imitation of this Epistle to Augustus, though sometimes flat, is frequently felicitous. He is still more unequal in his Imitation of the next—a composition in which Horace particularly shines: his account however, of the obstructions in London-Streets, is eminently happy;—Horace's description fades beside it.

AUGUST the 28th.

Read Horace de Arte Poeticâ. I eagerly adopt Bentley's substitution of "adfient" for "adsunt," v. 101.; of "qui" for "quæ," v. 277.; and incline to read, with him, "præsectum" for "perfectum" v. 294.: but cannot bring myself to embrace his emendation, however strenuously enforced, of "ter natos" for "tornatos" v. 441.—I wish to believe, that "tornatos" may be translated "rounded" as well as "turned." His restoration, in a note on v. 402., of a corrupted passage in Ampelius, is very masterly: it flashes instant conviction; and does him greater credit, in my judgment, than all his other emendations put together.—With regard to this celebrated Epistle to the Pisos, if it has any method, I confess I am unable to discover it; and, considered as a didactic tractate on the art of Poetry, I cannot help regarding it as a miserably lame and defective composition.

AUGUST the 29th.

Read Hurd's Commentary on Horace's Art of Poetry. Hurd's idea is, that this Epistle is nothing but a critique on the Roman Drama, and he spins out on this principle, sometimes with difficulty enough, a sort of loose epistolary connection through all its parts. But what must we think of a Poem, whose subject, method, and drift, though anxiously investigated by the ablest critics, have defied detection

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for seventeen centuries and a half. The Annotations appended to the Commentary, are replete with critical entertainment.—On v. 47., he successfully illustrates, from Shakespear, *his* idea of Horace's direction, " so to order old words, that they shall have the effect of new."—On v. 94., he justly deduces, that poetry is the language of passion; that each passion presents its peculiar images, and suggests its appropriate expression; that these are modified by the situation, habits, age, profession, &c. of the person thus affected; and, that the just exhibition of the passions thus modified, constitutes the excellence of dramatic composition.—On v. 99., he very ingeniously traces the signification of " pulchrum" from its original and appropriate sense of " beauty in visible form," to " every species of pleasurable image whatever," and finally " to whatever excites any pleasurable feeling through the imagination :" and he then proceeds to set the sense of the terms " pulchra" and " dulcia," as opposed to each other in this verse, in a very happy light; restricting the former, which might singly have denoted poetical excellence in general, to beautiful imagery; and assigning the other to pathos.—On v. 103., he endeavours to solve the celebrated question, why we are pleased in representation, with what would shock us in reality; but omits the grand cause, which has been justly assigned by Burke (Sub. and Beaut. Pt. 1. Sect. 13, 14, 15).—On v. 244. he very happily evolves the charm of pastoral poetry; and traces its progress from the Idyllia of Theocritus, to Milton's Comus.—On v. 273., he refers the coarseness of antient wit, to the free and popular government of their states, and, to their festal licenses.—And, on v. 317., he very ably explains, and illustrates Horace's recommendation for attaining truth of expression in Dramatic Poetry—to study the human mind in general, to know what conduct, from the predominancy of certain qualities, the imputed character requires; and, to study real life as it prevails, to know with what degree of strength that character will, on particular occasions, most probably display itself.—How lamentable is it that such erudition and acuteness should be occasionally polluted, by a superfluous and crafty semblance of intricacy and depth, by a detestable affectation of quaint expression, and by a pert provoking petulance, a cool, sly, contemptuous jeering, even of the most respected characters, the intended mischief of which can only recoil in shame and disgrace upon the author.

SEPTEMBER the 3rd.

Read Terence's Andria. I cannot applaud the construction or conduct of the plot; but the dialogue is, throughout, supported with inimitable ease and spirit. Only one passage made me smile; and that was, where Pamphilus says to Davus, in a pet,

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on the unlucky conclusion of his first scheme, and the proposal of another, Act 4th. Sc. 1st.

Imo etiam: nam sati' credo, si advigilaveris,
Ex unis, geminas mihi conficies nuptias.

The expression "hinc illæ lachrymæ" comes from the 1st. scene, act 1st.: the source of these proverbial quotations is frequently unknown.

Read Sir Horace Walpole's Mysterious Mother. There is a gusto of antiquity, and peculiar raciness in this piece, which is quite to my taste: the terrible graces are finely maintained, and the passion of horror is ably prepared, and successfully excited; but the catastrophe is at last worked up to a crisis of distraction, for which no power of thought or language can find adequate expression.

Perused Gibbon's lively attack (Letter 9.) on the Government of Berne; which evinces that he had early imbibed just political notions.

SEP. the 8th.

Finished, with much interest, the Pursuits of Literature. The text is frequently stiff and intricate; but the prefaces and notes perstringe with acute criticism and poignant wit, whatever has, of late years, obtained celebrity in politics or literature. The Author is unquestionably a good scholar, and has formed his taste on classic models: his knowledge of modern works, and of the leading characters of the day, and the secret history of both, is extensive and curious: in politics, he seems a *temperate* Burkite; but with a strange obliquity from this standard, in a ridiculous alarm, which he cherishes, of the return of Popery into this country, through the influence of the French emigrant priests: his jealous orthodoxy he evinces in a fierce attack on Dr. Geddes for questioning the inspiration of the *historical* parts of the Bible: he appears fully to understand, and decidedly loaths, the New System of Morals, with all its votaries: and he displays a mortal antipathy to the frippery of affected refinement, from the Della Cruscas, to hot-pressed vellum paper.—With an affectation of concealment, he throws out many hints, which, if not designed to mislead, might surely conduct to his detection.—His character of a true Poet, in the 4th. Part, is itself animated with a high spirit of poetry, very different from the general texture of his Satire.

Read Terence's Eunuch. The characters of Gnatho and Thraso, the Parasite and his braggart patron, are delineated with considerable humour and spirit. The difference of manners, particularly in whatever respects the intercourse of the sexes, between the antients and the moderns, is very striking; and I think greatly to the

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disadvantage of the former. Love, it is observable, with *them*, seems not at all to have cooled by a premature and surreptitious enjoyment—at least if the representations here given, are just.

There is a very happy ridicule of the prevailing system of terror in certain modern novels, by a "Jacobin Novelist," in the last Monthly Magazine. It seems hard, but it is true, that original excellence in any department of writing, by provoking scurvy imitation, has a natural tendency to bring disgrace upon itself.

SEP. the 9th.

Read the 1st. Book of Cicero De Finibus; in which the moral system of the Epicureans is ably expounded and justified. The licentious air of this philosophy entirely results from the equivocal sense of the terms, pleasure, and pain, on which the system hinges—terms, which were perhaps adopted a little in the spirit of paradox, and which have been industriously perverted by the malevolence of party. In truth, the system itself very sensibly makes happiness the end of action; and the means of obtaining it, the business of wisdom; the rules which wisdom prescribes for this purpose, constituting the virtues.

Read the first two of Burke's Memorials on French Affairs. The latter, strongly marks the distinguishing character of the French Revolution; illustrates its influence in producing new and most important interests in the surrounding states, by the analogous cases of the aristocratic and democratic factions in Greece headed by Lacedæmon and Athens, the parties of the Guelphs and Ghibbelines in Italy, and the Reformation of Luther; and perpends, in a masterly survey, its probable course through all the States of Europe. We see in this grave composition, pure and unadorned, the native force and vigour of Burke's mind; and have a taste of the immense stores of information, from which he drew in his more popular works.

SEP. the 10th.

Read the 2d. Book of Cicero de Finibus: in which Cicero himself dexterously attacks the Epicureans; taking the term "voluptas" in its more obvious and restricted sense, and bantering them on their not daring to expose publicly the pretended motives of their actions. Cicero, I think, tacitly confesses some difficulty in this attack, by insisting so copiously on an absurd doctrine which the Epicureans held, probably to avoid scandal, that privation of pain, is pleasure; and that all positive pleasures, are only modifications of this negative good.

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Read the 3rd. and 4th. of Burke's Memorials on French Affairs. The latter opens, in a masterly style, the true interior of France; and points out, with infinite force of mind, and a consummate knowledge of the human character and the case before him, the only feasible, and the only honourable, course for the allied powers to pursue, in their endeavour to restore a regular government in France—which is, to consider the Emigrants, each in his department, as the only true representatives of the French State; to treat them as their Ally; and to reinstate them in their property and their authority, as they advance. One grieves to see a man of Burke's genius and intentions, conflicting against a giant evil with such intractable instruments!—What a hopeless case, do these Memorials, written in 1791, 1792, and 1793, *now* make out!

SEP. the 11th.

Read the 3rd. Book of Cicero de Finibus, in which he unfolds the Stoic system, in the personage of Cato. The grounds and qualifications of this system are intricate and obscure; but its leading feature consists in placing, not merely the "summum" with the Peripatetics, but the "solum" "bonum," not the *chief* only but the *sole* good, in the "honestum," the virtuous and praiseworthy: the *superhumanity* of which scheme is finely exposed by Cicero in the next Book. The truth is, these different sects of philosophers, though they varied prodigiously in *words*, were, with some slight shades of real difference, for which it would be easy to assign a philosophical reason, *substantially* agreed.

I was much pleased with some anecdotes of Buffon, in the last Supplement to the Monthly Magazine; though they lower this fine writer, unintentionally perhaps, into a French atheistic coxcomb in private life.

Finished Terence's Heautontimorumenos, with which I am not much delighted. One becomes weary with the cajoled father, amorous son, cunning slave, and fond mistress. Were the Romans deficient in variety of character, or their poets in the skill to mark it.

SEP. the 20th.

Read the ΕΡΑΣΤΑΙ and ΕΥΘΥΦΡΩΝ of Plato.—In the former, Socrates, in his interrogatory way, leads these Lovers—a suspicious appellation in Greece—to concede, that Philosophy consists, not in attaining secondary eminence in all the arts, but pre-eminence in the art of life, in governing oneself, one's household, and man-

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kind.—In the latter, he attacks the fastness of pagan priestcraft; and reduces Euthyphron, who maintains that there are duties peculiarly due to the Gods, and who is engaged on this principle in the prosecution of his own father for murder, to a non plus. The toil is thus artfully spread. Euthyphron, on Socrates' pretended wish for information, lays down, that what is pleasing to the Gods is sacred, what is otherwise, profane: a position which he is obliged to abandon, on considering the acknowledged difference of sentiment among the Gods; when he adopts, at Socrates' suggestion, the amendment, that what is pleasing to *all* the Gods, is sacred, what is displeasing to *all*, profane, and the rest indifferent. On which, Socrates, who has apparently gained little advantage in this first round, but the credit of giving his antagonist a fall and setting him on his legs again, proceeds to involve him in perplexity, this way. As, when any thing acts or suffers, it is active and passive because it acts and suffers, and does not act and suffer because it is active and passive; so, when any thing pleases, it is pleasing because it pleases, and does not please because it is pleasing; but that which is sacred, confessedly pleases the Gods, because it is sacred, and is not sacred because it pleases the Gods; therefore, that which pleases the Gods cannot be sacred, nor that which is sacred pleasing to the Gods, the one being pleasing because it pleases, while the other pleases because it is pleasing:—An entangling subtlety, which can hardly be exhibited but in Greek; and which we might wish, perhaps, with Johnson, not *difficult* merely, but *impossible*, of exhibition in any language. Socrates then leads Euthyphron to assert or to allow, that sanctity is a part of duty; that it is that part which relates to the service of the Gods; that it consists in rightly giving, and rightly asking; and that it may be regarded consequently, as a sort of commerce between Heaven and Earth. But, in commerce, what is useful is given for what is useful. Do we give, for their favours, what is *useful* to the Gods? Euthyphron, with a sort of pious horror, instantly rejects this idea, and says—not what is *useful*, but what is *agreeable*. He is thus brought round to the point from whence he started, since what is *agreeable* is synonymous to what is *pleasing*;—and, feigning an awkard excuse, abruptly breaks up the conference.—There is in all this, surely, much solemn trifling—a childish attempt to puzzle and confound, by considerations entirely foreign from the merits of the question; and the best apology for Socrates, if justly represented on this occasion by Plato, is, that he fought the Sophists with their own weapons, and endeavoured, in a good cause, to—" win his way, by yielding to the tide."

SEP. the 26th.

Finished Gibbon's Correspondence. I envy him his splendid acquaintance; his lite-

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rary labours, tempered by the most elegant habits; the first appearance of his History; and his introduction to the House of Commons. He seems to have consummated, all that the accomplished gentleman and scholar could desire: nor can I complain of his insensibility to his happy fortune—he frequently speaks of his condition with much complacency. The motives which he assigns for his silence in the House, are addressed directly to the heart.—His Letters to Deyverdun are interesting as they open a little the interior of his domestic œconomy:—he seems to have entertained high and expensive notions of living. The concluding Letters, addressed to a Right Honourable Lady, are of consummate elegance.

SEP. the 29th.

Read the History of Literature, and the British and Foreign History, in the New Annual Register for 1796. The materials for the former, though slight and of easy access, are judiciously managed, and with tolerable fairness: but the latter is conducted in a strain of partiality, highly unbecoming any thing which assumes the semblance of historical narrative; and even disgusting, I should think, to those who might be disposed to make similar reflections on the events related.

Began the 2d. Vol. of Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works. I was disappointed with his remarks on Hurd's Horace, which, though certainly ingenious, possess little interest, and give no satisfaction. His final sentence on Hurd's Essay on Poetical Imitation—" Mr. H. thinks these circumstances, all or some, necessary to *form* a suspicion; I allow they are very useful to *confirm* one," is pointed and just.

OCTOBER the 13th.

Finished Longinus on the Sublime; to which I had been led, by Gibbon's critique in his Extraits Raisonnés. Notwithstanding, the unquestionable merits of this critical composition in many points of view, I doubt exceedingly, from its want of method and exactness, whether it would have been favourably received, had it now made its appearance for the first time, as the production of a modern Author. Longinus seems to have possessed a nice sensibility and just taste; but to have wanted penetration and discernment to ascertain the causes by which he was affected. His conception of his subject, is confused, since he places it in whatever so violently agitates and transports the mind, as to overpower reflection; his five sources of the sublime, are neither distinctly assigned, nor distinctly kept; and he evidently ascribes to expression, what is due to sentiment.

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OCT. the 15th.

Read Boileau's Reflections, prefixed to his translation of Longinus; with which, however, they have very little connection. The first nine are levelled at Perrault, for degrading the antients; and the three last at Messrs. Huet and Le Clerc, for contesting the sublimity of the celebrated passage in Genesis—"And God said, let there be light; and there was light." He has the advantage on both occasions; but uses it arrogantly. Read, afterwards, the Examen of this disputed passage, by Messrs. Huet and Le Clerc; and Le Clerc's Reply to Boileau's strictures on his Remarks.—After all, there seems little substantial ground of difference in the conflict so fiercely worked up between them: Le Clerc and Huet acknowledge the sentiment, *though necessarily and unintentionally*, to be sublime; and what can Boileau want more?—With respect to the other theme of Literary Warfare—the merits of the antients—in our judgment of them, there seems one prejudice to be guarded against—a fond admiration of whatever is antique, which leads us to treat old writers like young children, and to be transported with an overweening delight at any excellence they may display; and one presumption most deliberately to be weighed—that what has extorted applause for so many generations, from such varieties of tastes and tempers, and through such changes of ephemerous fashion, must possess intrinsic merit deserving permanent esteem.

OCT. the 18th.

Finished Gibbon's Extraits Raisonnés. His critique on Burke's Sublime and Beautiful, evinces that he had not sufficiently entered into the spirit of that disquisition. He expresses a surprise at the difference between Longinus and Burke, on the *effect* of the sublime; the former, describing it as calculated to rouse and elevate the mind; the latter, to overpower and depress it: but this is not a just representation of Burke's sentiments. B. makes the sublime turn, indeed, on pain and danger, which, *when near*, overpower and oppress; but on pain and danger *removed*; in which case, the mind, arrogating to itself some portion of the importance which these qualities confer, feels that swelling and triumph, that glorying and sense of inward greatness, which he expressly quotes Longinus as ascribing to the Sublime.

Read Boileau's Arret Burlesque—Discours sur la Satire,—Lettre au Duc de V.—and his reconciliatory Letter to Perrault. The first, is an exquisite piece of irony on the obstinate adherence of old foundations to exploded error:—the second, a neat defence of personal allusions in satire:—the third, a happy sample of French flummery:—and the last, a delicate execution of a difficult task; containing a judicious mixture of firmness and concession.

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OCT. the 23rd.

Looked over the Postulata prefixed by Saunderson to his Algebra. I should have expected from *him* a better explanation of the Rule of Proportion; with the *rationale* of which, I have found even proficients unacquainted. The object of this Rule is, to find a number bearing a proposed ratio to a given number. In the Rule of Three *Direct*, it is to find a fourth number, bearing the same ratio to the third, as the second does to the first. What is the process which reason prescribes for this purpose? Divide the second number by the first—this will ascertain the ratio between *them*; then multiply the third with the quotient, which must necessarily produce a fourth number bearing precisely the same ratio to the third. In the Rule of Three *Inverse*, the object is the same; only, from the nature of the question, the terms are so transposed, that the 4th No. sought, must bear the same ratio to the 2d., as the 3rd. does to the 1st.: so that, putting the 3rd. No. in the place of the 1st., the process becomes the same. The intent of the *Double* Rule of Three *Direct*, is to find a 6th. No. which shall bear the same ratio to the product of the 4th. and 5th., as the 3rd. does to the product of the 1st. and 2d.: make those products therefore, and proceed as in the *Single* Rule of Three Direct. The intent of the *Double* Rule of Three Inverse, is to find a 6th. No. which shall bear the same ratio to the quotient of the 4th. divided by the 5th., as the 3rd. does to the quotient of the 1st. divided by the 2d.: form these quotients therefore, and proceed as before.—Such are the processes which common sense prescribes for the attainment of these ends: but, as in practice it is more convenient to multiply first and then divide, we have adopted accordingly an inverted method, leading precisely to the same result, but obscuring the principle on which the proceeding is founded.

OCT. the 26th.

Finished the 1st. Vol. of Sir George Staunton's Account of Lord Macartney's Embassy to China. There is an ostentatious prolixity in the explanation of common events, and a solemn pomp of phraseology in the narration of trifling occurrences (particularly exemplified in the opening of the 3rd. chap.), which cast an air of ridicule on what, had it been touched with näivete, (for I love detail), would have been sufficiently interesting: but the author seems to have considered it as a necessary point of duty, to swell himself out to a bulk suitable to the proposed amplitude and magnificence of his publication. The first Volume only just conducts us, after a long

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(I will not say, a tedious) passage, to the promised land,—the object of our eager curiosity,—China.

OCT. the 29th.

Finished the 1st. Book of Quinctilian "De Institutione Oratoriâ." The first three chapters evince, that good sense is the same in every age and country:—the greater part of his observations are of as perfect application now, as they could have been at the time they were written. The four succeeding ones are occupied with matters of grammar and philology in the Latin language, of little present use. In the 8th. and 9th. judicious directions are given respecting the first reading and elocution of the infant orator: and in the three last, he enforces the subsidiary aid of various collateral studies, particularly geometry and music, to the attainment of perfect eloquence. That the more the mind is stored with knowledge, the more materials it must possess for thinking and for speaking, is sufficiently obvious; but I have never been satisfied with the particular directions which rhetoricians have prescribed on this subject: heated by the intense and exclusive consideration of their favourite theme, the qualifications they require in a consummate orator, are usually extravagant and absurd; and they are too apt to neglect enforcing, with due earnestness, matters of more essential practical import, in the vain pursuit of unattainable perfection.

NOVEMBER the 2d.

Began the 2d. Vol. of Sir George Staunton's Embassy to China. The account of the stupendous wall of China, probably the greatest work of man, is highly interesting; and the narrative of the first audience with the Emperor, in whose court art seems to have exhausted all its powers in investing the royal personage with awful dignity, is impressively worked up. I confess, on this solemn and august occasion, I felt tremblingly for the honour of my country.

Read Burke's Letter to Elliot on the D. of N.'s Speech in the House of Lords: a most animated, festive, and poignant philippic, against those leaders of the aristocracy, who, by their own conduct, precipitated that cause, which with little personal interest in it, he had been struggling to uphold in their favour, in despite of themselves. This piece exhibits Burke in somewhat a new light—frolicsome in satire; with a mind, unbroken by disappointment though stung with indignation, and sportive though afflicted; mingling contempt and scorn and laughter, at the defection of those, on

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whose policy, if not their virtue, he had relied for support, in the great question now at issue between the advocates for antient order and sweeping innovation, on which his whole soul seems suspended.—The latter part, where he exhorts his young correspondent not to despair; and animates him to take an active part in the contest, is prodigiously spirited and fine.

NOV. the 7th.

Finished Sir George Staunton's Account of the Embassy to China. The disquisition on the Chinese language in the 6th. chapter, is highly curious. By this it appears, that the Chinese words are all monosyllables; that they have no inflections to express contingent circumstances, as time, plurality, &c.; that the characters, expressing words, amount to 80,000, to which there are assigned only 1500 distinct sounds; that the characters are originally hieroglyphical; that upwards of 200 of these characters are radical, and denote a radical idea, and as such are arranged at the beginning of their dictionaries; that the species under each genus, are formed by additional strokes; that there are no auxiliary articles expressive of relations, but that the qualities arising out of such relation, become frequently the foundation of the names by which the relations themselves are denoted; and, that to study the language (such is its peculiar structure), is, in effect, to study the Encyclopædia of the Country. In all this, there is an artificial contrivance, which indicates a system, rather struck out in the maturity of reason for the purposes of communication, than gradually growing up, as in other languages, with our exigencies and our means: but when could such a system have been organised; and by what power could it have been imposed on the swarming population of this extensive empire?

NOV. the 16th.

Began the 2d. Book of Quinctilian's Institutes. Having taken his pupil from the nurse, instructed him in grammar elocution and composition, and imbued him with the elements of subsidiary knowledge, in the preceding Book, he in this delivers him over directly to the rhetorician. The two first chapters contain some excellent observations on the morals, temper, and manners, to be wished for in a rhetorical preceptor, which may still be very usefully consulted with this view. In the 3rd. he judiciously recommends, with much earnestness, the choice of the ablest and the best, in the first instance, quoting the well known anecdote of Timotheus, who always required double fees from a pupil who had been previously instructed. The 4th. delivers much sensible advice on the subject of preliminary exercises, such

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as historical narratives, historical disquisitions, common place arguments on general questions, &c.; and he here takes occasion to display, with the happiest fertility of imagery on his own part, the advantage of that exuberance in youth, which may be pruned, over that sterility which can never be fecundated. In the 5th. he recommends, in a way that cannot be sufficiently praised, the reading over together the most celebrated oratorical and rhetorical compositions; the master commenting on their nature, their structure, their excellencies and defects: and he closes his observations on this subject, with noting two opposite faults to be guarded against—the passion for antiquity, which leads, through imitation, to a hardness of manner—and a love for the flowery and ephemerous productions of the day; exhorting us to give our first attention to those compositions, on which time has set his seal of approbation, without defacing their beauties. In the 11th. and 12th. chapters, the casual advantages of untutored genius in declamation, over a mind refined by culture, and the final ascendancy of the latter from the equalization of its powers, are happily stated. The 13th. shews very forcibly the subordination of precepts to their end, which may sometimes supersede their observance. The remaining chapters are consumed in frivolous and idle discussions on the etymology and definition of rhetoric, its utility, morality, &c. The antients often trifle in this way. Who can bear, with temper and patience, to be detained on the threshold of the art of eloquence, while it is formally debated, whether a good orator must necessarily be a good man?—Parr in his Preface to Bellendenus, has evidently borrowed a sentence from the 12th. c. "verum illis, quidem, gratulemur, sine labore, sine ratione, sine disciplinâ, disertis," says Quinctilian: "gratulemur illis, quidem, sine litteris, et sine disciplinâ, disertis," says Parr.

NOV. the 22d.

Read, by a rapid perusal, Burke's Third Letter on a Regicide Peace. I am overpowered with this stupendous effort of Burke's mind; whose genius never flamed so fiercely, as in this expiring conflagration. He seems to gambol, at his ease, in a multitudinous ocean of matter, obedient to his will; and to sport with a pressure, under which Atlantean shoulders would have groaned. The passage in which he exposes the impolicy of Lord Malmsbury's first humiliating mission, has irresistible force; and that in which he arrays what he should have supposed would have been the Minister's conduct, on this scornful repulse of Britannia's humble suit, is most awfully and transcendantly sublime. Really, compared with this astonishing effusion, all the most celebrated specimens of antient or modern eloquence, appear like

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child's play.—The *hiatus* in that part in which he has drawn a cheering picture of our resources, is well supplied by the Editors:—I confess I cannot exactly trace it. It was a very delicate task.

Looked over the Beggar's Opera. The slang of low iniquity, is happily given in this strange drama; divested of its repulsive coarseness, and brightened with appropriate wit. It must have been of most difficult execution.

DECEMBER the 6th.

Read the 3rd. Book of Quinctilian's Institutes. The first chapter gives a succinct history of the art of rhetoric: the greater part of the remainder, are consumed in a vain endeavour to reduce to precise limits, what is of too vague and arbitrary a nature to be accurately defined,—the constituent parts, and different kinds, of declamation: he involves himself, accordingly, and his reader, in the entangling intricacies of multifarious divisions, which only darken what they were designed to illustrate; and perplexes the subject still more, by giving an account of the attempts of others in this way.

Was much pleased with Burke's Letter to Murphy, inserted in the last European Magazine, in which he strongly inculcates, the adopting that easy natural style in writing, which we pursue in conversation; in opposition to the prevailing affectation of modern authors. His own example powerfully strengthens this recommendation.

DEC. the 17th.

Read the 4th. Book of Quinctilian's Institutes; in which, mingled with other less instructive matter, are some excellent observations on the opening, the narrative, and the distribution, in speeches on judicial causes. After all, however, precept on this subject is of little efficacy; and Quinctilian is never more judicious, than when he leaves the practice, to good sense guided by the circumstances of the case.

Looked over Brown's Essays on Satire, prefixed to Pope's Moral Poems; in which the nature and end of Satire is happily pourtrayed; and its history deduced from the earliest ages to its consummation in Pope, with uncommon spirit and correctness. These Essays contain some of the best verses I ever met with—but their excellence is of one kind. Dipped afterwards into Pope's Essays: his manner is infinitely more diversified, and delights with a thousand varied charms.

I have been for some time amusing myself with the Arabian Nights Entertainments, to whose fascinating influence I am quite ductile. Nothing can be happier than the

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leading plan of these tales; the stories themselves, though physically extravagant, are such, to which we yield, without scruple, what smoothes, without effort, all physical difficulties—a willing fancy; and their variety keeps expectation perpetually alive.

DEC. the 22d.

Read the 5th. Book of Quinctilian's Institutes; in which he discusses the management of proofs and arguments. His incidental remarks are often excellent; but, here again, he loses himself and perplexes his readers, in endeavouring to distribute into some sort of classification, a multifarious subject which seems to disdain such chains. —I was much pleased with the close of the 10th. chapter, in which he derives precept from the observation of excellence, and places the perfection of its power in its unobserved operation; and of the 14th. in which he strenuously defends the combining eloquence with logic.

Read some of Addison's translations from Ovid, which I thought but cold and stiff; his notes on these pieces, which are neat and just; and his Essay on the Georgics, a very exquisite piece of criticism. Addison's style is incomparably limpid.

DEC. the 24th.

Read the 6th. Book of Quinctilian's Institutes; on the peroration, and the moving of the passions. The Procemium is pathetic, and reminds one of Burke's complaints on the loss of his only surviving son; but I cannot help thinking it affectedly prefixed to this part of his subject. With regard to moving the passions, I was much pleased with what he earnestly urges as his own peculiar advice—to kindle them first in ourselves, before we hope to transfuse them into others: but Horace had said nearly the same thing before; of which he takes no notice. From the 3rd. chapter, " de risu", I expected some entertainment; but was disappointed: the antients do not appear to have understood the practice, much less the theory, of wit and humour—a subject perhaps, after all, too aerial and volatile to be submitted to rigid analysis.

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JANUARY the 7th., 1798.

Read the 7th. Book of Quinctilian's Institutes, in which he treats of the arrangement of the materials which he presumes to be provided; and loses himself in endless subtleties, in endeavouring to establish general rules a priori, for what in every instance must be governed by the particular circumstances of the case: but he vindicates his judgment by confessing this, by citing examples, and by repeatedly recommending " ducem naturam." I was particularly pleased with the close of the last chapter, in which, after strenuously inculcating a reliance on our own enlightened sagacity, rather than on any positive precepts, he gives to good sense the first, the second, the third place; and describes its happy effect in melting the various materials of composition into one uniform and consistent mass. The whole passage is exquisitely conceived and delightfully expressed.—His examples by way of illustration, are often rendered obscure, by their particular reference to the Roman Law.

Attended Church in the afternoon. Mr. S. endeavoured to make faith a matter of duty; and deprecated licentious, with a salvo (exacted by the spirit of the times) in favour of free, enquiry. In the way he took it, it was a distinction without a difference. The defenders of religious dogmas, where there is a contrariety of persuasions on the subject, are placed in an awkward dilemma. They cannot shut the door upon enquiry, without affording an impregnable asylum to adverse tenets; and they cannot open it, without letting in the common enemy and endangering their own. To stop at a certain point of enquiry, would be convenient to all parties; but this limit would vary in different sects; and for stopping at all, there is nothing but convenience to plead.

JAN. the 8th.

Read the 8th. Book of Quinctilian's Institutes. I was much pleased with that part of the Proœmium (confirmed by various subsequent passages) in which he condemns an overweening attention to the style, to the neglect of the sentiment; inducing the vices of affectation, tumour, unnatural contorsions, and obscurity. He seems, in the 3rd. chapter, to dwell, with a sort of prurient pleasure, on that particular ambiguity of language which equivocates obscenely. His strictures, in the 5th., on the *sententious* style, composed of luminous points, without coherence or continuity; perpetually sparkling, without breadth of shade or of effulgence; rough, without grandeur of inequality, and level without easy smoothness, are admirable.

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JAN the 9th.

Began, and read the first section of, Wollaston's Religion of Nature. He here propounds and maintains his hypothesis, "That moral rectitude consists in a conformity between our actions and truth;" and evinces, how much may be advanced by learning and ingenuity, in favour of the most fantastical notion.

Read the 9th. Book of Quinctilian's Institutes, in which he treats, with great judgment and refined taste, of figures of style and sentiment: though he condescends sometimes to needless and perplexing divisions; and does not sufficiently discriminate between these two species of figures—which perhaps ought not to be distinguished at all, the whole being referable to sentiment, without which language is "vox et preterea nihil."

JAN. the 13th.

Read the 10th. Book of Quinctilian's Institutes. The 1st. chapter, in which, in recommending authors to the perusal of the young orator, he takes occasion to perstringe, with consummate skill and exquisite taste, all the most celebrated works of Greece and Rome, is above measure delightful. It is quite enchanting to hear an antient thus discussing the merits of the antients. The remaining chapters contain many judicious and excellent remarks—coming home directly to the bosoms of men—on the use and abuse of imitation, the formation of style, correction, composition, and extemporary speaking.—"Cito scribendo, non fit, ut bene scribatur: bene scribendo, fit, ut cito," says Quinctilian; directly contrary to the advice of Johnson, who recommends rapid, as preparatory to correct, composition.—"Vix enim bonæ fidei viro convenit, auxilium in publicum polliceri, quod in præsentissimis quibusque periculis desit," is the reflection which induced me to relinquish my profession.—"Qui stultis videri eruditi volunt, stulti eruditis videntur," reminds one of "a wit among Lords and a Lord among wits."—Parr, in his Preface, has been busy with the first chapter: one imitation is very striking, "ille se profecisse sciat, cui Cicero valde placebit," says Quinctilian: "In litteris ipsi se sciant plurimum profecisse, quibus Burkius valde placuerit," says Parr.

JAN. the 14th.

Read the 11th. Book of Quinctilian's Institutes, on the adaptation of eloquence to the cause, the parties, and the audience; on memory; and on pronunciation and gesture—the last of which topics he discusses with surprising minuteness.

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Ld. C. called in. Had much conversation on Fox; some passages of whose late conduct we deeply deplored: "If I may venture to say it," his Lordship exclaimed with much earnestness, "of so great a man, he appears sometimes strangely defective in judgment." But for the alarm which his excessive candour and occasional indiscretion had excited, we must, he thought, ere this, have seen him Minister. He feared he was sometimes overborne by Grey.

JAN. the 15th.

Read the 12th. and last Book of Quinctilian's Institutes, in which, in giving the supreme finish to the accomplished orator, he insists essentially on his knowledge and observance of moral duty; recommends an intimate acquaintance with civil law and history; delivers various directions with regard to the practice of his profession; discusses the different kinds of eloquence—the sublime, the temperate, and the grand; advises a seasonable retirement, before a decay of power; and concludes with an animating exhortation to the young aspirant, not to sink under the prospect of the difficulties he has to surmount.—Thus closes a work which establishes Quinctilian's character as one of the ablest *Critics*, at least, of his own, or of any age. A Translation of the best and most applicable parts of these Institutes, enriched with modern illustrations, judiciously and ably executed (for it is a task which could be trusted to no vulgar artist), would form a most useful and valuable publication.—The Preface to Bellendenus, so far as it relates to Burke (for I have attended, on a particular account, to that part alone), is much indebted to the 10th. chapter of this last Book: one imitated sentence is very glaring, "meliùs de hoc nomine sentiant, credantque, Atticè dicere, esse optimè dicere," is Quinctilian's expression; "sed meliùs de hoc nomine sentiant * * * *: Burkium si quis imitetur, eum credant et Atticè dicturum et optimè," is Parr's.—I am not aware on what principle Parr sometimes gives, and sometimes withholds, his authorities for sentences and expressions; nor am I competent to decide on the propriety of this style of composing in a dead language. The effect which it would have upon a Roman eye or ear, might easily be tried, by forming an English composition from shreds of Addison, Johnson, Swift, Bolingbroke, and Gibbon:—I suspect the texture would resemble a Harlequin's jacket.

JAN. the 17th.

Read the 2d., 3rd., 4th., and 5th. sections of Wollaston's Religion of Nature. In the two former he endeavours to demonstrate, with great parade, that pursuing

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happiness, and following the dictates of right reason, coincide with his own grand principle, of acting conformably to truth. In the 4th., conformably with his system, he makes the extent of moral obligation commensurate with the knowledge of truth. In the last, he proves the existence, the perfection, and the superintending providence, of a First Cause; and deduces our peculiar duties towards that Cause, very ingeniously, from our *true* relations to each other.

Finished the Baviad and Mæviad; an exquisite satire on the loathsome affectations of the Della Crusca school of poetry. The Pursuits of Literature, though bearing some marks of resemblance, is however, of a much higher cast; and I think clearly not from the same pen.

JAN. the 18*th.*

Finished the four remaining sections of Wollaston's Religion of Nature; in which he deduces, sometimes from his leading principle indeed, but often, too, from right reason, general utility, and the passions and affections of our common nature, the rights and duties of man, considered as a rational animal, as a member of community, as a member of a family, and, lastly, as a private individual: concluding, with proofs of the immortality of the soul, from its immateriality, the necessity of a future life to execute the ends of retributive justice, and the general prepossession in favour of such a belief: to which he subjoins some curious speculations on the nature of our state hereafter, with a view of the advantages attending a belief in it; and closes with a final reference to his fundamental principle, as the great guide of human conduct in all its relations.—The passage in the 9th. section, in which, though he admits and enforces, that the tendency of virtue is to happiness, and of vice to misery, he shews that this is only a tendency, which external circumstances may counteract, or, if they do not counteract, may otherwise overbalance, struck me as perfectly just; and another, in which he describes the wretchedness and impotence of the present life, if that is the " be all and the end all," as extremely eloquent.

Looked over, afterwards, a Supplement to Wollaston, by a French translator of his work. It consists of three Parts; in the two first of which, he defends the principle and scheme advanced by his original; and in the third, sets in a fog, in endeavouring to reconcile what he calls " premotion physique," with the liberty of man. He seems a weak superstitious character, and I am surprised at his hardihood in adopting Wollaston's Hypothesis.

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JAN. the 21st.

Finished Barrington's Observations on the Antient Statutes; a well conceived and elaborate work, containing much valuable antiquarian lore, and many amusing anecdotes and allusions; but through which the old woman occasionally peeps out. In page 489. he mentions, that a particular rock is shewn in Merionethshire, between Dolgelle and Tal-y-llyn, called Craig-y-llam, from which, by the laws of Athelstan, thieves were formerly precipitated. This Tarpeian height is the awful crag which impends over the eastern side of the Pool of Three Grains: and I can attest that it is admirably adapted to give these laws the fullest effect.

Read Jasper Wilson's celebrated Letter: a temperate, liberal, well informed, and eloquent address; deficient in nothing, I think, but an adequate consideration of the spirit militant in France.

JAN. the 24th.

Finished Warton's Life of Pope prefixed to his edition of Pope's Works; and compared Wakefield's Preface to his Observations on Pope. These two critics differ essentially in their judgment of Pope. Wakefield ascribes to him, in a transcendant, and, it should seem, an equal degree, all the superior qualifications of a consummate poet; while Warton regards him as deficient in the characteristic one—imagination.—The latter sometimes takes great liberties with his Principal; as where he compares Pope's version of the Iliad, to Townley's bust of Homer in a bag-wig.—A quotation from Cicero's Orator, which Warton applies, with some justice but more severity, to Johnson, " * * qui nihil potest tranquillè, nihil leniter, nihil definitè, distinctè potest dicere, is * * * furere apud sanos, et quasi inter sobrios bacchari temulèntus videtur," reminds me of a corresponding passage in the Preface to Bellendenus, " qui nihil solet leniter, nihil explicatè, nihil definitè dicere, is stomacho plus dare, quàm consilio videtur, et propè abesse à quadam orationis insaniâ." Were this Preface stripped of its borrowed plumage, might I judge from the slender part to which I have attended, it would be bald indeed; but I am not sure of the right we have, to pluck it in this way.

JAN. the 26th.

Looked over Warton's notes on the two first Volumes of Pope's Works, comparing occasionally Wakefield's Observations. Warton's character of Johnson, as pos-

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sessed of strong judgment, and keen discrimination of whatever regards life and manners (his favourite quarry), but deficient in a true taste and relish for poetry, is, I think, just.—Notwithstanding Johnson's decision, backed by Warton, there is surely a striking echo to the sense in Pope's line, in the Essay on Criticism,

"When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw."

—"One of the best musicians of the age," who informs Mr. Warton, that Mr. Pope's remark (Essay on Criticism, v. 144.) "that there are nameless graces in music which no methods teach," is unfounded, I should suppose, is Dr. Burney; yet I can hardly believe him so "correctly dull." There are occasional repetitions in Warton's notes, indicating slovenly execution; as in the quotation from Quinctilian appended both to the 213th., and 570th., v.v. of the Essay on Criticism.

The peculiarities I have observed in these notes, tending to develope Warton's character and sentiments, are, his repeated and warm expressions of admiration at Milton's Lycidas, and Gray's Poems in general; his high praise of Aristotle; his quotations, with applause, from Harris and Beattie; his compliment to Lord Monboddo; his exaltation of Dionysius, and depretiation of Longinus; and his frequent censure of Johnson's critical decrees. With Wakefield he sometimes exactly coincides; but cautiously abstains from any thing like allusion to his labours in the same vineyard. Warton has one felicitous expression with which even the exuberant luxuriance of Mr. Wakefield's style would have been enriched—"prose *fringed* with rhyme."

JAN. the 27th.

Looked over some of Gray's Poems. I am almost tempted to agree in Johnson's character of these compositions. There is an encumbered heaviness in them, an overlaboured obscurity, and vehement straining—even where he affects to trifle, very revolting to my taste.

Read Dryden's Dedication of his Fables to the Duke of Ormond. One is amazed that such undisguised, overwrought, extravagant and fulsome flattery, could ever have been endured: the most voracious appetite for praise must surely have been gorged by such a dose.

JAN. the 31st.

Read Boileau's Preface to his Works. Pope's sentiment in his Essay on Criticism,

"True wit is nature to advantage dress'd;
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd:

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Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind." v. 297., &c.

is evidently borrowed from an incomparable passage in this Preface. "Qu'est-ce qu'une pensée neuve, brilliante, extraordinaire? Ce n'est point, comme se le persuadent les ignorans, une pensée que personne ná jamais euë, ni dû avoir: c'est, au contraire, une pensée qui a dû venir a tout le monde, et que quelqu'un s'avise le premier d'exprimer. Un bon mot n'est bon mot qu'en ce qu'il dit une chose que chacun pensoit, et qu'il la dit d'une maniere vive, fine et nouvelle." This Preface was written in 1700: the Essay, I think, in 1710.

Pursued Warton's Pope. I am disappointed in the critical information and entertainment I expected from such an Editor of such a Work. Innumerable slips attest how carelessly he has executed the task; and he has taken such unconscionable liberties in stealing from himself, that a reader well versed in the Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, will find little of novelty to glean, from the apparently abundant harvest of anecdote and criticism with which he is here presented in the form of scattered annotations.

FEBRUARY the 1st.

Read several of Dryden's original Poems. The sudden transition from his Funeral Lines on Oliver Cromwell, to his Astræa Redux on the Restoration, the two first pieces in the collection, has a curious effect: one grieves to see genius thus prostituted. In his Political Poems (where he sometimes becomes impotent from rage) may be found most of the arguments which have furnished out the party pamphlets of the present day.—His Hind demonstrates, what I have often thought, but tremble to express, that the first step of seperation from the Church of Rome, was the first step to infidelity.—The Religio Laici, is the most finished and equally sustained, of any of these pieces; and, as an argumentative poem, has infinite merit. For disputing in rhyme, Dryden has certainly no equal: his spirit is inextinguishable.

Began Boileau's Satires: compositions of exquisite wit and urbanity; and surpassed by nothing but Pope's productions in the same way. His 5th. Satire, on Hereditary Rank, might *now* be recited with applause at Paris; and shews how the same thing may differ, when urged as a corrective, and when adopted as a principle. The 10th., on Woman, is inferior in spirit to Pope's Satire on the same subject. In the 11th. and 12th. he is evidently out of his depth.

Was much pleased, in the European Magazine for last month, with Sir Joshua Reynolds' masterly character of Reubens' style. The comparison of his pictures to "bunches of flowers," struck me as eminently happy.

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FEB. the 4th.

Pursued Warton's Pope. On v. 408. of the Prologue to the Satires, Warton has feelingly described the delightful transition, from the austerities of acrimonious censure, to the melting scenes of domestic tenderness.—On v. 31. of Pope's Imitation of the 1st. Epistle of Horace, he expresses a surprise, that Pope should have omitted the strong sentiment,

" Et mihi res, non me rebus, subjungere conor:" v. 19.:

I conceive that Pope has endeavoured, and not unsuccessfully, to render it by the line

" And win my way, by yielding to the tide."

The original indeed is more pointedly significant; for Horace (if we may be allowed to dilute his spirit so unmercifully) intimates, that revolting from the Stoic doctrine, which in effect renders its votaries slaves to external circumstances by exacting an incessant and vain struggle against them, he found himself insensibly sliding back to the system of Aristippus, which, by a full admission of their influence on our happiness, pursued the only course to reduce these stubborn principles into a subjection to our pleasure:—See August 18th., 1797.—It is amazing that Warton should have passed, without censure, and even with some sort of *retrospective* approbation, the flattest line Pope ever published. v. 49., 6th. Epis. of Horace, B. 1.:

" So known, so honoured, at the House of Lords."

To make amends, he violently reprobates as coarse and vulgar, an expression, which, in its place, is felicitous enough. v. 131., 2d. Epis. of Horace, B. 2.

" Each had a gravity *would make you split.*"

The colloquial form of the phrase, *here* adds greatly to its spirit.

FEB. the 7th.

Read Boileau's Epistles. The 3rd., on False Shame, is eminently happy; and the 6th., in which he describes his mode of life, above measure interesting. His advice to Racine in the 7th., to convert the efforts of malevolence into instruments of good, by extracting improvement from the carpings of his envious critics, is at once neat and judicious. The 9th. is an excellent lecture against affectation: the 10th. exhibits an engaging portrait of the writer: the 11th. displays the pains of literary labour, and the pangs of idleness, with the easiest and most felicitous address: while the 12th., though dexterously managed, and treating on a fruitful subject, is polluted with the rancour, and clouded by the darkness, of polemical theology. Had Boileau written nothing but this la tter piece, as he declares that he sometimes wished in good

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earnest had been the case, where would have been the remembrance of him now? His addresses to the King, however neatly turned, are necessarily fulsome: the leading idea in them all, is, that the Monarch conquered faster than the Muse could celebrate.

Read Pope's Preface to the Iliad, and Postscript to the Odyssey; both pieces, but particularly the latter, replete with most judicious critical observations, and illuminated with some of the happiest and most striking similes I ever met with. I doubt whether his Epic Poem of Brutus, though ingeniously conceived, would, under any management, have succeeded: the consummation of the plot, is to destroy those illusions from which the fable must have derived its principal interest.

FEB. the 8th.

Read Boileau's Art Poetique, and Lutrin. In the former, he has copied too closely the desultory manner of Horace; though to much better purpose. The latter is, I think, superior *as a mock heroick poem*, to the Rape of the Lock; excepting always the conclusion, which is extremely lame and impotent.

Pursued Wakefield's Observations on Pope. I exactly agree with him in the species of preference which he gives to Pope's over Boileau's Imitation of Horace, in the account of the Visionary, (v. 192., Epis. 2., B. 2., and Sat. 4., v. 103.); but do not see how he mends the matter in his proposed improvement of v. v. 74. and 75., in the 2d. Dialogue by way of Epilogue to the Satires.—Wakefield possesses exquisite taste, and a most luxuriant fancy, as a critic; and one grieves that he should ever have misapplied his powers to politics and religion.

FEB. the 11th.

Read the Dunciad, with Warton's and Wakefield's Annotations. Lord Orford's stricture on Swift and Cervantes, mentioned by Warton, with such high respect, in his note on v. 21. of the Dunciad, Book 1st., strikes me as tasteless and groundless. Supposing the vices and follies satirised to be precisely the same (a gratuitous concession), in the Voyage to Lilliput they are rendered ridiculous and odious, by being placed in so diminutive and contemptible an animal; and in the Voyage to Brobdinag this animal is, by an opposite contrast, distinctly and forcibly shewn to be ourselves: while, with respect to Don Quixote, though the general character of his madness is sufficiently exhibited at the Wind-mill and the Inn, its peculiar turns and qualifications (putting all the entertainment derived from it out of the question) are finely

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wrought out by the subsequent adventures.—Warton has one very happy, and one very forced, image, in his critique between the 3rd. and 4th. Books:—one happy, in comparing the subjects of the Dunciad, to monsters preserved in the most costly spirits; and one forced, in resembling the violence of its satire to "that marvellous column of boiling water near mount Hecla, in Iceland, thrown upwards, above ninety feet, by the force of subterranean fire."—Wakefield's attempts at humour, under the character of Scriblerus to the Dunciad, are very frigid and uncouth: he seems to have caught the grossness of Pope without his spirit; and occasionally displays the bigot.—The expression of *Pope's* Scriblerus, on v. 6., B. 4., that "they have chosen rather to turn the dark lanthorn of Lycophron, than to trim the everlasting lamp of Homer," is forcible and fine.—In a note on v. 150. Warton treats Locke very disrespectfully—another of his characteristics. Swift he calls "a true whig," who was certainly a *very* high churchman, and in his zenith strictly connected with the tories: I reckon him a very *moderate* whig indeed.—The Dunciad was undoubtedly more perfect as a Poem, in its first form of *three* Books; but one cannot marvel at Pope's yielding to the temptation of enlarging this Limbo for his enemies.

FEB. the 14th.

Read Garth's Dispensary; a lively and pleasing poem, sparkling with considerable wit; but defrauded of its just fame by the Dunciad, so much its superior in correctness, conduct, spirit, and lustre.

Finished the Memoirs of Scriblerus; an exquisite piece of satire, of which the separate parts of Swift, Pope, and Arbuthnot, are sometimes very distinguishable. I am not surprised that the 13th. chapter was suppressed in the 2d. edition:—it is grossly indecent, and does no credit to Warton in the republication. Had Burke's Sublime and Beautiful been in existence at the time of these Memoirs, I should have been fully assured that the 10th. chapter was a burlesque upon some parts of it.—Warton's application of Horace's "Sublimi feriam Sidera vertice," "striking his head against the Stars," to Johnson's

> Should the fierce North, upon his frozen wings
> Bear him aloft above the wond'ring clouds,
> And seat him in the Pleiad's golden chariot:

Irene

in a note on Scriblerus' Art of Sinking, c. 9., is very happy, but very contemptuous.

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FEB. the 24th.

Read Macfarlane's History of George the III.: a strange amalgama of vulgarity, impudence, and scurrility, compounded into a specious and shewy mass, by a morbid vigour of intellect, which rather scares from its ferocity, than impresses with admiration by its force. Though ostentatiously the advocate of the present ministry, the author ill disguises strong traits of the unprincipled and dangerous political desperado. Who can he be?

Perused Johnson's London, and Vanity of Human Wishes. His numbers are strong in sense, and smooth in flow; but want that varied grace, and inextinguishable spirit, which constitute the essential charm of Pope's.

MARCH the 1st.

How deceptive are titles. I finished, this morning, Campbell's Journey from India "partly by a route never gone before by any European." The whole of this unexplored route consists, in our Traveller's own words, of an eighteen days ride of 1400 miles (from Aleppo to Bagdat) through "a tract of country distinguished by nothing that could serve even as a circumstance to mark and remember our daily journeys." The whole volume contains nothing interesting but the narrative of the author's shipwreck and imprisonment at Bedanore.

Began Pope's Letters, Vol. 7., Warton's Edition.—Wycherley appears a conceited old coxcomb. Pope's 24th. Letter to him, in which the young censor gravely complains, that the repetitions in his poems, which Wycherley had desired him to cancel, grew so fast, and encreased beyond expectation, upon him, each perusal, that he scarce knew what they would leave, is truly ludicrous. One would like to have seen the old gentleman's countenance on the perusal of this paragraph.—Dean Berkeley's Letter, giving an account of the island of Inarime, in the Bay of Naples, p. 330., is beautifully descriptive:—what an inviting picture does he exhibit of that Elysian spot.—A taint of affectation, more or less strong, runs through the whole of Pope's Letters: those to the ladies, particularly, are stuffed with miserable and frigid attempts to be gallant and gay.

MARCH the 3rd.

Concluded a second reading of Roscoe's Lorenzo de' Medici, which fades considerably on a reperusal. The author, as is natural, partakes of the general debility

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of his subject; and, for want of better matter, is sometimes led to trifle most elaborately. In the 2d. chapter, he expends more serious and solemn pains in settling the period of a tournament, than would be allowable to an historian of the Roman Empire in ascertaining the date of the sack of Rome by the Goths.—We feel, after all, no interest in the life of his hero, but as it is connected with the literature of the period; we can conceive no other motive, but what this connection presents, which could have led to the selection of his Life as a subject of biography: why not, therefore, have made that literature at once the theme; and written a History of the Revival of Learning in Italy?

MARCH the 9th.

Finished the first volume of Tooke's ΕΠΕΑ ΠΤΕΡΟΕΝΤΑ, 4to. edition. The purpose of language is to communicate thought: it is not however by *singly* contemplating this purpose, that we can account for the various contrivances in language, any more than we can explain the various conveniences of a chariot, its springs, its glasses, its blinds, &c. from regarding it merely as a vehicle to transport us from one place to another. For the purpose of communicating thought, the noun and the verb would alone be sufficient; but we wish to communicate it with *despatch*, and with this view employ three kinds of abbreviations; 1st. in terms; 2dly in sorts of words; and 3rdly in construction. To the first of these descriptions of abbreviations, Mr. Tooke considers Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, as the best guide; what is there called the composition and abstraction of *ideas*, being merely a contrivance of *language*, and relating solely to *terms*: he himself undertakes the investigation of the second. It being impossible to have a particular term for every individual idea, the use and operation of the ARTICLE consists, in limiting a *general term* to some *particular idea*; or, in other words, particularising a general term. In the same way, as it is impossible to have a distinct *complex* term for every different *collection* of ideas, the use and operation of the PREPOSITION consists, in denoting the adding or subtracting one or more ideas to or from that collection which the complex term embraces. Lastly, what the preposition effects with respect to *single* words, the CONJUNCTION, as it is termed, performs with respect to *many*; adding or subtracting whole sentences. Each of these Parts of Speech, as they are called, is neither without meaning, as some have supposed, nor possesses the various meanings which others (misled by imputing to *them* some part of the meaning of the terms with which they stand connected) have ascribed to them; but has a distinct and constant signification of its own, and may be traced to some original noun or

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verb in the language from which this signification is derived.—Such, as far as I can collect, is the sum and substance of this celebrated volume: in which, combined with much address in insinuating and impressing his doctrine, Mr. Tooke has evinced considerable skill in the art of awakening admiration, irritating curiosity, and inflaming appetite, by partial concealments, intricate evolution, and coy reserves. For one, I am very impatient for him to go on. He expressly states his object to be, the laying a foundation for a new theory of language: and from various passages in the work, expressive of a supreme contempt for all the systems of metaphysics which are, or which ever have been, in the world, and for all the controversies respecting them, as founded on the grossest ignorance of words and the nature of speech, we are led to expect, from the complete developement of his scheme, a new theory of philosophy, too.—One grieves to find the same memorials of personal and political altercation which disgraced the former edition, retained in this; and even more of the same dross added. They exhibit strong and disgusting indications of a perverse, acrimonious, and vindictive spirit: yet in private life, I am told, Mr. Tooke is amiable and bland; and I can attest that he is a most entertaining and agreeable companion.

MARCH the 10th.

Began Campbell's Rhetoric. I doubt whether his quadruple division of the ends of eloquence, 1st. to enlighten the understanding, 2dly. to please the imagination, 3rdly. to move the passions, and 4thly. to influence the will, can be supported as separate and distinct purposes. The last, at any rate, embraces the other three as means.

Looked into Young's Night Thoughts: debased throughout with many poor and puerile conceits; such as making, "the night weep dew over extinct nature;" the revolving spheres, "a horologe machinery divine;" "each circumstance armed with an aspic, and all a hydra woe;" "each tear mourn its own distinct distress, and each distress heightened by the whole." Frigidity and tumour, obscurity and glare, are the two apparently opposite but striking faults of this popular and imposing poem: yet parts are in good taste: he glows with a natural and genial warmth in describing the charms of social intercourse and the blessings of friendship, towards the close of the 2d. Night; and the passage in the 4th., beginning, "O my coævals, remnants of yourselves," is animated and sublime. Johnson perhaps caught his, "panting time toiled after him in vain," from Young's, "and leave praise panting in the distant vale."

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MARCH the 12th.

Read Watson's Address and Wakefield's Answer. The bishop is certainly wrong in supposing that an equal depression of all ranks would be a matter of no concern, as each individual would preserve his relative place in society; since, though the rich would in consequence suffer only a positive privation of superfluities, this privation, with the poor, would extend to the necessaries of life: he is equally wrong in supposing it possible to discharge the national debt by deducting a proportionate quantum of property from each individual, since a vast class of individuals have no property besides their annual, monthly, weekly, or even daily income: but I cannot forgive Wakefield's attempt, in his reply, to depretiate the national character; nor his ill concealed complacency at our subjugation by France. I have no opinion of the man who has lost the love of his country in more remote regards.

MARCH the 13th.

Pursued Campbell's Rhetoric. In the 5th. chapter, B. 1., he distributes the sources of Evidence into, 1st. Intuitive, and 2dly. Deductive. Under the former he includes, 1st. Mathematical Axioms, 2dly. Consciousness, 3rdly. Common Sense. The latter (the Deductive) he divides into, 1st. the Scientific, 2dly. the Moral; comprehending under the latter, 1st. Experience, 2dly. Analogy, 3rdly. Testimony, and 4thly. Calculation of Chances.—In the 6th. chapter he shews the futility of syllogistic reasoning:—nothing farther seems necessary to expose the impotence of this instrument of reason in the advancement of truth, whatever may be its use in the detection of error, than to observe, that the premises, in a correct syllogism, must always comprise the conclusion.

MARCH the 14th.

Finished the 9th. and last volume of Warton's Pope. Swift, in the 11th. Letter, opens the true motives of his Gulliver's Travels: after mentioning that work, he says, "—but the chief end I propose in all my labours, is to vex the world, rather than divert it;" and again, "when you think of the world, give it one lash more on my account;" and, afterwards, "but principally I hate and detest that animal called man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, &c." Pope's rebuke of this misanthropy, in the next Letter, is forcible and dignified.—Bolingbroke has a noble thought in the 40th. Letter: "Fame is the wise man's means—his ends, are his

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own good and the good of society:" Burke, I think, has somewhere borrowed this sentiment.

MARCH the 18th.

Finished the Memoirs of Grammont; which exhibit, with less wit and spirit than I expected, a shameful picture of the voluptuousness, intrigues, and abandoned profligacy, of the Court of Charles the II.; and exalt, in a comparative estimate, the purity of modern manners: yet perhaps it would be as wrong to form a judgment of the morals of the nation at large at that time, by this Work, as it would be to appretiate the present by the Newgate Calendar.

Began Colley Cibber's Life; and was much delighted with his minute yet masterly account of the principal actors who figured previously to the Revolution:—their characters are really very finely drawn.—Cibber's vanity and easy good humour promise to be highly amusing. He reminds one of Boswell. I hope he will not ramble too wide in his wild and eccentric excursions; and perplex, by their means, the narrative they were designed to enliven.

Read Hurd's Dialogue between Cowley and Sprat, on Retirement. Cowley, who is an advocate for retirement, has manifestly the advantage throughout; and Sprat makes but a very sorry figure in defence of mingling with the world. After all, there is something offensive to correct feeling, and just taste, in thus imputing fictitious conversations to real personages; and though Mr. Hurd has executed his task with delicacy and address, I cannot help thinking that he has set a mischievous example.

MARCH the 23rd.

Read Adam Smith's Disquisition on the Imitative Arts, in his Posthumous Works. He observes, That a production of art seldom derives any merit from its resemblance to another object of the same kind, except where it promotes uniformity in corresponding parts; That the pleasure derived from imitation, is greater, in proportion to the disparity between the imitating and the imitated object; That on this account the representation of indifferent or even offensive objects, is allowable in painting, but not in sculpture; and that *painted* statues, artificial fruits, &c. where this disparity disappears, immediately disgust after they have surprised, while very inferior representations in tapestry and needle work continue to delight; That the idea of expense, enhances the value of imitation, as in tapestry; and that of cheapness depretiates, as in cut trees; That the pleasure arising from imitation in statuary and painting, is

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incompatible with deception, since it is founded on a self-evident perception of the disparity between the representing and the represented object; That, for this reason, a slight imitation in vocal, and a still slighter in instrumental, music, is gratifying; That the chief power of vocal music, as an imitative art, consists in its imitation of those *repetitions* in which passion so much delights to indulge; That the principal delight of instrumental music (independently of the proper and peculiar charms of all music—melody and harmony) arises, not from its power of imitation, but of exciting different tempers and dispositions of mind; and its principal aid in dramatic exhibitions, from its exciting such tempers and dispositions as are congenial to the scene; and, That, in dancing, as the disparity of the imitation is less, its merit is less, than that of statuary and painting; though, from its power of representing a continued history, it may really affect us more.—These remarks are as just, as they are ingenious and new.

MARCH the 25th.

Read Adam Smith's Account of the External Senses. He seems to think, that the sense of Touch, is the only one which primarily and necessarily excites the idea of external substance, by pressure from without; though he appears disposed to believe, that the other senses suggest some vague idea of this kind, by an instinct subservient to other purposes. I do not exactly apprehend the distinction; and suspect that he was not very clear and firm in it, himself.—Smith has a pretty remark, in his History of Astronomy, on Philosophical Systems. These, says he, in many respects, resemble machines: a machine, is a little system, created to perform, as well as to connect together in reality, those different movements and effects which the artist has occasion for; a system, is an imaginary machine, invented to connect together, in the fancy, those different movements and effects which are already performed. How happy an illustration!

Pursued Hurd's Dialogues. A note in the 4th., ridiculing the reduction of the Church of Christ to its pure and primitive state of indigence and suffering, strongly reminded me of a corresponding passage in Burkes 2d. Letter on the Revolution in France, addressed to a Member of the National Assembly, where he reprobates, with cutting severity, the entrusting the concerns of the Gallican Church to Mirabeau.

MARCH the 27th.

Finished Hurd's Dialogues. In the 7th. and 8th., in disfavour of foreign travel, the parts of Shaftsbury and Locke, but particularly of the latter, are sustained with in-

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comparable spirit. In the twelve Letters on Chivalry and Romance, the origin of the spirit of chivalry (the distinguishing spirit of modern times), as it exhibits itself in the characteristics of prowess, generosity, gallantry, and religion, is satisfactorily traced to feudal institutions; the heroic and gothic manners are ably compared; and the superiority of the latter, in a poetical view, successfully asserted.—Parr's imputation on Hurd, given on the authority of a friend, who, by the description, must be Porson, "that he had softened the aspect of certain uncourtly opinions, in the different successive editions of these dialogues," I can affirm, from a minute collation, to be unfounded. Alterations have indeed been made: but they are chiefly such, either as were necessary when the writer exchanged the character of Editor for that of Author; or which evince his good taste and discernment in removing the blemishes of first composition. Those which respect the strictures on Hume's History, are the most material and the most curious.

APRIL the 11th.

Looked over King's Origin of Evil. He divides Evil into, 1st. Evil of *defect*, or the want of those perfections which exist elsewhere; 2dly. *natural* Evil, or the pains and incommodities arising from physical causes; 3rdly. *moral* Evil, which he places in the vicious election of natural good and evil: and endeavours to shew, that infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, could not have constructed the best possible system without them, or with less of them than appears; on the principle, that not one of these evils could have been prevented or diminished, without incurring a greater evil than that which was removed. Pope has evidently borrowed his doctrine of "whatever is, is best," from this work.

APRIL the 15th.

Mr. L. breakfasted and spent the day with me. Had a long and interesting conversation on the subject of Rousseau. He had brought a volume of the Nouvelle Héloise in his pocket; and spoke of its author, notwithstanding his known partiality for classic literature, as, without any exception, the greatest genius and the finest writer that ever lived. I can impute this only to a temporary fascination—to a fervid but transient glow of feeling, which of all men, his favourite is the most calculated to impart, and himself to catch.

Rousseau is a character who has by turns transported me with the most violent and opposite emotions, of delight and disgust, admiration and contempt, indignation

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and pity: but my ultimate opinion of him, drawn as it is from a pretty attentive consideration of his writings and his actions, will not, I think, easily be changed.

This extraordinary man, it is evident, was constitutionally of an ardent spirit, vivid imagination, and most acute feeling. A mind thus attempered, is naturally prone to brood over its own visions; to hang, with fond complacency, upon a scene where every thing is arrayed at the disposition of the will and in the tinct of fancy; and to turn aside with soreness and disgust from the spectacle of real life, in which good and ill are so intimately and stubbornly mingled; where apathy succeeds enjoyment; interest and self-will dissolve the charm of social intercourse; avarice and pride disturb the dreams (the endearing dreams) of sentiment and passion; and even the sweet sympathies of pity itself, are chafed and exasperated into anguish, by the coarse manners, squalid rags, and loathsome horrors, that too often accompany the wretched. Expelled at a tender age from those domestic habitudes which mitigate the natural fierceness of man; a sort of outcast from his family, his country, and almost from his species; a wild and needy adventurer, cursed with a fastidious delicacy, and exposed to that scorn and contumely and insolent neglect, which the pride of genius most impatiently endures; he contracted a distempered sensibility, which forms the distinguishing feature of his character, and animates almost every passage in his writings. He wrote from the heart; but from a heart excoriated by real or imputed wrongs, stung with a maddening sense of the depravity and sufferings of his species, and inflamed with an implacable indignation at the causes of these evils, as he viewed them, through his perturbed imagination, in the civil social and domestic institutions, the received opinions, and prevailing practices of mankind. Upon these accordingly he pours out, in consuming fire, the vials of his wrath; while he arrays in all the glowing hues of impassioned eloquence, romantic modes of being, dear indeed, and delightful to the fancy, but utterly incompatible with the real and unalterable condition of our nature.

His maiden essay was an attack upon civilized society. It was an attempt, by exposing and aggravating the follies the vices and the sufferings which plague us in refinement, and by deepening the horrors of this gloomy spectacle with the glowing contrast of a visionary state of unlettered innocence and freedom, to make us loathe ourselves and every thing around us, and to look for no amendment in our unhappy condition, but through the entire dissolution of the social system we live in. Had Rousseau written nothing but this piece, or had he written afterwards in a different strain, we might have ascribed the extravagance of its doctrines to a sportive sally of the imagination, or an eager ambition of distinction; but from the whole tenor of

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his subsequent compositions, from the solemn confessions of his own mouth, these doctrines were the serious and settled conviction of his mind. Let us look at his Nouvelle Hèloise.

Of all the modes of inculcating opinion, *that* which brings before us a vivid representation of real life, where every thing lives and moves and breathes at the disposition of the fancy; which indirectly enforces its sentiments by the energy of character and action, and impressively stamps them on the mind by the interest and fascination of circumstantial narrative,—has unquestionably the fairest chance for rapid and popular effect. Feeble and impotent is the most animated exhortation, lifeless and inert are the most authoritative precepts, compared with the powerful and seductive influence of a well conceived and well conducted novel; which, while it awakens breathless curiosity and enchains expectant attention by the magic of its fable, while it agitates at pleasure and in modes most conducive to its purpose all the varieties of passion, silently liquifies and moulds to its will, the taste, the turn of thought, the moral sentiments, and the moral character of its reader. Of compositions like these, I shall always take the liberty to collect the aim, from the final and predominant impression which they leave upon the mind. If their tendency is, upon the whole, to relax the obligations to virtue and smooth the declivities to vice, by means which it is so entirely in the power of the writer to employ and to conceal, it is not any declaration on his part, nor any corrective he may put in his own mouth, or in those of the personages he brings forward, no, nor any lenient qualification he may deem it prudent to introduce in the moral government of his drama, which shall soothe my unguarded unsuspecting simplicity into a persuasion of the innocent spirit of the work, or the virtuous views of the author. The *effect* it is impossible to mistake; the *intention*, at best, is equivocal. With what impressions, then, do we rise from the perusal of Julia? With a considerable abatement, I think, in our exquisite sense and high estimation (to say no more) of three most important regulations in life: regulations, which engrafted as they are, upon the dearest of our personal and bosom interests, strike deep into the composition of our several characters, mingle with the whole texture of our domestic œconomy, and affect, remotely indeed, but powerfully, the entire fabric of civil society;—those, I mean, which enjoin the purest chastity in females before marriage; a deference to parental authority, in the disposal of their affections and their persons; and a sacred horror to whatever may tend, after marriage, to alienate their conjugal regards. Love, which it is the object of these regulations to check from diffusion or perversion, and to conduct into its regular fructifying channels, has so universal and absolute an influence, enters into our composition at so green an age, and agitates the tender germ with such an impetuous

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and fervid impulse, that in the cultivation of the human mind, it cannot be too vigilantly watched, or sedulously trained. This imperious passion, from which we derive our being and transmit it, and in a great degree our characters too, it has been the endeavour of Rousseau to exasperate into an impatience of all control; and to convert into an engine for overwhelming its natural guardians and protectors, as tyrannical usurpers over the rights of nature. What is the story he brings before us? A young lady, the only and darling child of a man of rank, and proud of that rank, conceives a passionate attachment for a youth entrusted with the delicate charge of her education; a clandestine intercourse is carried on; the impossibility of union reverberates the flame, and kindles intolerable ardour; the youth is modest and reserved; the enamoured maid invites him to her bed, and rewards his passion with the last favour a virgin can bestow: an improper sympathy is suspected by the father; he proposes and presses an equal match on which he had long set his heart; she reluctantly consents; she dismisses her lover; she marries; she resumes her old correspondence with her favourite paramour; she admits him, with her husband's permission, an inmate in the house; she is indulged with opportunities of renewing with him the passionate scenes, and reviving the harrowing remembrances, of former days; and expires in this unnatural intercourse. When these things are fairly set before us, in all their naked deformity, we want no monitor to prompt our aversion and disgust. We see by an intuitive glance, we feel by an instinctive thrill, all the pestilent disorders which would flow in upon us, from our encouragement, from our toleration, of such practices; from our not driving them, as we do, by common consent, from society, with shame and scorn and detestation. It requires no logic to convince us, that if the settled restrictions on these subjects were once removed, and nothing substituted but loose personal discretion swayed by every gust of appetite and passion, that all domestic security and comfort, all parental care, all filial duty, all pure and hallowed affection, all conjugal confidence and endearment, would be overwhelmed under a flood of gross adulterous lust and corrupted sentiment. What shall we think then of a writer, who, by the fascination of his fable, the melting fervour of his sentiments, and the vivid force of his thrilling descriptions, induces us, not to palliate as venial errors, not to approve as amiable failings, but to enter into and adopt as our own, to cherish as consolatory expedients, and embrace as a sort of sanctuary and refuge from despair, these flagrant violations of delicacy, decency, and chastity? Is it enough to say, that the actors in this scene, are beings of a peculiar order: that in the present depraved condition of human manners, such practices might not be perfectly prudent; but that when the same purity of sentiment is found, and the same difficulties occur, the same pastoral freedoms may innocently be

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indulged? Love, to which these edifying lectures are addressed, is, to be sure, a most distinguishing passion, and extremely cautious and deliberative in all its proceedings. No boarding-school young lady, after such an admonition, can be giddy enough to fancy herself a Julia; nor her dancing master, a St. Preux; nor her barbarous father, who may, from groveling prejudice, oppose the dear scheme of Arcadian felicity, a Baron D 'Etange; nor her future husband, should he prove not quite so indulgent as M. Wolmar, a narrow-minded, hard-hearted, illiberal tyrant!

His professed plan of education, is just in the same strain. It is an ingenious scheme to rear up a sort of enlightened savage; a being, who, in the midst of social habitudes, is to act upon the strength of his own judgment, in the pursuit of his own pleasure, with a perfect contempt for all the opinions and all the practices of the world he lives in. "Voulant former l'homme de la nature, il ne s'agit pas pour cela d'en faire un sauvage, et de le réléguer au fond des bois; mais qu'enfermé dans le tourbillon social, il suffit qu'il ne s'y laisse entraîner, ni par les passions, ni par les opinions des hommes; qu'il voye par ses yeux, qu'il sente par son cœur, qu'aucune autorité ne le gouverne hors celle de sa propre raison." It is an insane attempt to inflame that generous warmth of feeling, which inspires an ingenuous frankness of temper and erect independence of spirit, into a devouring conflagration against the system which these qualities seem peculiarly destined to purify and to adorn. Without entering into a direct refutation of paradoxes which their warmest admirers have never ventured to adopt, it is sufficient to remark, that supposing beings attempered to our wishes, constituted and trained up just as we would have them, such a plan of culture would be miserably defective, as forcing each individual to subsist on his own separate stock of observation and experience, instead of resorting to the common accumulating fund derived from the observation and experience of ages: but, taking human nature as we really find it, and as it ever has been found; assuming that mankind are subject to excesses and defects of passion, which it is the object of laws, morality, and manners, to restrain, supply, and regulate; it requires no powers of prophecy to foresee, and common prudence has ever felt, into what horrible confusion and mischief the abrogation of all this discipline from without, by encouraging each individual, on the principle of taking nothing upon trust, "to be the only law unto himself," must, whilst man continues man, inevitably lead. It is the *spirit* of the writer, which I have chiefly in view.

That keen and morbid sensibility which may be regarded as the root of all these seductive but pernicious visions, produced in the unhappy writer himself, amidst much specious and hyperbolical virtue, many of the worst effects of a malignant and

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depraved disposition. To man, *as he would have had him*, Rousseau overflowed with tender, generous, and endearing emotions; to man, *as he is*, he was above measure querulous, captious, sour, perverse, and discontented: as a friend, he was clouded with dark and preposterous suspicions; and, as a lover, he quenched the fervours of a delirious fancy in the most coarse and revolting sensuality. The rubs, the insults, the acrimonious attacks, and petty persecutions, to which the singularity of his opinions and practices of course exposed him, though borne apparently with sufficient vexation by his irritable spirit, became, in time, the only element in which he could satisfactorily subsist: they not only fed the cravings of an insatiable vanity, and fanned a zeal which might otherwise have languished in support of his favourite paradoxes, but seem, by degrees, to have acquired the force of an habitual stimulative, eagerly sought by the unhappy victim to irritate a distempered sensibility into pleasurable action; till, disqualified at length for all the regular quiet enjoyments of life, and utterly alien, abhorrent, and ferocious, to the whole system of its manners and habits, by the united operation of these causes, if it was not at the bottom of them all, he exhibited in his latter days, and particularly, I think, on his visit to this country, the most unequivocal symptoms of a disordered intellect.

I have thrown together these thoughts on Rousseau, while my mind is still warm with our conversation respecting him: but I did not venture to bring forward to Mr. L. all that I have stated, since every thing is frequently lost by endeavouring to accomplish too much.

We agreed far better in our opinion of Richardson and his Works. He admitted that the character of Sir Charles Grandison was by no means of such unnatural excellence, as not to furnish a very captivating and most instructive example. However consummately accomplished this moral hero is represented, he appears, on all occasions, actuated by the real passions, corrected by the genuine sympathies of our nature. What must be deemed romantic, I fear, are the *effects* ascribed to his conduct. Were virtue of such sure efficacy in actual life, who (we are tempted to exclaim) would not be virtuous? It is the perpetual and vexatious disappointment to which our good intentions are exposed, from the perverse and intractable nature of the system on which they are doomed to act, which really forms the great discouragement to virtuous exertion;—a discouragement far more operative, than any exacted conflict (of which we hear so much) with our appetites and passions. Other difficulties may brace our moral resolution, even when they overpower it; *this* relaxes, by despondency, the virtuous principle itself: nor am I surprised or offended, if, in the anguish of a soul overwhelmed by this intolerable affliction—the more discomfiting, the more generous the nature which it visits—Brutus should have exclaimed,

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as he is said to have done, in his last moments, That the virtue he had so long adored, was but an empty name! In fiction, these untoward obstructions may be either entirely suppressed, or if brought forward, so managed as only to irritate our sensibility to a keen relish of their triumphant demolition; and it is here, accordingly, where a departure from truth is at once the least perceptible and the most efficacious, that a well written novel usually deviates the most widely from real life. The endowments, moral and intellectual, of Sir Charles Grandison, however transcendant, present a fair field for generous emulation: but sanguine indeed must be *his* temper, who, with a competent knowledge of the world, should expect from them the same prosperous issues in practice, which they produce, with so much plausibility, in fiction; and which, if they were found to obtain in real life as they do in fable, would soon, by the congenial encouragement thus held out to beneficence, reduce the market price of the virtues far below the standard which they at present so justly maintain in the estimation of mankind.—Our duties limit each other. It was impossible to exhibit the perfect pattern of an accomplished gentleman, without appearing to stint some of those qualifications which the world is most disposed to admire; and it is curious to observe the pains which Richardson has taken to palliate this inevitable difficulty, by seizing every opportunity to bring out and set off, as much as he consistently could, Sir Charles' gallantry and spirit: he evidently felt where the popular objection to such a character would lie; but, after all, I am afraid he has not satisfied the ladies.—L., very acutely and perhaps justly, ascribed the superior popularity of this work over the Clarissa (which he regarded as much the more masterly performance), to its enforcing rather the lesser manners, which form the charm and safeguard of civilized life, than the higher morals, engrafted on the fiercer passions.

Finished the 2d. Vol. of Russell's History of Modern Europe. I agree with this sensible writer, that the spirit of persecution did not spring, as many have endeavoured to represent, from a *decay* of Christian piety; and that the first preachers of Christianity would have been persecutors if they could. Nothing, to be sure, can be more adverse to persecution, than the suavity and benignity of soul which Christianity inculcates: but the peculiar and exclusive character of its doctrines, acting on such a creature as man, has a natural and invincible tendency, I fear, to generate intolerance. If we see, in modern times, but little of this spirit, it arises from the general languor and indifference which prevails on all religious subjects: the pertinacity and zeal, however, with which the distinguishing tenets of their creed are still maintained among sectaries, strikingly evince, what sort of temper and disposition, precise articles of faith, not loosely professed in compliance with general opinion,

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but fervently embraced as the essential conditions of salvation, will infallibly engender in the human mind.—This is an extremely useful and well written Work.

APRIL the 16th.

Read the first Book of Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding,—in refutation of the doctrine of innate principles. One now wonders, how it could ever have been thought necessary to say so much, on so very plain a point. The main argument lies in a narrow compass:—general principles must be conversant with general ideas; but particular ideas must enter the mind before general ideas, and consequently general principles, can be formed.

Finished the Novel of Nourjahad in the evening. Nothing, I think, can be more happily conceived for its purpose, than the plan of this little romance; and it is very prettily executed. It goes much farther than Swift's Struldbrugs; since *they* only perpetuated the infirmities of age, while Nourjahad possessed, in fancy, immortal vigour.

APRIL the 22d.

Read the 34th. and last Letter of the 2d. Part of the History of Modern Europe,—on the progress of society in Europe during the present century:—the work of a superior mind, very intimately conversant with the literature and elegant arts of that period. The account of the contest between the King and Clergy and Parliaments of France, opens, in a very striking manner, the germ of the subsequent Revolution:—we see that event distinctly in its first movements.

Lieut. G. P. of the 49th. Regt. of Foot, very unexpectedly came in. He stated, that he had as a private in his Company, the late usurper captain of the Lancaster. Admiral Paisley, he said, assured him, that they had not been able to trace the naval mutiny to any correspondence with shore; but that the prime instigators of it, there was every reason to believe, had escaped under the general pardon.

MAY the 9th.

Finished Bertrand De Moleville's Memoirs of the Last Year of the Reign of Louis the 16th. They contain much curious, and I presume, authentic information relative to the crisis of the Revolution; and clearly shew, that the King, though certainly not attached by affection to the New Constitution which he had accepted, was con-

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scientiously determined to maintain it: but that a spirit had gone forth, hostile to all monarchy; and that his contest with this spirit (an unequal struggle), furnished the grounds of all the charges against him. Even before the meeting of the States, it appears, that the people at Rennes in Britanny, and probably in other towns, were quite ripe for the Revolution in its fullest extent.—The King's character is placed by this work, upon the whole, in a very amiable light; and there appears, in general, to have been a far greater ease, graciousness, and condescension, in the French Court, than our own.—Some of the facts developed in this tract, are very surprising. Who would have supposed that Danton, and some of the fiercest Jacobins, were actually at one time in the pay of the Court, for the purpose of giving, even in their most outrageous speeches and addresses, a desirable turn to the public mind! I do not see how the King could honestly deny all knowledge of such corruption.

MAY the 13th.

Began Dalrymple's Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland; and read the two Introductory Sections; containing a masterly review of our political affairs, from the Commencement of the Monarchy to the Restoration; and thence to the Dissolution of the last Parliament of Charles II.—the period when the Memoirs immediately commence. There seems much originality of thought and expression, and (what I like still better) a true Whig spirit, in this Work. One passage in the first Sect. struck me as pointedly applicable to the present times;—"Men forgot, in their danger from foreign invasions, the precedents which were established at home against the liberties of their posterity."

Looked over the Correspondence between the American Envoys and the French Directory; which exhibits the latter—those chosen representatives of stern republican virtue—in a new character,—as the unprincipled and groveling votaries of the most low and sordid corruption. I suppose such a scene of Old Bailey Diplomacy, in which common honesty is denied the decent homage of hypocrisy, was never before presented to the world.

MAY the 17th.

Finished the 1st. Vol., comprising the two first Parts, of Dalrymple's Memoirs. In the structure and turn of the sentences; in the close and laboured compression of the matter; in vivid delineation of character and scene; in deep, original, and sagacious remarks on human passions and sentiments, generally just and happy,

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but sometimes far-fetched and misplaced, and often abruptly urged in the shape of pithy sententious declarations,—these Memoirs bear a striking resemblance to the compositions of Tacitus; of whose beauties and blemishes, but (as in all imitations) chiefly of the latter, they strongly partake. The character of the Scottish Clans, at the close of B. 2., P. 2., is drawn with uncommon force and spirit; and may fairly be opposed, I think, to any descriptive painting which Tacitus has given.—But whatever may be thought of the *manner* of this Work, the *matter*, which may be considered as embracing the immediate causes and effects of the Revolution in 1688, is unquestionably of the deepest importance to every lover of the constitution; and it is treated in a way, I apprehend, adapted to give a very just impression of this interesting portion of our history.—So strong, it is observable, is our sympathy with the great, that notwithstanding the obstinate bigotry, arbitrary spirit, and infatuated perverseness, of James the II., and our full assurance that his deposition was absolutely necessary for the preservation of our liberties, we still cannot help commiserating his fallen fortunes, when distinctly brought before us: nor is the cold petrific character of our deliverer, William, at all calculated to diminish this interest. The traits of national spirit in the former, in spite of his strict connections with France; particularly at the battle of La Hogue, so fatal to his hopes, where he could not resist exclaiming "none but my brave English could have done this",—are very touching.—Some of the Whigs at the Revolution, appear to have leaned more towards republicanism, than I had supposed.—The Appendix, forming the 2d. Vol., contains many interesting documents, which exhibit several points in our history in a very different light from that in which the speculations of our historians had previously placed them. What a different tale would History tell, had we always access to such materials as these!

JUNE the 3rd.

Attended Queen-Square Chapel in the morning. The Sermon was an undisguised, but declamatory, defence of the doctrine of the Trinity; founded, as its text, upon the exploded passage in John, of the "Three that bear record in Heaven;" respecting the authenticity of which, not a suspicion was hinted. Was this ignorance, or pious fraud, or merely a total want of candour?

Looked afterwards into the Roman Catholic Chapel, in Duke-Street. The thrilling tinkle of the little bell at the elevation of the Host, is perhaps the finest example that can be given, of the sublime by association:—nothing, so poor and trivial in

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itself; nothing so transcendantly awful, as indicating the sudden change of the consecrated Elements, and the instant presence of the Redeemer.

JUNE the 5th.

Read Haslam on Insanity. This dreadful visitation he ascribes, not to a false perception, or morbid intensity, but to a wrong association, of ideas. There surely, however, must be more in it than this.—I once asked a professional gentleman, who had particular opportunities of experience on the subject, whether he always found the brain of maniacs in a preternatural or disordered state. He said that he frequently, perhaps generally, did; but that in many cases where the faculties were most completely deranged, that organ had every appearance of being in a perfectly sound and healthy condition.

Looked over Godwin's Memoirs of Mrs. Woolstonecraft; which strikingly evince that love, even in a modern philosopher, "emollit mores, nec sinet esse feros." This austere moralist, from whose forbidding frown we should expect that Cupid would shrink away abashed, becomes quite bland, obsequious, and gallant, under his fascinating influence.

Attended the Opera in the Evening:—Il Barbiere di Seviglia. Morelli was admirable throughout: but in a *cadenza* introduced in a Trio at the close of the first Act, surpassed in clearness, depth, and volume of tone, and facility, brilliancy, and correctness of execution, what I had supposed possible for the human voice; especially, so far as execution is concerned, a voice of that *calibre*. The general charge alleged against him by the *cognoscenti*, that he is sometimes out of tune, I confess escaped my observation; and I listened to him very attentively.—After all, the continued, and (as for the greater part it necessarily must be) unmeaning, recitative of the Italian Opera, by degrees wearies the patience: the sudden transition, on the other hand, from dialogue to song, in the English Opera, is, I allow, too abrupt: might not a compromise take place; and the airs in the latter be introduced by an accompanied recitative of an impassioned sentence leading to the song, with good effect? I should like, at any rate, to have the effect tried.

JUNE the 10th.

Detained at Kingston, on our way to Portsmouth, by finding every vehicle and every horse engaged in the forwarding troops to Ireland at this exigent crisis. The Duke of Clarence actively and intently occupied in superintending the requisite

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arrangements.—Escaped out of the croud and bustle, and strolled to Richmond. Passed on our way, by Ham Common, an extraordinary Elm, called Ham Church: two-thirds of its enormous trunk decayed away; the remainder pierced through; but the top still exuberant. Ascended Richmond Terrace, and enjoyed perhaps the most richly variegated scene in English Landscape. Returned by the Thames, and paused, with much interest, opposite Pope's villa and garden: his favourite willow on the lawn, propped up by stakes; and exhibiting, abstractedly considered, an unsightly spectacle.—Great men should plant trees of longer duration: we might still muse under the broad and majestic shade of Shakespear's *Oak*.

JUNE the 11th.

Reached Portsmouth. Between the 40th. and 42d. mile from Town, climbed, by a long ascent, having a vast hollow called the Devil's Punch Bowl on our right, to the top of Hindhead Hill, commanding a glorious retrospect of the country we had traversed. A bleak and dreary heath around: its wildness heightened by a gibbet with the remains of three bodies on it; and a stone, memorialising the spot of a "barbarous murder" committed by these wretches on an unknown sailor.—Between Petersfield and Horndean, pursued a devious course round the bases of smooth and lofty downs, rising steeply above on both sides, and producing a singular effect on an eye habituated to a level and enclosed country. Beyond Horndean, entered a luxuriant sylvan scene, rendered agreeably wild, simply by there being no separation of fence or hedge-row between the woodlands and the road;—a circumstance not common in English Landscape; and on this account, perhaps, as well as from its intrinsic recommendations, particularly pleasing.—Grand burst from the brow of Portsdown Hill, over an intervening level, of Portsmouth and its harbour; the streights beyond, sprinkled with men of war and shipping of all kinds; and the Isle of Wight, stretching away finely in the distance.

JUNE the 13th.

Rowed over to Cowes in a small open Skiff:—the sea calm, still, and smooth as a mill-pond, "looking tranquillity." Singular and picturesque effect of the town of West Cowes; hanging on a steep acclivity at the mouth of the Medina; the houses and streets rising one above another in rapid succession.—Strolled to the poor remains of the Castle, and along a sweetly sequestered lane, opening occasionally on the Inner Passage, sweeping like a mighty river, to the right; till we caught a grand view of

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it, extending in a long visto, and bounded by the opposite projecting points of Cary Sconce and Hurst Castle;—the Western Downs rising in huge ridges to the left.

JUNE the 14th.

Ferried over the river to some agreeable shady walks upon its Banks; and climbed the opposite heights, exhibiting a beautiful retrospect of the town, the harbour, and the shipping, inlaid below in bright enamel. Pursued the road to Alverstone till we attained an expansive view over the rich and diversified vale of Newport, spreading as far as Sir Richard Worsley's Obelisk at Appuldurcombe;—the naked ridge of Arreton Downs extending, about midway, to the left. Returned round by Barton, an antique stone mansion; and at the back of Osborne House, to the highest point of ground in this direction: from whence a magnificent prospect of the Streights, and the English coast, as far as the aching sight could carry.

JUNE the 15th.

Had an agreeable sail to Newport, about five miles up the river Medina. Visited Carisbrook Castle, proudly crowning the summit of an eminence; but deficient in effect, from the want of picturesque accompaniments. Missed my friend Ogden, the old soldier, who on a previous excursion acted as Cicerone to the place; and was accustomed, at the conclusion, to exhibit *himself* as the greatest curiosity there, being the person in whose arms the immortal Wolfe expired. Found, on enquiry of his son, who has succeeded him in the office of guide, and who still preserves with religious veneration the General's cane, that the gallant veteran was gone to the grand and final muster, at which, sooner or later, we must all appear. On my former visit, I was of course solicitous to enquire respecting the last moments of a Hero, on whose fall, the arts of painting, poetry, and sculpture, have conspired to throw so bright a blaze of glory. The old fellow assured me, that far from displaying the lively interest ascribed to him, in the fate of the day, he appeared absorbed in his own sufferings, oppressed with debility and languor, and nearly insensible to what was passing around him. It is not pleasant to have illusions of this kind destroyed: but as the natural propensity of my informant would be, rather to aggrandise, than depretiate, the fame of one with whom he must feel his own so nearly connected, there can be little reason to question the truth and accuracy of his representation.—Ascended to the highest point of the Keep, commanding an extensive but uninteresting prospect over the whole interior of the Island. Viewed

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again the celebrated Well, 200 feet deep to the water; 30 of which are walled with stone, and 170 pierced through rock: and 70 feet more of water at the bottom. Its prodigious depth best shewn by dropping down a lighted sheet of paper, which, as it whirls round and round, in its spiral descent, emits a sound like the roaring of a furnace; and, at length, when it touches the water, casts a transient gleam over its surface, which appears about the compass of a silver penny. A naval officer lately, in bravado, jumped across the well, and forgot the transverse spindle, round which the bucket winds:—he escaped; but the blood curdles at the imminent and horrible danger to which his rashness exposed him.

After dinner, strolled to the sequestered village of Arreton, lying snugly at the foot of the Southern declivity of the Downs; and, climbing to their summit, pursued the extreme ridge, which runs transversely, East and West, about midway athwart this portion of the Island, and sloping steeply and smoothly down on both sides, presents, in either direction, a prospect almost equally attractive: extending, to the South, over a rich and variegated hollow, tufted with trees, sparkling with streams, and enlivened with villages and spires, to the heights of Appuldurcombe; and, to the North, over the whole expanse of this division of the Island spread like a sylvan wilderness beneath, and across the vast arm of the Outer Passage distinctly studded with the men of war at Spithead, to a long line of the English Coast, on which, through a transparent atmosphere, Gosport, Portsmouth, Havant, even the city of Chichester, and headlands stretching far beyond on the Sussex Coast, were clearly discernible.

JUNE the 16th.

Drove to Shanklin Chine, a perpendicular rift in a lofty cliff: formed probably by the rush of waters, a torrent still gurgling in hollow murmurs at the bottom. The sides of this tortuous cleft, richly feathered with trees and underwood; and an enchanting peep from the deep shades and secluded recesses of this romantic glen, on a brightly illumined segment of the ocean, caught, in distant perspective, through its aperture. From the top, a fine bird's eye view of the grand sweep of Sandown Bay, extending to the white cliffs of Culver. Dismissed our carriage at Luccombe; and, winding down under the steep sides of St. Boniface's Down, walked the whole extent of Undercliff—about six miles—an extraordinary, and, as far as my observation extends, an unparalleled scene. A continued line of heights, towering precipitously not less than 400 feet above, to the right, inhibits all access or egress in that direction; and effectually excludes the "tyrannous North" from the favoured region

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below: the strip of ground thus secluded and sheltered, and which receives its denomination of *Undercliff* on this account, varying from about a quarter to half a mile in breadth, tossed about in the happiest forms, and richly diversified with rock and wood and verdure, forms itself, the crown of another Cliff, which breaks down boldly to the sea. Here are all the ingredients of romantic landscape; and they are most picturesquely combined, in every possible variety. Passed St. Boniface's cottage, lying snugly in a delicious recess under the shelving steeps to the right; and afterwards Mr. Tollemache's, luxuriantly embosomed in wood. Leaving Sir Richard Worsley's celebrated cottage and vineyard to the left, the scene gradually assumes a character of solitude and wildness:—the verdure becomes more scanty; foliage disappears; the heights to the right, break down in rugged masses of bare rock; nor is any thing heard, in this sequestered region, but the deep murmur of the sea, and the hoarse cawing of innumerable ravens that nestle in the Cliff. Struck to the right, through a pass in the Cliff, and resumed our carriage at Niton.

JUNE the 18th.

Had an uninteresting drive yesterday to Yarmouth, passing under the dreary foot of Shalcombe Down. This morning crossed the Yar, and leaving Mr. Binstead's beautiful cottage, embowered in trees, to our left, turned the point of Cary Sconce, and pursued the shore to the narrowest part of the channel between Hurst Castle and the Island—scarce a mile over: had a fine prospect, from an adjoining cliff, of the Freshwater Downs terminated, by the Needles, to the left; the Hampshire Coast receding towards Christ Church, to the right; and the open sea spreading between them. Pleasing views, on our return, of the whole length of the Inner Passage, stretching as far as the headland by West Cowes; and of the luxuriant scenery up the Yar, bounded by Afton and Freshwater Downs, wrapped in shade—a sullen, but fine back ground.

In the evening perambulated Yarmouth; which has a neat and quiet, but antiquated and rather melancholy air. Many of the houses, the worst of which seem far from wretched, are formed of blocks of unsquared grey stone;—much more grateful to the picturesque eye (so little does beauty depend on convenience) than the mean squares, and harsh dingy colouring, of brick. The prison, a singular insulated little building; not calculated, apparently, for more than half a dozen tenants; and at present, I believe, not occupied by one.—The cottages in the Island, which are mostly built of stone, have in general a very comfortable aspect; and the peasantry and small farmers, we incline to think, appear better dressed, and in better condition, than the same class with us.

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JUNE the 19th.

Took boat up the Yar. About a mile and half from the Town, passed, by permission, through Mr. Rushworth's pleasure grounds;—richly wooded, and forming a most sequestered retreat: myrtles flourishing luxuriantly in them, as ordinary shrubs, quite unprotected. Proceeded up the river to Freshwater; where its source is separated only by a narrow strip of pebbles from the sea, so that the two waters, I believe, are sometimes mingled. Sat down and enjoyed the rocky scenery of Freshwater Gate, animated by a brisk gale. Ascended by a long and steep slope to the summit of Freshwater Downs, 685 feet above the level of the sea; the Light-House Downs, separated by an intervening hollow, rising beyond. All to the North obscured by storms; but a grand retrospect of the Southern shores, extending as far as St. Catharine's Hill, at the Western extremity of Undercliff,—the highest ground in the Island, being 752 feet above the level of the sea.—Struck, by a steep descent, down the Northern slope of the Downs; and returning through a rich and luxuriant country, finely relieved by the naked ridge we had traversed, resumed our boat at Freshwater. Observed, on our voyage back, a remarkably well-defined double rainbow; and that the sky *around* the interior curve, was considerably and uniformly darker than that *within* it:—a phænomenon which I have noticed before, but do not remember to have seen explained.

JUNE the 24th.

Walked at the back of Mr. Rushworth's grounds to the foot of Freshwater Downs, near the point to which we had descended on the 19th.; and ascended, by a long acclivity, to the summit of the Light-House Downs, about twenty or thirty feet lower than the former;—accurately, it is said, by a late measurement, 663 feet above the level of the sea. Gloriously expansive prospect from the Light-House, embracing the whole Western division of the Island, with its indented bays and winding shores; and an immense diffusion of the English Coast, from the spires of Southampton, to St. Alban's Head; and even, faint in the distance, as we were told, the Isle of Portland. Hurst Castle, at the extremity of its narrow, curving spit of sand, and the contracted mouth of the Inner Passage, spread apparently close under our feet. A boundless extent of Ocean to the South.—Cautiously descended, by a shelving slope, to the brink of the Cliff at the Western extremity of the Downs, dropping plumb-down into the sea which laves its base:—a far more giddy height than that of Shakespear's Cliff at Dover. The Needles shooting out beneath, in a line

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of white pyramidal wedge-like rocks; the clear blue waves boiling round their bases, and curling up their sides. Listened fearfully, in this scene of solitude and wildness, to the hoarse murmur of the surges, raging under us in the depths below; and the dismal, piercing screams of the sea fowl, hovering around;—sounds finely accordant with the genius of the place.—Descended, through a cleft, to the beach of Allum Bay; and enjoyed, for an hour, the singular and beautiful scenery of its fantastic cliffs, trickling with rills, and stained, by their mineral depositions, with every variety of vivid hue. —Returned to Yarmouth by an intricate course across the Common.

JUNE the 26th.

Had a remarkably quick passage, to Lymington,—a distance of seven miles, in less than fifty minutes. Crossing the river by a causeway, pursued its course by an agreeable walk along its banks, up to Boldre; and returning by the upper road, struck down into a woody dell at the back of Vicar's Hill, Mr. Gilpin's parsonage, the object of our pilgrimage; shrouded, together with its gardens, in thick foliage. Contemplated with much interest the residence of a gentleman, by whose pen and whose pencil I have been almost equally delighted; and who, with an originality that always accompanies true genius, may be considered as having opened a new source of enjoyment in surveying the Works of Nature.—In the evening strolled down to the Salt Works; amidst dreary and melancholy marshes, with teazing views of the Isle of Wight, extending from Gurnet's Bay to the Needles, but not a single eminence from which the whole could be satisfactorily enjoyed. Felt deeply the sad exchange of wretched clay hovels, for the comfortable cottages of the Island.

JUNE the 29th.

Reached Salisbury yesterday. This morning visited the Cathedral for the second time, and was again struck with the magical effect of its architecture; though light and elegant, above measure solemn and impressive. Whatever may be the questionable superiority of the more regular Orders over the Gothic, in religious buildings, seen from *without*, all doubts are hushed when they are contemplated *within*; nor can the majestic simplicity of the former be compared, for architectural pathos, with the intricacy, variety, and awful grandeur of the latter. The spire of the Cathedral, which beautifully tapers to a greater height than the Cross of St. Paul's, appears to have declined from its original perpendicularity, about seven inches to the N. E. by E. A magnificent, shewy monument to a Duke of Somerset,—but in wretched

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taste: allegorical figures are bad on canvas; but detestable, stuck up in stone.—The Close, spacious and handsome; and most happily adapted for the abode of reverend ease, and learned leisure.—The town itself, chiefly remarkable for the straightness of its streets; and the singular luxury of a salubrious stream of pure water, running with a brisk current through each of them.

JUNE the 30th.

Visited Wilton House. Noble Cedars of Lebanon adorning the approach. The Palladian Bridge (an absurdity in architecture) under repair. In front of the grand entrance, a beautiful column, the shaft of which was transported to the Temple of Venus by Julius Cæsar;—one side of it manifestly worn by the weather. The House, of stone; built, according to the sullen taste of our ancestors, round a quadrangular area, dark, damp, and cheerless. Gorgeous display of antique magnificence within. The Hall spacious and grand, and most appropriately decorated with antient armour: a curule chair in it; which, if genuine, is indeed a curiosity. The great Drawing-Room, a double cube, sixty feet by thirty; another, exactly cubical,—a most incommodious and unsightly shape. Much struck with a copy of the Apollo Belvidere, in an attitude, and with an air, of grace, dignity, and spirit, more than mortal:—a bust of Pompey; the face distinctly and thickly pitted, as if with the small-pox:—the Dying Gladiator, wonderfully and touchingly expressive, in position and countenance, of the languor of approaching death:—Vandyke's Pembroke Family, and Charles the I.; the colouring not warm, indeed, with the mellow hues of Titian, nor dazzling with the resplendent glow of Rubens, but true to the chaste and sober tints of ordinary nature:—and an inimitable head of the Virgin by Carlo Dolce, encircled with flowers; in every part most elaborately and exquisitely finished, but the flesh rather inclining, from excessive polish and lubricity, to what Sir Joshua Reynolds calls, an ivory hardness.

JULY the 2d.

Reached Winchester, twenty-four miles, by Stockbridge, fifteen, yesterday evening:—an uninteresting drive through a dreary country destitute of houses and trees, till we reached a wood of antient yews, producing a very solemn and pleasing effect, about three miles from Winchester. Visited the Cathedral: very defective on the outside, for want of a spire to give a relief and finish to the pile: the interior, massy Saxon; contrasting strikingly with the airy lightness of that of Salisbury. Interesting

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monuments of William of Wyckham, Bishops Gardiner, Fox, and Hoadley; and the recumbent skeleton effigies of a nameless prelate, who perished in attempting to imitate our Saviour's fast of forty days;—the last of his order, I suspect, who will be guilty of this species of Lenten extravagance. To the East of the Choir, an antient chapel, paved with Roman Bricks, in which Philip and Mary were married. Saw, in a side-aisle, the vaults of the Saxon Kings; and chests, on an opposite skreen, in which their bones are reposited. The Font, very antient, with rude sculpture:—the whole hewn out of one block of dark-coloured stone. The Altar Piece, the Resurrection of Lazarus, by West;—a fine subject, but feebly treated. The skreen to the Choir, most exquisitely carved in stone.

Viewed, on the brow of a hill to the West of the City, the unfinished palace of Charles the II.—an immense pile, presenting a double row of twenty-seven large windows in the grand front, and seventeen in depth:—now converted into barracks, holding 4000 troops. The ditch, and some remains of the antient walls of the City, visible at the bottom of the hill, in this direction. The streets of the present town, very narrow and incommodious.

JULY the 2d.

Reached Farnham, twenty-seven miles, by Alresford eight, and Alton ten.—Ascended to the Castle, now the Bishop's Palace, and walked the extent of the grand avenue of the park; commanding a variegated and delightful prospect over Farnham, and a luxuriant country richly intermingled with hill and dale, to distant heights towards the South: Moor-Park House, the favourite residence of Sir William Temple, and near which his heart lies buried,—a spot rendered still more interesting by having been the frequent abode of Swift when visiting his patron,—peeping sweetly out of its wood-skreened vale.—Pursued our way to the Heath behind the Park; and gained, by a long but gentle ascent, the top of Brigsbury Hill, a projecting head-land to the North; enclosed on every side but *that* (where the steepness of the descent made such a defence unnecessary), with the remains of an antient fortification, consisting of a double ditch and ramparts. Expansive view from hence in every direction but to the West: Hindhead Hill bounding the prospect to the South; but high ranges, far more remote, to the South West: an immense plain extending towards London; faintly marked on its extreme verge by St. Paul's Cupola, which cannot be less than thirty-five miles distant in a straight line. Struck across the Heath to the left, and upon its Western edge had a glorious burst, in that direction, over a boundless expanse of rich and

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level country, shooting in capes of enclosure and cultivation, into the bleak and barren moor below,—marked by Fleet Pond, and intersected by the Basingstoke Canal.

JULY the 6th.

Viewed an Exhibition of Italian Pictures, near Leicester-Square. Principally struck with a St. Catharine, by Carlo Dolce; her head encircled with a wreath of flowers, and attended by a cherub displaying wings brilliantly be-dropt with every vivid hue, yet the "purpureum lumen" of her countenance still triumphant:—a Lucretia, by Guercino, finely drawn and coloured, without any of his usual coarseness of manner:—a Fortune and Cupid, by Guido; with his accustomed grace, and sweetness of tone: and a Pope, by Titian; a noble portrait, full of life, character, and simple unaffected dignity. Not much delighted with several saffron-coloured paintings, by Raffael, in his first hard, laboured, stiff manner; something after the style of the figures we meet with, in illuminated missals.—Examined the tints of Dolce and Guercino. Five very distinguishable;—the bloom of flesh,—a bright high-light,—a warm transparent reflex light,—a clear brown shadow,—and a soft greenish-blue middle tint;—exquisitely blended with each other. These colours are all perceptible in nature, critically viewed; but seem not sufficiently attended to by modern artists, when they paint from life.

JULY the 11th.

Viewed Miss Linwood's Exhibition of Needle Work; which might be mistaken for painting, but for the excessive deadness of the surface, and the stiffness and harshness of some of the contours. The Woodman, from Barker, struck me as the best piece. The Madonna, from Raffael, is, I dare say, exact; but, with all his excellencies, Raffael must, in this case, have retained something of the hardness of manner of the first artists.—After all, this is a species of ingenious imitation which one does not wish to see prevail. The principal delight it affords, arises from the difficulty surmounted: the needle, though it may laboriously copy the effects, can never emulate the free, spirited, and masterly execution, of the pencil; and its productions are most grievously exposed to the molestations of moth and dust.

JULY the 12th.

Finished Bissett's Life of Burke. He has a right view and just estimation of this

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wonderful man; and his work derives an additional interest, from the contemporary characters introduced: but it by no means precludes, what I have sometimes meditated, " A Dissertation on the Genius and Character of Edmund Burke,"—a subject rich in interest, but for which the public mind, agitated as it has been by recent events, is yet far from prepared.

Met Mr. I. Pleased with an anecdote he gave me of Lord Kenyon. A friend of his, sometime since, had sold his Lordship a cottage at Richmond; and, going down there lately, wished to take a view of the premises: an old housekeeper admitted him: on the table he saw three books; the Bible—Epictetus—and the Whole Duty of Man: " does my Lord read this," said the Gentleman, taking up the Bible? " No," said the woman, " he is always poring upon this little book," pointing to Epictetus, " I don't know what it is; my lady reads the two others: they come down here of a Saturday evening, with a leg or shoulder of mutton; this serves them the Sunday; and they leave me the remains." A Chief Justice of England, thus severely simple in his taste and habits, is at least a curiosity.

AUGUST the 4th.

Ld. C. dined with me. Solemnly and deliberately affirmed, that he knew no character in British History, which stood so high in his estimation as that of Mr. Fox; and strenuously denied that he had ever discovered in him, any leaning towards the democratic party. I know no man less likely than his Lordship, to suffer his enthusiasm to overpower his judgment: yet, firmly and solidly established as is my esteem for Mr. Fox, it staggers, I confess, under the measure of praise conveyed in the first part of this declaration; nor can I think that the circumstances under which it has been the fortune of this illustrious character to be placed, and by which his virtues and his talents have been tried, are sufficient (highly as I think of them both), to justify so prodigious an encomium. On the extent of the sacrifices and sufferings necessary to canonise a patriot, it were invidious to dwell:—ardently do I hope, not out of apprehension for the result, but of veneration for the person, that in the present instance they may never be required:—but I may remark, I trust, without offence, since cordially do I wish for the experiment *here*, that it is by the actual exercise of political power, and not by a course of censure upon it, however meritorious, that political ability,——as (" magna componere parvis") it is by original composition, and not by critical strictures upon it, however sagacious, that literary talent, —is most severely proved, and can alone perhaps be satisfactorily attested.—Of the imputation alluded to, and denied, in the latter part of this opinion, I do most fully

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and honourably, from the bottom of my soul, acquit Mr. Fox; but, at the same time, I must deeply regret, that he has not, in his place, more distinctly recognized, and fairly met, that portentous spirit which has broken loose during the late Revolution in France, and against whose *present* influence on the moral and political condition of mankind (whatever may be thought of its ulterior destination), it should seem almost impossible to shut the eyes: nor am I able to discern, in the most explicit avowal on this subject, any thing which should "impede the march of his abilities" in that career of usefulness and glory, on which he so justly claims the gratitude and affection of his country; while it would infallibly secure the confidence of many, whom this strange and marked neglect fills with uneasiness and apprehension. —With respect to Mr. Fox's Eloquence (another topic of discussion this evening) there are few circumstances, I confess, which render me so justly diffident of my own taste, as the not feeling for it "horresco referens" that keen relish which the world tells me that I ought to do. Its admirable adaptation to the purposes of debate in an English House of Commons, I distinctly perceive and eagerly acknowledge; but while it assails at once our judgment and our passions, in this character, with matchless dexterity and force, it certainly furnishes little of that aliment to the imagination, which is so delectable, and, to my intellectual cravings, so indispensible, in works on which we wish to revel in the closet. That this ground of *dissatisfaction*, is no just cause of *complaint*, against compositions intended for other purposes, and which perform those purposes with such incomparable success, I feel while I am assigning it: but—it operates: and with the deepest sense of their transcendant merit as effusions addressed, on the exigency of the occasion, to the business and bosoms of men, I turn, in the hour of literary recreation, whatever be the shame, with delight, from the vehement harangues of Fox, to the "variegated and expanded eloquence" of Burke; which if it does not hurry us along, like the other, by its impetuous and reiterated assaults, directly to the goal, yet, by the ample stores of moral and political wisdom which it unfolds, the radiant imagery with which it illuminates these treasures, and the powerful appeals to our best affections, by which it seconds their operation,—enlarges the understanding, replenishes the fancy, dilates the heart, and generously aims to effectuate the purpose of the speaker, rather by elevating us to his own standard in contemplating the subject which he treats, than by accommodating itself to the contracted views and dispositions which we may bring to its discussion.—On the question of Parliamentary Reform, which was next agitated, his Lordship professed himself quite neutral, as he saw neither good from it nor harm: the evil which it was designed to remove, he thought, lay deeper than the remedy would reach:—he regards the great mass of the people as corrupt.

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AUGUST the 11th.

Finished the 1st. Vol. of Miss William's Tour through Swizzerland. She paints, the giddy frivolity and capricious versatility of French manners, in very vivid colours; and exhibits the moral mischiefs of the Revolution acting on this character, in a more glaring and offensive light, than perhaps she intended.

Looked over Sir Joshua Reynolds' Papers in the Idler: curious, as containing the seeds of those doctrines, which he has more fully expanded in his subsequent Discourses. In the third he maintains (what Burke has controverted) that Beauty is that invariable general form in every species, which nature always seems to intend, to which she is perpetually approaching, and which she more frequently produces than any particular description of deviation or deformity. He seems, with Plato, to ascribe a real independent existence to these mental abstractions.—In his Journey to Flanders, he speaks of Rubens just as I could wish; and liberally ascribes to him those powers, whose effects, in ignorance, I had long and ardently admired.

AUGUST the 18th.

Read Shaftesbury's Enquiry concerning Virtue. His ideas are not very distinctly stated: but he seems, to place Virtue in a proper management of the affections; its recommendation to others, in its congeniality to our moral taste; and its obligation on ourselves, in the advantages it procures us: and he very happily describes the influence of true religion, of superstition, and of atheism, on its operation.—He evidently shews himself to be a Deist.

Looked into D'Alembert's Elémens de Musique. His evolution of harmony, at the opening (L. 1. c. 1.), from the harmonical sounds inseparably combined with every musical note, however apparently simple; and which, though so intimately blended with the principal and generative tone as to escape ordinary observation, may clearly be detected and distinguished from it by a delicate ear,—is to me quite new, and very satisfactory. This natural and inherent affinity between concordant sounds, evinced (where we should least expect to find it) in the elements themselves out of which all artificial concords are composed, seems to place the principles of modern harmony on a very solid basis; and enables us to advance a step farther in accounting for the gratification arising from musical composition, than is allowed to our curiosity in investigating the sources of most of the other pleasures of taste.

Read Burke's Memorial on the Conduct of the Minority—a powerful composition, purely argumentative, and, I believe, without a single metaphor.

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AUGUST the 25th.

Finished Sir Joshua Reynolds' Discourses, with an eye to a peculiar and distinguishing doctrine which runs through the whole, and is manifestly a particular favourite with the author. He begins to dilate upon it in the 3rd. Discourse, stating, That the higher excellency of the art, consists, not in imitating *individual* nature, but in exhibiting the *general* forms of things, abstracted from natural and accidental deformities and discriminations of whatever kind, and of course more perfect and beautiful than any one original.—In the 4th he applies what he had said of the *forms* of *things*, to, 1., Historical *Invention*, which should neglect the minute peculiarities of dress, furniture, scene, &c., and even the personal peculiarities of the actors, if injurious to grandeur; 2., to the *Expression*, which should be such as the supposed occasion operating on the supposed characters, *generally* produces; and 3., to the *colouring*, which should be severely simple, either by reducing the hues to little more than chiaro oscuro, like the Bolognian School, or making them very distinct and forcible, like the Schools of Rome and Florence. On the same principle, Landscape Painting should be a representation of *general* nature, selected from various views of it, not an exhibition of any individual scene; and, even in *portraits*, he is of opinion, the grace, nay the likeness, consists more in taking the *general* air, than in exactly copying each *particular* feature. The works, whether of poets, painters, moralists, or historians, he observes in conclusion, which are built on *general* nature, live for ever; while those which depend on *particular* customs and habits, a partial view of nature, or the fluctuations of fashion, perish with their architypes.—In the 7th. he very elaborately maintains, That the *general* idea of nature, purified from all peculiarities, and which in reality is alone nature, constitutes the great object of true taste; That we are materially assisted in attaining to such an idea of nature, by attending to the selections which others have made in the works they have produced; and, That those works are most deserving our attention, which have been most generally approved under the influence of different prejudices operating in different countries and ages.—In the 9th. he affirms the object of painting, to be beauty; but a beauty *general* and *intellectual*; an idea subsisting only in the mind; towards the expression of which we may advance, but to which we can never perfectly attain: and he ascribes the beneficial effects of the art upon our habits, to its abstracting the mind from the objects of sense, and directing it to the contemplation of this intellectual excellence.—In the 10th. he defines the object of Sculpture, to be the imparting that delight which results from the perfect beauty of *abstract* form; an intellectual pleasure, incompatible with that which is merely addressed to the senses, and of course to colour,

&c.—In the 11th. he regards the essence of genius in painting, as consisting in the power of expressing the *general* effect of a whole (whether of form, colour, light and shadow, or whatever may become the separate object of a painter), not by a detail of *particulars*, but by seizing those characteristic circumstances which distinguish it in real existence to the spectator; and thus exhibiting a greater quantity of truth by a few lines or touches, than by the most laborious finishing of parts; and delighting by the inadequacy of the means to the end.—In the 13th. he contends, That of arts addressed to the imagination and its sensibility, the affection produced, is the sole test; That all theories which attempt to regulate such arts by principles falsely called rational, formed on a supposition of what ought to be, in reason, the end or means of such arts, independently of the effects in fact produced by them, must be delusive; That the theory which places the perfection of painting simply in imitating nature, is of this kind; That its end is, to produce a pleasing effect upon the mind; That sometimes, it is true, it accomplishes this end by imitation alone; but that often, too, and whenever it produces its grandest effects, it deviates from an exact imitation of nature for this purpose.—Lastly, in his 15th. Discourse, he closes his labours with enforcing the same doctrine: earnestly exhorting his auditory, "to distinguish the greater truth from the less; the larger and more liberal idea of nature, from the more narrow and confined; that which addresses itself to the imagination, from that which is solely directed to the eye."

The doctrine thus imposingly delivered by its amiable author, in all the pomp of Platonic mysticism, when fully developed and fairly exhibited, appears as just, as it is obvious and simple.

The qualities by which any object, or class of objects, engages our attention, or interests our feelings, are only some out of various others of which it is composed. In any attempt therefore at the representation, even of a particular theme, whether the design be simply to imitate, or, through imitation, to communicate the feelings which the object itself is adapted to inspire, the perfection of the art will consist, in seizing and bringing forward those *peculiar* qualities by which it strikes, or by which it touches us, and in throwing the rest, as much as may be, into shade. By thus removing from the view whatever may tend to distract or pervert the mind, and presenting to the undivided attention those qualities only upon which the recognition or interest of the object depends, these qualities, it is evident, will exert their fullest effect upon the spectator; and the copy may thus be made very far to surpass the original itself, in force and pathos. If this holds true in the portraiture even of a specific subject, the same doctrine, it is manifest, will obtain, with still greater force, in the representation of imaginary scenes; where a far ampler scope is given to genius,

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in drawing, from a multitude of particular examples, the most characteristic and touching traits of whatever strikes or whatever affects us, and not only in suppressing all that may tend to disturb or counteract the impression, but in adding, from the rich stores of a happy invention, whatever accompaniments are best adapted to relieve and heighten their effect. Compositions, it will readily be conceived, may thus be produced, which shall far transcend, in force of character and vivacity of interest, any particular scenes which real existence presents: but we must ever bear in mind, that this will be accomplished, not by soaring, with Plato and Sir Joshua, "extra * * * flammantia mœnia mundi"—"beyond the flaming bounds of Place and Time," in pursuit of those pure primæval architypes, from which enthusiasts have vainly dreamed, that the gross concrete substances here below are mere imperfect transcripts; but by a judicious selection and management of those materials, which, however widely dispersed in different gradations of perfection, and however intermingled with other and baser elements, are alone to be sought, where all true knowledge begins and ends,—in real nature as it actually subsists around us.

AUGUST the 29th.

Finished the 3rd. Vol. of Dalrymple's Memoirs; published at a long interval from the two former.—The opening to Part III., on the plan of French ambition on the continent, which has since been realized by the Republic; and the conclusion of the same Part, in which he foresees the advancement of France to liberty and power, and endeavours to provide against it, are now become very interesting.—There is an original and bold cast of thought in this Work, which pleases me: but his project, in the Appendix, No. 2., of a federal union between this country and America, through the appointment of a Resident on our part, appears perfectly extravagant.—In reading many passages of this volume, we are tempted to exclaim, that, whatever may be the venality of the present times, they are pure to the past: but corruption has only worn its channels more smooth: the stream itself is much enlarged; its ramifications are infinitely multiplied and extended; and the great spring-head is now engrossed entirely by the Crown.

AUGUST the 30th.

Read Mandeville's Fable of the Bees, and his Enquiry into the Origin of Virtue. In the latter, he ascribes entirely to the policy of Lawgivers, the infusion of that controlling principle which results from the constitution of our nature; and

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nicknames its operation, Pride and Shame. With respect to his capital and offensive paradox, that private vices are public benefits, Mandeville's whole art consists, in denominating our passions by the appellation assigned to their vicious excess; and then proving them, under this denomination, useful to society. There is a lively force, and caustic though coarse wit, in his performance, which occasionally reminds one of Paine. The conclusion of note P. (on v. 201) is powerful and pathetic: and the Parable at the end of note T. (on v. 367) is of the happiest humour.—I was surprised to find Sir Joshua Reynolds' doctrine, of rejecting the representation of individual nature in painting, recommended, sneeringly I believe, with an illustration from the Opera, towards the beginning of the 1st. Dialogue in the 2d. Part of the Fable of the Bees; and a reference given, by way of authority, to "Graham's Preface to his Art of Painting."

AUGUST the 31st.

Read Mandeville's Essay on Charity and Charity Schools, and his Search into the Nature of Society. He places Virtue in what it does not consist—an extinction of all personal feeling; and then, by mis-naming the principle from which it does spring, and expatiating largely on the motives which operate to produce its *semblance*, endeavours to shew, that there is little or nothing of it in the world. In the first piece, he denies that any real charity exists; and maintains that the Schools pretended to be formed on this principle, tend only to disqualify their objects for the duties of their station. in the second, he labours to prove, that social intercourse results, not from social affections on which Lord Shaftesbury insists, but from our hard situation and bad passions,—from physical and moral evil. The scene, in the latter, between the Mercer and his Customer, is happily worked up.

SEPTEMBER the 5th.

Looked over Johnson's vigorous defence of Shakespear against the charge of violating, whether from neglect or disdain, the Unities of Time and Place in his Dramas. His argument for the inutility of their observance, is, that the Drama moves, not as these laws of criticism suppose, by imposing on the spectator as the reality itself, but by suggesting realities to the mind—as history and painting move—as a just picture of an interesting original. He is undoubtedly right; but in the elation of his triumph over false science, he has, as certainly, been led to push the career of his victory a little too far. A drama is something more than a poem

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recited: it is the representation of a theme by actors and by scenery; and, as such, is subject to certain restrictions respecting Place and Time, arising out of the difficulty of indicating in this mode of exhibition, without offence to the feelings, the shifting of the former when changed, and the effects of the latter when protracted, from which, though far less rigorous than those which the Law of Unity exacts, the historian and the epic poet, it is obvious, may be regarded as exempt.

Finished Coxe's Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole.—The character of Bolingbroke's Political Writings is, I think, justly, though clumsily, given, at the close of the 26th. chapter: yet these compositions must possess considerable merit of some kind, to have maintained their popularity in despite of his own unprincipled conduct. Should all memorials of Bolingbroke perish, but his own works, what a false opinion will posterity form of his character!—Either Sir Robert Walpole's Speech on the Triennial Bill is ill reported, or his language was miserably vulgar, perplexed, and obscure: it is, I think, very inferior to his Speech on the Excise Bill; but his eloquence, on no occasion, seems to have been very powerful.—The Speeches of Geo. the II. from the Throne, as far as they are reported in this work, appear to breathe a very liberal spirit.—How accurately and justly has Burke appretiated, only in a side-glance (Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs), the merits of Sir Robert Walpole's character and administration! And what a change has been effected in the relative weight and ascendancy of the Landed and Monied Interests of this country, since the period of that administration!—On what grounds were Pope and Swift the mortal enemies of Walpole? As the patron of corruption, or the opponent of the House of Stuart?—The Memoirs themselves (which are comprised in the 1st. Vol.) are heavily and clumsily written, and the author shuffles backward and forward unpardonably in his narrative, instead of pursuing steadily the stream of time and events; but they interest, from the interesting period which they treat. The most striking passage, perhaps, in the whole volume, is the last paragraph but one, in which the author accounts for Sir Robert's listlesness, and indifference to all ordinary enjoyments, when retired from public life.—The two succeeding volumes, of ponderous bulk, are merely supplementary; containing many very useful documents, certainly, to whoever should undertake a history of the times to which they relate, but with which one sees no absolute necessity that the purchaser of the Memoirs themselves, should have been oppressed.

SEPT. the 12th.

Dipped into Bacon's Essays; so pregnant with just, original, and striking observations on every topic which is touched, that I cannot select what pleases me most. For reach of thought, variety and extent of view, sheer solid and powerful sense, and

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admirable sagacity, what works of man can be placed in competition with these wonderful effusions.

Looked into that period of the History of Modern Europe, which closes with the inglorious Peace of Paris, in 1763. How auspiciously did the present reign open, under the transcendant genius of Chatham; and how soon was it gloomed over, under the malignant influence of Bute. There is something in the original force and independence of mind that accompanies true genius, so peculiarly repugnant to the petty intrigues, minute attentions, and frivolous etiquette, which form the business and the pleasure of courts, that it is rarely received in that quarter, I suspect, with cordial good will; and among other blessings, we are greatly indebted to the popular part of our Constitution, for the ascendancy which pre-eminent talent usually gains in the direction of our national councils.

SEPT. the 13th.

Read Brown's Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times. The 2d. Vol. is merely a supplementary comment on the 1st.; and in *that*, after allowing us a spirit of liberty, of humanity, and of equity, he maintains, that a vain luxurious and selfish effeminacy, introduced by exorbitant trade and wealth, has sapped our principles of religion honour and public spirit, weakened our national capacity, our national spirit of defence, and our national spirit of union, and left us a helpless prey to foreign invasion;—a condition beyond the reach of cure or palliation, and from which nothing can relieve us, but the regenerative force of dire necessity.—Burke has alluded to this Tract in his 1st. Letter on a Regicide Peace, with a perfect recollection of its spirit and tendency: and he has borrowed from the last section of the 1st. Vol., that refutation of the popular analogy between the body politic and natural, which he first started in his Letter occasioned by the Duke of Norfolk's Speech, and which he afterwards transplanted into his 1st. Regicide Letter. Brown talks the cant first introduced by Bolingbroke, of an Administration purified from all party attachments:—a thing impossible under our present system of government; and not desirable, could it be obtained.

SEPT. the 17th.

Looked over "Serious Reflections by a rational Christian, from 1788 to 1797" written by the Duke of G——. As composed for the private instruction of his own Family, they must be serious and sincere: they indeed evince much earnestness:

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but though the opinions may be regarded as bold in themselves, they are offered with all the caution and deference of an old statesman. The noble Author believes in the unity of the God-head; strongly inclines against the pre-existence of Christ; rejects the doctrines of original sin and satisfaction; and considers the object of the Messiah's mission, to be merely the annuntiation to mankind of the glad tidings of immortal life and happiness on the condition of a thorough repentance of our sins.—Had this been simply the design of Christianity, nothing could have been easier than thus to have represented it;—nor any thing more necessary, than to have guarded, in its promulgation, against those perversions to which all religious doctrines are so peculiarly exposed. We have in our hands the original documents of the founders of this religion: do these documents naturally suggest, will they warrant, can they without torture and mutilation be compelled to yield, such an interpretation? Is it possible to read the Epistles of St. Paul, and believe that these were the doctrines he designed to preach?—Few moral phænomena more strikingly illustrate the triumph of the inclination over the judgment, on points purely speculative, than the faith of those who denominate themselves rational Christians.

SEPT the 21st.

Looked over Lord Chesterfield's Characters: all of which are neatly, and some very finely, drawn;—particularly those of Scarborough and Bolingbroke. The flowing exuberance of Burke, and the violent exgurgitations of Grattan, in the supplementary notices appended to the character of Chatham, strikingly exemplify the different manners of these two distinguished orators.

Read Bolingbroke's Letter to Wyndham;—in my opinion, incomparably the ablest of his works. It contains a masterly exposition of his conduct while in connection with the Pretender, undebased by any of his political theories. Nothing can be more free, vigorous, and spontaneously noble, than his style in this piece.

SEPT. the 23rd.

Finished the 2d. Vol. of Bolingbroke's Correspondence. He carries wonderfully the private man into his public Despatches, which are the best Letters of business I ever read.—Torcy's Letter, dated June 22, 1712, in which he objects to a convocation of the States, for the purpose of ratifying the King of Spain's renuntiation of the Crown of France, as an incompetent and hazardous expedient, is now become interesting.

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Mr. E. P. called in the evening. He is preparing Remarks on the Theory of Morals, which brought on the discussion of that subject. We differ fundamentally; and could only agree in thinking it very extraordinary, that though there must be some strong disposing cause which determines those who differ most in their theories on this subject, exactly to coalesce in their practical conclusions, mankind should still be unsettled as to what that cause is—the knowledge of which would instantly decide the theory!

SEPT. the 25th.

Finished the 1st. Volume and Part of Du Bos sur la Poesie et Peinture. In the first sections, he derives all pleasure from a previous want of body or mind; and the pleasure we receive from sympathising with the sufferings or joys of others, but more particularly with the former as the emotion is stronger, from the grand want of the mind—occupation. Poetry and Painting, he maintains, chiefly please, as the representations of objects which would thus have touched our sympathy; and serious, in a higher degree than comic representations, as they affect us more powerfully, at the same time that they do not leave those durable and painful impressions which the view of actual sufferings occasions. He allows, indeed, a subordinate charm to Painting, merely as it is an imitation; but no mechanical excellence, he observes, will render a Poem tolerable.—These doctrines he proceeds in the subsequent sections to apply and illustrate, very ingeniously, but not without some mixture of French frippery.—In the 43rd. section, he maintains, with Johnson, that Dramatic representation does not delight through delusion; and in the 44th. he explains the power ascribed to Dramatic Poetry, of purging the passions, as Johnson does, by its setting before our eyes the mischievous consequences of their vicious excess.—In the 45th. he ascribes the power of music, to its imitation, either of the sounds of physical nature, or the tone of the passions: and in the 46th. he derives Italian music (proh pudor!) from France and the Netherlands.

SEPT. the 28th.

Finished the 2d. Vol. of Du Bos. In the first section, he defines genius—an aptitude for any particular employment, determining the possessor to embrace it: and ascribes this aptitude, in the second, to our physical conformation. From the 12th. to the 21st. sections, he endeavours to shew, that certain countries and ages are more favourable to the production of genius than others; that this arises rather from

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physical than moral causes; and that the main physical cause, consists in the temperament of the air as influenced by the exhalations of the earth:—a doctrine, which, however absurd, he maintains and defends very ingeniously.—In the 22d. and 23rd. sections he contends, that we do, and that we ought to, judge of the merit of poems and pictures, by *sentiment* and not by *reason*—from the impression actually produced, and not from a critical estimate of perfections or defects founded on a reference to the rules of art; that reason may explore the causes why we are or are not pleased, but cannot and ought not to influence our determination, whether we are pleased or not; and that reason (as he quaintly expresses it) requires we should not reason on such a question, except to justify the previous sentiment. Mankind, he observes, as they advance in life, give less credit to the conclusions of theoretical speculation, and more to the decisions of sentiment and practice. Even on subjects susceptible of mathematical demonstration, such as mechanics, fortification, &c., he shews that mere theory frequently misleads: and that on poetry and painting the judgment of artists is perpetually wrong, as their sensibility is exhausted, as they decide by rule and not from immediate impression, and as their whole attention is usually absorbed in some particular department of their art; while that of the Public, who judge from unperverted feeling, is constantly right.—In the 33rd. and 34th. sections, he maintains, in defiance of the philosophy of the present age, which leads us to suppose ourselves the first rational beings, and, by bringing the experience of the past into contempt, threatens to replunge Europe into barbarism,—that we do not reason better than our ancestors; that discoveries due, not to our speculations, but to time and accident, have enlarged our knowledge of facts, but not our intellects; and, that though systems of philosophy may rise and perish, the chefs d'œuvres of poetry and painting which have charmed our forefathers, will continue to delight our latest posterity.

SEPT. the 30th.

Read Burke's Vindication of Natural Society. Except in parts (as in the opening and ending) I cannot think that this piece has much of Bolingbroke's style and manner:—there is, throughout, an air of constraint, most abhorrent in its nature, to the bold and rapid flow of Bolingbroke's declamation.—Burke certainly began and ended his labours in the same cause.

Finished the perusal of St. Matthew's Gospel in Griesbach's Edition of the New Testament.—Christ's strange temptation in the wilderness (c. 4.) has all the insulated air of an interpolation: its texture is peculiar to itself, and it coheres with the main

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narrative at neither extremity.—One cannot be surprised that the people were powerfully struck with the Discourse from the Mount (c. 5, 6, 7.):—it is still surpassingly impressive: what must it have been at the time it was delivered!—Matthew evidently applies the passage from Esaias "He took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses" (c. 8., v. 17.), not to Christ's vicarious sufferings, but his miraculous cures:—and he is usually astute enough in spying out the completion of a prophecy.—Surely the Destruction of the Temple and the Day of Judgment—events rather differing in the degree of their importance—are strangely confounded in the prophetic denuntiations (c. 24.), as this Evangelist reports them.—I have ventured, in this review, to consider the Gospels, however sacred the subject which they treat, as mere human compositions: they pretend to nothing more; and with such perplexing difficulties is the hypothesis of their inspiration clogged, that I suppose nobody, at this time of day, regards them in any other light.—The various readings, collected with such diligence by Griesbach, however numerous, are fewer than we should expect to find in writings so frequently transcribed and reprinted; and they rarely, if ever, affect the sense in any important particular.

OCTOBER the 3rd.

Finished a cursory perusal of Johnson's Lives of the Poets, with a view to the principles on which his critical decisions are founded.—Under Cowley, he defines genius, "a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction:" and wit, "a combination of dissimilar images; or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike." The object of the poets of the metaphysical race, he states to be, to excite surprise, and not delight; and to exercise the understanding, not to move the affections.—In his remarks on Milton, he defines Poetry, "the art of uniting pleasure with truth, by calling imagination to the help of reason." Epic Poetry, he says, "undertakes to teach the most important truths by the most pleasing precepts, and therefore relates some great event in the most affecting manner." In treating of the Paradise Lost, he considers 1st, the Moral, 2dly, the Fable, 3dly, the Characters, 4thly., the Probable and Marvellous, 5thly, the Machinery, 6thly, the Integrity or Unity, 7thly, the Sentiments, 8thly, the Images, 9thly, the Similies, 10thly, the Diction, and 11thly., the Versification. Here was an inviting opportunity to open the fountains of criticism; but it is unhappily passed over: the end of Poetry, he observes indeed, is pleasure; but in what that pleasure consists, from whence it is derived, and by what eternal and immutable laws its communication is restricted, he is absolutely

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silent.—Of Dryden, he remarks, that he seems unacquainted with the human passions in their pure and elemental state; and, on this account, is rarely pathetic.—To Pope he gives, "in proportions very nicely adjusted, all the qualities that constitute genius—Invention, Imagination, and Judgment:" and to Thomson, "that poetical eye, which distinguishes, in every thing presented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination delights to be detained."—Of Akenside's Pleasures of the Imagination, he observes, that the subject includes all images that can strike or please, and thus comprises every species of poetical delight.—These are slender gleanings: yet I cannot discover that Johnson has farther unfolded his principles of criticism. He had probably digested them into no very exact scheme in his own mind; but trusted, to what he knew would rarely fail him—his immediate sagacity whenever an occasion for critical exertion occurred.

OCT. the 4th.

Examined, with a view to these principles, Addison's Eleven Papers in the Spectator; beginning at No. 409., and, with the omission of the 410th., ending with the 421st. In the first and preparatory Paper, he defines Taste, "that faculty of the soul, which discerns the beauties of an author with pleasure, and his imperfections with dislike." He then proceeds to consider at large the Pleasures of Imagination; which he restricts to those originally derived from Sight; and derives from the three sources of Grandeur, Novelty, and Beauty. The *proximate* cause of the pleasures thus derived, he passes over as undiscoverable: but the *final* cause, of Grandeur, he assigns to the promotion of piety; of Novelty, to the acquisition of knowledge; and of Beauty, to the propagation of the species.—The *primary* pleasures of the imagination, he considers as those which arise immediately from the object itself; the *secondary*, from its representation.—Representations, such as statuary, painting, description, &c. delight, he observes, not merely as they suggest pleasing realities, but, independently of this, simply as they are *imitations*—from a comparison of the copy with the original. The proximate cause of this pleasure, he holds it impossible to discover; but regards its final cause to be, the quickening and encouraging our searches after truth.—Representations, he afterwards remarks, delight, too, when they excite the passions of pity and terror, by suggesting the consideration of our own security and happiness; whereas the reality, in such a case, would affect us too strongly to admit of such a reflection.—The Pleasures of Imagination, thus reviewed, he places between those of the Sense and of the Understanding;—less gross than the former, and less refined than the latter.—Addison expressly

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calls his undertaking entirely new; and by appending a Table of Contents, he, no doubt, thought it important. It was unquestionably a very vigorous advance towards a philosophical consideration of this interesting and engaging topic.

OCT. the 6th.

Read Burke's Disquisition on Taste prefixed to his Sublime and Beautiful. He seems to consider the object of Reason, to be Truth and Falsehood; and of Taste, Sentiment; but without drawing a determined line between their respective provinces: and his object is to prove, that the standard of both is the same in all human creatures. Taste, he defines "that faculty or those faculties in the mind, which are affected with, or which form a judgment of, the works of imagination and the elegant arts." He first examines the *natural* pleasures of SENSE; which he shews to be the same in all, and that our *acquired* relishes are distinguishable from them to the last. He next considers the pleasures of IMAGINATION. These, so far as that faculty is concerned in representing the objects of *Sense*, must, like those of Sense, be common to all. But in works of the Imagination, a new pleasure is derived from discerning the resemblance which the imitation bears to the original: this pleasure must of course depend on a knowledge of the object represented; but, where this knowledge is the same, seems nearly the same in all. In exercising our Taste on the objects of sense, or the representations of these objects, or the representations of the passions, which, acting, and acting upon certain principles, on all, leave a standard in every breast, little more than the sensibility seems concerned, which may be assumed to differ only in degree: but where the representation embraces the character, manners, actions, and designs of men, their relations, their virtues and vices, here, he thinks, attention and reasoning are required, and Taste becomes no other than a refined judgment, differing as judgments differ. Taste is thus composed of sensibility and judgment: from a defect of sensibility, arises *a want* of Taste; and from a defect of judgment, a *wrong* or *bad* Taste.—I am not sure that I have represented his ideas very exactly; indeed they do not seem, especially with regard to a leading point I have in view, very distinctly enuntiated: as far however as I am qualified to form an opinion, it appears to me, that in attempting to withdraw a certain class of objects from the proper jurisdiction of Taste, and to place them under that of the Judgment, he yields at last, after an earnest of better things, to a delusion which has misled, in a still greater degree, most writers who have treated the same subject. That an exercise of the Judgment is often necessary to put us in possession (if I may be allowed to say so) of the case on which the Taste

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is to be exerted, admits of no dispute. Mr. Burke had before observed, that where the subject submitted to our Taste is the imitation of any natural object, a competent knowledge of the original, is necessary to determine the justness of the copy;—and, I would add, a competent acquaintance with other imitations in the same way, to ascertain its comparative excellence, and to form a complete decision on its merits: intelligence of a higher order and more difficult acquirement, no doubt, is necessary to enable us to judge of the truth and accuracy of any representation of the human character, modified by its manners, its habits, its passions, its virtues and its vices: but in neither case, surely, should this information, or the capacity to gain it, though indispensable as preliminary qualifications for the exercise of Taste, be confounded with that faculty itself;—incorporated with it as an integrant part, or (still less) allowed to supersede it altogether. By Taste we emphatically mean, a quick and just perception of beauty and deformity in the works of nature or of art; and it is only by making it a distinct subject of consideration in this character, and separating from it those talents and attainments, which however requisite to enlarge the sphere of its action, are at least equally subservient to other and totally different purposes in our moral œconomy, that we can reasonably expect to obtain a clear and just conception of this peculiar part of our constitution, and of the laws which regulate its exercise.

OCT. the 8th.

Read the 1st., 2d., and 3rd. Parts of Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful. In the 1st., he considers Novelty as the object of our first and simplest passion—curiosity: and, next to Novelty, and the sources of all our other passions, he places Pain and Pleasure. Pain and Pleasure he regards as totally independent of each other; and he carefully distinguishes the *delight* consequent on a cessation of pain, and which is always accompanied with a certain horror, from positive *pleasure*; and the *uneasiness* consequent on the cessation of pleasure, which is always accompanied with an attractive sensation, from positive *pain*. Our sensations of pain are stronger than those of pleasure; and of course the passions which turn on pain, will be stronger than those that turn on pleasure. Our passions he divides, from their destination, into those which conduce to *self-preservation*, and those which conduce to *society*. Those which belong to *self-preservation*, turn on *pain* and *danger*;—passions which are simply disagreeable when their causes immediately affect us, but which become *delightful* when we have an idea of pain or danger without being actually in such circumstances:—whatever excites this *delight*, is SUBLIME. Those which concern *society*, whether of the sex, or society at large, turn on *pleasure:* the passion ex-

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cited, is love, or a sense of tenderness and affection; and the quality which decides our preference and excites this passion, is BEAUTY.—Having thus determined the distinguishing character of the Sublime and the Beautiful, by ascertaining the different species of emotion which they produce in the mind, he proceeds, in the two succeeding Parts, to point out the peculiar properties in objects by which these different emotions are excited: in neither instance does he confine himself, with Addison, to the Sight, but runs through all the senses: and he concludes with enforcing, as a fundamental and unalterable distinction between the two species of affection and their causes, that the one is founded in pleasure and the other in pain.

Burke powerfully exposes, on various occasions, the error to which we are prone, of ascribing feelings and affections which result from the mechanical structure of our bodies, to conclusions of our reason on the objects presented to us—of deducing beauty, for instance, from proportion or fitness, qualities with which it may be accompanied, but which are in themselves mere objects of the understanding, and touch neither the imagination nor the passions; yet he condemns (P. 3, c. 11) the opposite fault in morals, the deducing moral distinction from feeling, (instancing, it is true, only the application of beauty to virtue, but in spirit going as far as I have stated), as a practice which tends to remove the science of our duties from their proper basis—our reason, our relations, and our necessities, to rest it upon foundations altogether visionary and unsubstantial. There is here a similar inconsistency to that which I remarked, the evening before last, in the same Author, on the extent of the province of Taste; and arising, like that, from a partial view of the subject. The same reasoning surely is applicable in both cases—to the origin of Moral Distinction, as well as the distinctions of Taste.—Whenever we are prompted to distinguish between objects, in consequence of the different impressions which they make on our sensibility, we must search for the cause of this distinction, in some quality or relation of those objects adapted to produce that particular species of effect; and must never rest satisfied with the discovery of any correspondent mark of discrimination (however exactly it may coincide with the division we have in view) that is not expressly competent to such a result. Distinctions in matters of Taste, and Moral Distinctions, are both precisely of this description. We do not discriminate beauty from deformity, or virtue from vice, as we do a square from a triangle, blue from red, heavy from light, or dense from rare,—by certain manifest differences in the objects themselves, with respect to which the mind stands absolutely neutral and indifferent: we are attracted with delight or repelled by disgust, in the first case; we glow with applauding rapture or throb with indignant anguish, in the other; and it is *because* we are thus affected, and (as the various and inconsistent hypotheses which have been

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offered to account for these feelings incontestibly evince) *solely* because we are thus affected, that we are determined to make the received distinctions we do, in the objects by which we have been thus differently impressed. There is no pretence for separating Moral distinction from the distinctions of Taste, in this particular: they stand exactly on the same ground; and precisely the same fallacy misleads our speculations in both cases. In either instance we are prompted to make a distinction between objects in consequence of their different action on our sensibility: this distinction, by the frequent recurrence of such an impression, becomes habitually established and recognized in our thoughts and communications as a fixed and permanent difference in the objects themselves; but the impression out of which it arises, is by no means of this permanent and immutable nature: it is only when the mind is excited by the immediate presence and action of some interesting case, that it is vividly felt; in moments of calmness its influence is slight and feeble; and the bare attempt to submit the subject to the rigours of philosophical analysis, puts it to flight altogether. Thus circumstanced, the speculative enquirer, whose great aim it will of course be, to assign some hypothesis which furnishes a clear and ready criterion of the distinction he undertakes to resolve, instead of resorting for this purpose to any thing so fluctuating and evanescent as the feeling out of which it arises, or the exciting cause of such a fugitive effect, will naturally turn his attention to the permanent and distinguishing properties and relations of the objects in which it obtains; and should he be so fortunate as to find, among these, any one which pretty nearly coincides with the received division of whose explanation he is in quest, he will eagerly adopt it as the solution sought, and will readily be followed by many to whom the discovery will carry all the marks of plausibility and truth. If this be the specious but false track which speculation is likely to take in exploring the principles of Taste, it is that into which it is still more likely to be seduced in investigating the principles of Morality; where, from the deep and general importance of the subject, it will appear a still more incumbent duty, to ascertain some clear and broad distinction in the nature of things, correspondent to that which our moral sentiments suggest: and we find accordingly that the delusion in question has prevailed in a still greater degree on this subject than the other; and that Mr. Burke, who has rejected and exposed it in the former instance, still retains and defends it in the latter. But surely the least reflection must satisfy us, that moral distinction can be nothing but what has ever been felt and recognized as such in the general sentiments and conduct of mankind; that it is a distinction, not of reason, convincing the understanding and determining merely the belief, but of feeling, touching the passions and influencing the will; that its efficient cause, therefore, must not be sought in any properties or relations of objects possessing no power over

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the affections, nor even in any unobvious qualities which do; and, that though in a system constructed by one supreme Disposer, and of which all the parts will of course bear a correspondence to each other, divisions of objects coinciding with that which our moral sentiments suggest, may no doubt be derived from other sources, some of which, as their congruity or incongruity with truth and the fitness of things, may imprint the distinction itself more forcibly and deeply on the mind, and others, as their conducement or repugnance to the general good, and their conformity or opposition to the divine will, may furnish additional incentives to its observance—still, that moral distinction, as it springs up in the hearts of men, must be explored, and can alone be found, where Mr. Burke has so successfully investigated the principles of Taste—in the immediate action of the objects to which it refers, on our sensibility. It is here accordingly that Adam Smith, in his Theory of the Moral Sentiments, has directed his enquiries:—and the more I meditate on his hypothesis, and compare it with others, the more satisfied I am that the solution he has offered is the true one.

OCT. the 9th.

Read the 4th. Part of Burke's Sublime and Beautiful—on the efficient causes of the affections excited by these qualities: in which he endeavours to make out, That whatever produces a similar mechanical effect upon the body, though arising from different causes, and though in one instance the mind affects the body and in another external matter, still the effect produced by the body on the mind will be similar; That thus pain and fear, the primary engines of the Sublime, produce a violent tension of the nerves, and that whatever produces this tension, though not in itself terrible, will operate as Sublime; and, That Love, in like manner, relaxes the nerves, and whatever effects such a relaxation will operate as Beauty. The delight produced by the Sublime, he accounts for, on the principle of its occasioning a tension, and affording an exercise necessary to brace and strengthen the finer organs; thus qualifying them to perform their functions properly, and obviating the convulsions consequent on over-relaxation.—I am afraid much of this is merely visionary.

OCT. the 10th.

Read the 5th. and last Part of Burke's Sublime and Beautiful; on the effect of Words. He divides words into, 1st., *aggregate*, representing several simple ideas united by nature; 2dly., *simple abstract*, representing one simple idea of this combination; and 3rdly., *compound abstract*, representing an arbitrary union of these. The effects of words, he divides into, 1st., the sound, 2dly., the image exhibited, and

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3rdly., the affection of mind produced by either of these. He then maintains, that aggregate, and simple abstract, words, do only occasionally, and then usually by a particular effort, produce the second of these effects; that compound abstract words never produce this effect; and that poetry and rhetoric principally affect, not by exhibiting to the mind any distinct images, but by exciting immediately those feelings with which the words employed on the occasion have by habit been associated in our minds.—This is very ingenious, and I believe original.

OCT. the 11th.

Looked through Aristotle's Poetics. He derives Poetry from a natural love in man of imitating and beholding imitations. Like most of the antient philosophers, he wastes himself in subtle distinctions on the surface of the art, instead of exploring the foundation of its laws in the constitution of things and of the human mind; yet he gives the elements of most of the rules of criticism which obtain at the present day. His definition of a conjunction and an article (chapter 20) seems pretty nearly to coalesce with Harris's; and Tooke might have sprung, at once, on the nobler game of Aristotle.

OCT. the 14th.

Finished the 4th. Vol. of Bolingbroke's Correspondence while Secretary to Queen Anne. I can discover in this work no traces of his adherence to the cause of the Pretender, though strong traits of his dislike to the House of Hanover. How noble is his style, how masterly his manner, and how felicitously turned are his compliments and his rebukes! He transmutes whatever he touches, however base, to gold.

Finished the life of the Empress of Russia. Catharine's Proclamation on the Death of Peter the III., in my opinion convicts her of his murder.—The last gorgeous fête of Prince Potemkin, in which all the elaborate contrivances of European refinement administered to the magnificent profusion of Oriental luxury, contrasted with the gloomy despondency and forebodings of its donor, is at once affecting and instructive!

Read Burke's Short Account of a Late Administration; a clear, calm, well-digested and dexterous memorial;—a perfect model for compositions of this nature:—and, afterwards, his Observations on a Late state of the Nation; in which we see, in the germ, many of those principles which he afterwards more fully unfolded in his political career. One observation in the latter piece, particularly shews the depth of his

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reflection and the extent of his views:—"Politics ought to be adjusted, not to human reasonings, but human nature; of which the reason is but a part, and by no means the greatest part." The account of the mode and the consequences of a dereliction of party and principle, towards the close of this piece, is exquisitely given, and evinces a deep insight into human nature.—It is curious, that the main part of Burke's first, and of his last, political labour, should have been an exposition and defence of the resources of his country, against the croakings of despondency.

OCT. the 17th.

Read Burke's Thoughts on the Present Discontents. He here assumes his proper and peculiar tone; and winding gracefully into his subject, opens the political grievances of the times with his characteristic plenitude of thought and vigour of exposition. It is usual with party writers, in the vehemence of their zeal and contraction of their views, to urge arguments, which, if a different course of conduct is required by any turn of affairs, must inevitably involve them in the charge of inconsistency: in this piece of Burke's, on the contrary, are registered, as if by a prophetic forecast, the rudiments of many of those principles which he has expanded and enforced in his latter productions; but which, at the time, must have appeared superfluously cautionary; and gave rise, probably, to those imputations of Jesuitism, with which, from my earliest remembrance, he was calumniated by his enemies, without much strenuous opposition from the zealots of his own party. He was never relished, I believe,—he was never formed to be relished,—as a party man.

OCT. the 19th.

Read the first four Books of Montesquieu's Esprit des Loix. He makes the national characteristic requisite to the due support of a democratic government, Virtue; of a Monarchical, Honour; of Despotism, Fear: and evidently inclines to the popular side. There is an affectation of sententious smartness in his manner, very offensive to my taste.

Read Burke's Speech on American Taxation (1770); which from the beginning to the end, is strictly argumentative. He takes the subject up entirely as a question of expediency—Whether we should be content to derive advantage from our colonies through the old œconomy of commercial regulation, under which both parties had flourished; or persist in the new, and at the same time, odious and unprofitable scheme of drawing a direct revenue from them, began in the Grenville Administration by the

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Stamp Act of 1764, and revived, in the shape of duties, after its abolition by the Rockingham Administration in 1766. This masterly address, must, in its form at least, have been extemporary, as it takes the shape of a reply.—In his subsequent Speech, on Conciliation with America, he occupies pretty nearly the same ground, putting entirely aside the discussion of right: "The question with me, is," says he, "not what a lawyer tells me *I may* do, but what humanity, reason, and justice tell me *I ought* to do: not whether the spirit in America deserves praise or blame, but what we shall do with it." How strangely has Burke's conduct respecting America been misconceived, to be charged upon him as an inconsistency!—So far from his appearing ever to have been inclined to popular courses, in an *election* speech at Bristol, in 1780, he actually goes out of his way to combat the doctrine of *instructing representatives.*

OCT. the 24th.

Read the 11th. and 12th. Books of Montesquieu's Esprit des Loix:—on Political Liberty; which he places, in the assured power of doing whatever the laws do not prohibit. Liberty, as it respects the constitution, he makes to depend on the proper distribution of the legislative, executive, and judicial powers; and, as it respects the individual citizen, on the favourableness of the laws to personal security. His ideas on the subject do not appear to me to have been very clear; and he has the weakness to say, (c. 6, L. 11) "Comme dans un etat libre tout homme qui est censé avoir une ame libre, doit être gouverné par lui-même, il faudroit que le peuple en corps eut la puissance législative:" as if all government, let it be placed where it may, was not, in its essence, a restraint on individual will; and the idea of the people's governing themselves, in the sense meant to be conveyed by it, and which has deluded multitudes, sheer nonsense, shrouded only in the generality of the terms. It is in this chapter that Montesquieu gives his elaborate and eulogistic description of the British Constitution; of which, however, he only sees the surface.

Read Burke's Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol; in which he combats the decision of political questions on metaphysical and abstract principles then (1777) coming into vogue, and the specious cant of imputing corruption to all political parties—a weed of congenial growth,—with the spirit, and almost in the terms, of his latter productions. His two subsequent Letters to Gentlemen in Bristol, in defence of an unpopular concurrence on his part in the repeal of some restrictive Laws on Irish Trade, strikingly evince the liberality and extent, and at the same time the minute

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exactness, of his views on commercial subjects; nor can any thing exceed the easy and happy mode in which his arguments are brought home to the feelings and understandings of his mercantile constituents.

OCT. the 25th.

Read Burke's Speech on Œconomical Reform. This is, I think, the most magnificent of Burke's performances; and studiously of that character. It displays a mind most thoroughly purified from all party passions and party views; tender to personal interests, even where they interfere with national concerns; and, though ardently engaged in reform, most carefully guarded against the intemperate pursuit of it. It was on this Speech, I believe, somebody observed of Burke, that he seemed equally prepared to regenerate empires, or compose a Red Book.

Pursued Montesquieu's Esprit des Loix.—In the last chapter of the 19th. Book is an elaborate portrait of the British genius and character, most flattering from a foreigner and a Frenchman.—In the 6th. chapter of the 20th. Book, it is observed of us, that we regulate our commerce by internal laws, and not by treaties; and make our politics subservient to our commerce, and not, as other nations, our commerce to our politics. This, I think, is just.

OCT. the 28th.

Pursued Burke's Works. His Address to the Electors at Bristol, previous to the election in 1780, I have always regarded as the most perfect of all his effusions; nor is it, perhaps, to be equalled by any composition of the same length in the English language.—His Speech on Fox's East India Bill, has something of an air of pomposity; owing, perhaps, to his necessary conversance at the time with Oriental topics:—it wields, it must be acknowledged, most ponderous interests.—The Representation on a Speech from the Throne, moved June 14th., 1784, strikes me as the heaviest, and the most tinctured with a party spirit, of any of his productions:—not that it does not contain a very just and weighty censure of the means, through court intrigue and popular delusion, by which the present Administration came into power.

OCT. the 30th.

Looked into Mitford's History of Greece. The Athenian Democracy imparts no sort of relish for that sort of government, and justifies Aristotle in saying,

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Ἡ Δημοκρατια ἡ τελευταία Τυραννὶς ἐστι;—and of the worst sort, we may add.—The account of the expedition and retreat of the 10,000, is above measure interesting. How more than men, do the Greeks appear, compared with the effeminate and pusillanimous Persians! one can hardly believe them of the same species!

Finished St. Mark's Gospel. Disdaining to conciliate where he undertakes to inform, this Evangelist appears to have made a brief collection of the most remarkable deeds and sayings of Christ; which, for the want of a more continued narrative to introduce and support them, must present a front "*un peu herissé de merveilles*", I should suppose, to a mind not previously prepared to receive them with requisite submission.—A feature of our Lord's conduct particularly enforced in this Gospel, is the sedulity with which he shunned the obtrusive throng which his doctrines and his miracles gathered round him; and in perfect conformity with this reserve, are the repeated injunctions of secrecy he is stated to have delivered, respecting the wonders he performed: but was it possible to suppose that gratitude could be silent, or admiration dumb, at such benevolent and astonishing displays of supernatural power? and would not the strict observance of these commands have defeated, in a great measure, the very purpose for which such manifestations of divine authority were exhibited, not only by limiting their immediate effect, while the prohibition lasted, but by furnishing grounds for suspecting their authenticity, when it was removed?

NOVEMBER the 9th.

Finished Montesquieu's Esprit des Loix. In chap. 15, Book 26, he maintains, that the proposition "Que le bien particulier doit ceder au bien public," is true with respect to the liberty, though false with respect to the property, of a citizen; but assigns no satisfactory reason for this distinction, nor am I able to discern one. An ambition to appear profound and sagacious by an air of dogmatism and reserve, is one of Montesquieu's predominant foibles.

Read Paley's Horæ Paulinæ. His object is, to prove the genuineness of the Acts of the Apostles considered as Memoirs of St. Paul, and of St. Paul's Epistles. His method is this: if there is fabrication in the case, either the Memoirs are composed from the Letters, or the Letters are forged from and adapted to the Memoirs, or both the Memoirs and Letters are constructed out of traditional facts. On the first supposition, the intention *may* be honest; in the two others, it *must* be fraudulent: but in all three, the coincidencies between the Letters and the Memoirs must be the effect of *design*; confessed in the first instance and apparent; and traceable in the last, since no less effort is necessary to produce coincidence between different parts

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of a man's own compositions, whether founded on tradition or fiction—(especially when they are made to assume the different shapes of History and original Letters), —than is required to adjust them to circumstances found in any other writing. He proceeds accordingly, with infinite acuteness and ingenuity, to produce most striking instances of *undesigned* coincidence in the documents in question.—Many of his sentiments and expressions are eminently happy: as when he says, No. 11, c. 4, "that a thread of truth winds through the whole, which preserves every circumstance in its place:" and No. 2, c. 5, "it is improbable that accident or fiction should draw a line which touched upon truth in so many points:" and No. 1, c. 14, "it is like comparing the two parts of a cloven tally; coincidence proves the authenticity of both."—I cannot think that St. Paul unequivocally asserts his performance of miracles in the passages quoted to establish that point.

NOV. the 14th.

Read Burke's Reflections. They appear to me, on this review, far more temperate, than from my recollection of the first impressions they made, I expected to find them; and I really believe, had their publication been deferred till near the present period, they would have excited little of that amazement and indignation with which they were at first received. However overcharged his representations might appear at the time, subsequent events have lowered them to truth and moderation.—His exposition of the character of our Revolution, is surely most sound and just.—He kindles much more fiercely, and speaks more unreservedly in his subsequent Letter to a Member of the National Assembly.—Paine has been guilty of a gross misrepresentation of a passage in the Reflections, which I have never seen detected and exposed. Ridiculing the love of liberty *in the abstract*, Burke observes, that government, too, as well as liberty, abstractedly speaking, is good; "yet could I", he indignantly asks (p. 8), "in common sense, ten years ago, have felicitated France on her enjoyment of a government, without enquiry what the nature of that government was, or how it was administered?" This sentence Mr. Paine (Rights of Man, P. 1, p. 23), quotes as an *affirmative* proposition, *directly in the contrary sense* to that in which it is urged; and proceeds, after his fashion, to load his opponent with abuse, for maintaining so slavish a doctrine! It demands some degree of charity to believe that such a blunder was merely accidental.—In this passage, Mr. Burke has been scandalously misrepresented: in another, he has been generally misunderstood. It has been imputed to him, that he has spoken contemptuously (p. 117) of the lower orders, as a "swinish multitude." But of what multitude was he

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speaking? Of a people let loose from all restraint of government and manners—a collection, as he presently afterwards describes them, of "gross, stupid, ferocious, and at the same time, poor and sordid barbarians, destitute of religion, honour, and manly pride, possessing nothing at present, and hoping for nothing hereafter." Had he maddened his herd of swine with a legion of dæmons, as emblematical of the savage passions with which such a miserable assemblage would be torn and distracted and agitated to perdition, his image could hardly have been regarded as too strong.

Looked over Rennell's Memoirs of his Map of Hindoostan. The secluded Valley of Cashmere, forming, between the parallels of 34 and 35, an oval hollow 80 miles by 50; blooming with perennial Spring, refreshed with cascades and streams and lakes, and encircled with mountainous ridges towering into the regions of eternal snow, was perhaps Johnson's prototype for the Happy Valley of Amhara in Rasselas.—Rennell allows 1 mile in 11, for the winding of roads in England, in distances of about 100 miles; and in great distances, as from London to Edinburgh, 1 in 7: in Hindoostan he allows 1 in 8, for distances of 100 miles, and 1 in 7, for greater: in the Carnatic he allows 1 in 9, for 100 miles.

NOV. the 25th.

Read the first five chapters of Reid's Enquiry into the Human Mind: in which he examines the senses of Smell, Taste, Hearing, and Touch; and contends, that the sensations received through each of these senses, suggest to us, as natural signs, besides the conception and belief of a sentient mind to which they belong, the conception and belief of certain qualities in bodies, if known, denominated primary, if unknown, secondary; between which, and the sensations suggesting them, there is no more similitude, than between pain and the point of a sword. It is to the confounding these sensations with the objects they suggest, and regarding the former as images and representations of the latter, that he ascribes the rise and progress of a philosophy, originating with Des Cartes and perfected by Hume, which, inferring that nothing can be like sensations but sensations, expunges every thing besides from the world of being. The sensation itself, he regards as the immediate object of *memory*, as well as of *sense*; but, in the former case, suggesting *past*, and, in the latter, *present* existence: and also of *imagination*, but, in this case, unconnected with any belief of existence past or present.

NOV. the 26th.

Read the 6th. and 7th. (the two last) chapters of Reid's Enquiry: in which he follows up the same distinction with respect to Sight, as the other senses; and main-

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tains, that the *sensation* of colour, which perpetually varies with light, shade, distance, &c., suggests an unknown quality in objects called *colour*, which never varies: and that *visible* figure is suggested by the impression of light upon the retina, without any sensation; which *visible* figure becomes in time an *acquired* sign of the *tangible* figure of bodies, and is perpetually confounded with it, though, as he very ingeniously evinces in his geometry of visibles, they substantially differ from each other. He thus endeavours to draw a line, and enforce a distinction, between *Sensation* and *Perception*. The Old Peripatetic Philosophy, regarding principally the external qualities of objects, of which we have perceptions, concluded that the sensations in our minds were the images of these qualities: Modern Philosophy, regarding principally the affections and operations of our own minds, and presuming that the sensations there must resemble the objects they represent, concluded, that, as a sensation can resemble nothing but a sensation, no such objects could exist.—In opposition to this Philosophy, which derives all our judgments and beliefs from reasoning—from comparing the ideas transmitted by our senses, he contends, that our senses produce judgment and belief, not merely simple apprehension; that there are other original principles of belief—such as confidence in testimony, which, far from being produced, is limited and restrained by reason and experience; and that these original judgments make up the Common Sense of mankind.—He writes more philosophically and penetrates far deeper than Beattie, whom he notwithstanding preceded in this career; and the important distinction he labours to establish and enforce, between Sensation, which can exist only in the mind, and the External Quality indicated by that sensation, which can only exist out of it, seems very happily adapted to reconcile the invincible arguments of the Immaterialists with the irresistible dictates of instinct. Where I feel the greatest difficulty in admitting his doctrine on this subject, is with respect to Colour; which is so little felt as a sensation in the organ of sight, and is so distinctly referred and definitely applied to external objects as the universal integument of visible nature, that it demands a violent effort not to regard it as equally external with the objects which it apparently invests.

DECEMBER the 15th.

Read the Introduction to Berkeley's Principles of Human Knowledge, in which he really seems to be serious and in earnest. He laments the difficulties and doubts which perplex Philosophy, and attacks, as the fruitful source of them all, the doctrine of abstract ideas: maintaining, that we cannot conceive separately, qualities which cannot separately exist; and tracing the opposite delusion to language, in

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which the frequent occurrence of general terms, has led to the supposition, that we must necessarily have determinate ideas answerable to those terms, or, in other words, abstract ideas: whereas he shews, that words do by no means always communicate determinate ideas, nor are intended to do so; that they frequently operate merely as general notations, like letters in Algebra; and that they are even capable of working on the passions without presenting any image whatever to the mind.—Burke has evidently borrowed from hence, what I conceived was an original notion on the influence of Words upon the mind, in the last Part of his Sublime and Beautiful. See Oct. 10th., 1798.—Berkeley allows that we may direct and restrict our *attention* to any one or more of an inseparable combination of qualities.

DEC. the 15th.

Looked through the Principles of Human Knowledge. The whole of Berkeley's argument against the existence of matter, is comprised and taken for granted in the first sentence of his Tract, assuming, that the only objects of human knowledge are ideas.—In the 22d. section, he says, " if you can conceive any one idea, or any thing like an idea, to exist otherwise than in a mind perceiving it, I will readily give up the whole cause;" yet in the 4th. section, he says, " it is an opinion strangely prevalent, that sensible objects have a real existence distinct from their being perceived:" now, I would turn the tables—how can we believe what we cannot conceive?—What he says from the 135th. to the 142d. section, in favour of the existence of mind or spirit, is quite unsatisfactory:— if we can have a *notion* (see the 142d. section) of the existence of any thing without an *idea* (and of mind or spirit he broadly states in the 27th. section, we can have no idea), the fundamental principle on which his whole fabric rests, gives way.—His doctrine respecting abstraction, is just as applicable and useful on the supposition of the existence, as the non-existence, of matter.—Is it possible that Berkeley could seriously suppose his scheme would prove such a sovereign remedy against scepticism and atheism as he pretends?

DEC. the 24th.

Finished Voltaire's Siecle de Louis le 14me.: a most entertaining and instructive work; evincing that the author possessed in perfection the enviable art, " d'approfondir des choses, en paraissant les effleurer." In the 20th. chapter, Voltaire fairly confesses, that " l'esprit republicain est au fond aussi ambitieux que l'esprit monarchique; et qu'il y en est des vertus dans un etat monarchique, sans doute, tout

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autant que dans les republiques, avec moins d'enthousiasme, peutêtre, mais avec plus de ce qu'on appelle honneur:" and he treats ecclesiastical subjects—even the struggle between the Jansenists and Jesuits, the rise and decline of the Quietists, and the disputes in the Catholic Church respecting the allowing or proscribing certain Chinese ceremonies by the missionaries to that country—with a decency and propriety which we should little expect from him, and which we should scarcely find in any of his disciples. He reckons the population of France, at twenty millions; its ecclesiastical revenues, at four millions sterling; the ecclesiastics, secular and regular, at 250,000; and the emigrants in consequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, at 150,000 persons.

DEC. the 25th.

Read P's.— Sermons to —— —. They are certainly ingenious: but he writes with too much *sang froid* to secure even our reason; and, where he enforces moral duty, shews how weak an instrument reason is, to awaken and engage our moral feelings. From his cold view of moral distinction, as a discrimination of the intellect in reference to the general good, I think it likely, that, if he were not a Christian, he would be a Godwinite. The more I meditate on the subject, the more I am convinced, that the virtues must be engrafted on the passions.

Looked again over Burke's first Letter on a Regicide Peace:—a wonderful composition! He admits the perilous nature of our situation, but deprecates all overtures to peace; laments that the true state of the contest in which we are engaged, has never been fairly exposed to us by its conductors; exhibits it himself, with matchless force; and animates us to persist in it, by the most powerful appeals to our reason and our passions. Eager, unremitted earnestness, breathes its persuasive spirit through the whole effusion.

DEC. the 30th.

Finished the Athenian Letters. The idea of opening the interior of Greece, through the supposed correspondence of an agent from the Persian Court residing at Athens during the Peloponesian war, is most ingeniously and happily conceived; and, considering the difficulty of the task, it is admirably well supported.—The 147th. and 148th. Letters, in which the generous Cleander expresses the anguish of his soul at the base part which he had been compelled to act by his court, derive additional interest from the reflection, that they were written by the Hon. Charles Yorke,

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who in 1770 put a period to his existence from remorse at having been duped into a political delinquency.—In the 151st. Letter, Socrates is made to maintain against Protagoras, "That morality is not a science to be learned or taught, by applying the reason to theoretical speculations; but, that its principles are implanted in our nature, and render the illiterate and learned equally qualified to practise and to judge of it."

JANUARY the 10th. 1799.

Read Frend's Principles of Taxation: an excellent Satire, however unintended, on a Tax upon Capital instead of Income; which, in plain terms, is the whole of his proposal. Deducting a certain sum as necessary to subsistence, his plan is, that what the man without capital gains in the course of the year, and what the capitalist gains by his capital together with the whole value of that capital, should be subject to an equal tax. Thus supposing one man gains £130 per annum by his personal industry, and another the same income from land worth thirty years purchase, deduct £30 income from each for subsistence, and, by a tax of £10 per cent, the former will pay £10 and the latter $\frac{£130\times30+100}{10}$ or £400 per annum!—I beg pardon—only for the first year: his tax, together with his capital and income, will be considerably lightened, under such a sweating, each succeeding year.

Dr. R. informed me, that out of more than 40,000 cases which had fallen under his observation, he never met with one, in which a person with red or light flaxen hair had the small-pox to confluence.

JAN. the 13th.

Finished St. Luke's Gospel. This is the history on which Mr. Evanson *solely* relies;—and it must be confessed, that it has more the air of an ordinary historical composition, than any of the other narratives on the subject.—The angelic annuntiation to Zacharias and Mary (c. 1.), on which is founded the preternatural conception of John and Jesus, must, it is evident, entirely depend, for its direct evidence, on the credit of those two witnesses, attesting a transaction altogether private.—Why did not Christ (c. 4, v. v. 23, &c.) work a miracle in his own country, instead of provoking a natural indignation by denying so easy a manifestation of his divine mission, where, from the proverbial proneness to incredulity, it was so particularly wanted. Fifty reasons, I am aware, may be assigned from the comments and glosses of those who are resolved at any rate to find one; but what I wish, is a substantial and satisfactory an-

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swer.—*Luke* relates the perplexing story of transferring a legion of devils from a man into a herd of swine. What can be made of this, under the torture of any ingenuity? Those who refine possession by the devil, into derangement of intellect, must be gravelled here.

Lord C. called in the evening. He represents Fox as being in excellent spirits at St. Anne's Hill; busily and fervently occupied in attending to the minutiæ of the Greek Language, and its different dialects. One should have thought, the different construction of the Greek republics, would have possessed more attractions for a mind like his.

JAN. the 23d.

Finished the perusal of Hardy's Tryal for High Treason.—The Attorney General's (Scott's) opening, is strangely perplexed, involved, and obscure. He speaks (with the view, I presume, of giving a colour of propriety to the Indictment then trying) of the whole legislative and executive authority, as vested in the crown; exercised in the former case with advice *and consent*, and in the latter with *advice* only:—a doctrine, which though primitively true, perhaps, sounds now most harshly to the ear.—Erskine, in opening his defence, very powerfully contends, that to constitute High Treason under the first branch of 25. Ed. 3., there must be a direct compassing of the King's *death*; and that to compass his *deposition*, though it may be offered as *evidence* of compassing his *death*, will not in itself constitute that crime; and is expressly one of the ensnaring treasons of the 21st. of Rich. 2. repealed by the 1st. of Henry 4.—Gibbs, at the outset, takes the same ground; but (like Mr. Erskine) afterwards abandons it—I suppose, as not sufficiently safe: he then proceeds to argue, as if an intention to *depose*, was the crime charged; and finally states the question at issue to be, whether Mr. Hardy, in concurring with others in calling a convention, personally meant that *that* convention should act by force of arms against government?—The Solicitor General (Mitford) in reply, contends, that a distinct intention to destroy the King, is not necessary to constitute Treason; that any act which, in its consequences, leads, according to ordinary experience, to endanger the King's life, is High Treason; that an attempt to depose the King, is an act of this nature; and that the forming any assembly or convention of the People, assuming that character and of consequence the sovereignty, or even a design, acted upon, of procuring any alteration in the constitution otherwise than by the constituted legislature, or through force on *them*, is an attempt to depose, and amounts to the crime of High Treason.—Eyre is very able and perspicuous in summing up; exhibiting to the Jury a distinct and correct outline of the complicated history submitted to their judgment, and judiciously

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insisting on its leading and characteristic features. He lays it down as unquestionable law, that a conspiracy to depose the King, is such conclusive evidence of compassing his death, as to have become a presumption of law upon the subject; and that it is not necessary to establish a compassing the King's death, prior to the conception of deposing him, to constitute High Treason. He observes, that the argument of the prisoner's counsel on this head, broke down under the case.—I am quite satisfied with the verdict.

JAN. the 26th.

Finished Horne Tooke's Tryal. Tooke, from the beginning, appears perfectly collected; and soon discovers a confidence in his case. He displays wonderful acuteness, as well as perverseness, in arguing points and examining witnesses; and evidently awes the Court into a forgetfulness of its own dignity: his play upon the simplicity of Sharpe, is exquisite: and when his captious asperity relents under the indulgence he receives, and seems to have little expected, the scene is quite affecting. Erskine maintains pretty nearly the same doctrine with respect to Treason, as on Hardy's Tryal; and, as on Hardy's Tryal, he speedily loses sight of it. Gibbs waves discussing, whether an intention to depose, without compassing the death of the King, is Treason, because it is a question which does not arise on this case; but if it ever should arise, he leaves it to the Court to determine, between the decisions which affirm this to be law, and the express authority of the statute itself.—I admire his spirit.—Eyre expressly lays it down, as before, That to mean to depose the King, is to compass his death, because it is a presumption of fact so conclusive, that the law has adopted it and made it a presumption of law; and, That what is the meaning of any statute, and what case of fact comes within that meaning, is always a question of law. He accordingly states the question for the consideration of the Jury to be, whether the prisoner has been concerned in a plan to establish a national Convention which should usurp the powers of government; for if he has done so, he has been concerned in a plan to depose the King, and is guilty of High Treason.—It does appear to me, that this is declaring that to be Treason under 25. Ed. 3, which is not made Treason by that Statute; and that the principle upon which this construction is founded "—that acts which may eventually endanger the King's life, are evidence of conspiring his death, though that event should never have been in the contemplation of the party", tends to introduce the very uncertainty which that Statute was enacted to obviate.

Horne Tooke, I believe, truly describes his temper, when he says, "my mind is

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much better formed to feel and to acknowledge kindness, than to solicit it". I cannot, any more than the Chief Justice, develope the political character of this extraordinary man; though I have enjoyed some favourable opportunities of probing him myself, and seeing him probed, upon the subject. At the very time he was giving the most marked encouragement to the "Rights of Man", I well remember his speaking to me of the author in these emphatical terms, "Paine's intentions I believe to be honest; but he is ignorant of almost every thing, and he hates every thing of which he is ignorant".

On the whole, the *conduct* of these Tryals, is an honour to English Judicature.—I much doubt whether Buller would have managed them so well; and Lord Kenyon would have made sad work of them.

FEBRUARY the 1st.

Read Stone's Tryal for Treason. The evidence for the Crown leaves a fair opening for defence, which his own case by no means makes out. Erskine's is a wretched speech, delivered apparently without any preparation; and his egotism, thus unsupported, is insufferable. Lord Kenyon in summing up, leans shamefully against the prisoner: he evidently labours to hinge the whole case on the simple fact, of Stone's design to communicate intelligence to France; and to sink all consideration of the question, whether he meant by that communication to benefit France or this country: and when one of the Jury asks if this question is to be considered, his Lordship gives an equivocal answer, and the whole Court is strangely discomposed.

FEB. the 11th.

Finished the Travels of Anacharsis. This work is ably executed, and must have cost prodigious pains; but it still leaves us, as we must ever be left, extremely ignorant of the political constitutions, religious worship, and private manners of the Greeks. With respect to the precise Theories of the Greek Philosophers, I have ever felt myself much in the dark; nor am I a whit more enlightened by the laborious researches of the Abbé Barthelemi, who has wisely contented himself rather with extracting their particular opinions, than attempting to reduce them into a regular system. He represents Aristotle as maintaining, that the virtues are no other than the passions preserved by Prudence between the two opposite vices of excess and defect:—Aristotle himself, I think, is not quite so explicit.—Many anecdotes tend to raise very high our ideas of Grecian taste in the arts; but the much admired statue of Minerva by Phi-

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dias, composed of *ivory* and *gold*, with a *coloured imitation* of the *iris* of the *eye*, must surely tend to lower them considerably.—I wish, after all, that the result of the learned Abbé's researches had been embodied in some other form: there is something false and offensive in making fiction the basis of fact, which a just taste, I think, can never fully approve.

FEB. the 12th.

Read Horace Walpole's Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard the 3d. —doubts, which he has in some measure transfused into my mind; though in contending against the public opinion, he has probably been carried, by the momentum of the *nisus*, a little too far in his vindication of the character of Richard, as usually happens in such conflicts.—In some subsequent pieces in defence of this tract, he treats the objections of his opponents with infinite keenness, ridicule, and success: even the subtle philosophy of Hume, is no match for his playful acumen. Hume, whom he seems thoroughly to have understood, must have trembled at his boast, that he could loosen the artful contexture of his History, in a variety of places, with greater facility than he had unravelled the story of Richard the 3d. He points a keen remark at Hume—"There is a good deal of difference in the *kind* of belief which a man entertains, *before* he has treated a subject, and *after*".

FEB. the 19th.

Looked over Horace Walpole's Fugitive Pieces. His communications to the World are all, polished, easy, and elegant; but the 160th. No. is the very flower of grace: it treats a most indelicate subject, with matchless refinement and felicity.

Began Grotius de Jure Belli et Pacis. I do not distinctly see on what he founds natural law; and his definition of it in the 10th. section of the 1st. chapter, is complicated and obscure. In the 2d. chapter, he struggles hard to reconcile war with Christianity;—but surely kicks against the pricks. In the 8th. section of the 3d. chapter, Grotius contends *against*, and Gronovius, in his notes, *for* the supremacy of the People; but without fundamentally differing, I think. Grotius, I apprehend, is not for unlimited subjection in the People; and Gronovius qualifies his doctrine of their sovereignty, in such a way as must secure the approbation of every rational friend to liberty and order. In the succeeding chapter, however, Grotius labours earnestly (Gronovio reluctante) to narrow as much as possible the right of resistance in the subject,—so that I am afraid we must give him up, at last, as a true friend to the liberties of mankind.

FEB. the 24th.

Read Walpole's Account of his Transactions with Chatterton; in which he endeavours, and with some success, to exculpate himself from the charge of neglecting that miraculous but ill-starred Youth. There is a vile sentiment in his first Letter on this subject, which surely no sense of self-abasement could warrant; and to which, whatever might have been the momentary suggestions of spleen or perverseness, I am astonished that he should have given public and deliberate utterance: "what virtues we have, are the production of fear, prudence, experience, hypocrisy, and age."—Looked afterwards through his Hieroglyphic Tales; displaying a whimsical imagination running wild without any apparent drift:—His happy ridicule of Lord Chesterfield's Letters; which, however, he falsely denominates, as from the Author, "a System of Education":—His Criticism on Dr. Johnson's Writings; in which there is much truth very felicitously expressed:—His Detached Thoughts; some of which are very exquisite and just:—and, His Letters on his Travels; which are fatiguingly flippant, and fired with none of that enthusiasm which we should expect from an ingenuous and favoured Youth, at Paris, Rome, Naples, Florence, &c. That keen and ardent sensibility, which, tempered by other qualities, enters as an essential ingredient into the composition of *very* superior minds, unquestionably never formed any part of Walpole's character.

FEB. the 28th.

Finished looking over Horace Walpole's Letters, in the last Volume of his Works. They are in general written with playful ease, enlivened by quaint turns and occasionally sparkling with bons mots; but betray a sickly fastidious delicacy, on the very verge of affectation: it is only when animated with indignation—a rare occurrence—that he assumes a tone of earnestness.—It appears from his 69th. Letter to Conway, that he saw, so early as 1765, the seeds of the late Revolution, in the atheistic Philosophers of Paris, "who, avowing war against Popery, aim, many of them, at a subversion of all religion; and still many more, at the destruction of the Regal power": and in a Letter from Paris to Mr. Brand, dated Oct. the 19th, 1765, he observes of the people there, "they have no time to laugh: there is God and the King to be pulled down first; and men and women, one and all, are devoutly employed in the demolition". This is an early and strong scent; but Lord Chesterfield (See Oct. the 5th, 1796.) was still before him.—It is curious to hear Gray, in his 10th. Letter, say

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" the same man's verses" (Johnson's) " at the opening of Garrick's Theatre, are far from bad"—of one, who was destined afterwards to sit in imperial judgment on him and all his tribe.—I observe that Walpole, although he repeatedly, and in strong terms, expresses his first impressions of disgust at the modes and customs of France, is always ultimately fascinated and subdued by the charms of the society he finds there; and to the enjoyment of which, he seems by nature and habit to have been peculiarly adapted.

MARCH the 1st.

Finished the Paradise Regained. Milton has been most unhappy in the choice of his subject,—an inexplicable and suspicious legend; unconnected with the narrative where it appears; easily feigned; and incapable of contradiction:—but he has worked it up with wonderful ability; nor am I surprised at his partiality for an offspring, so naturally sickly in its constitution, and which he must have reared with such surpassing pains and assiduity.—Milton has been extolled for the exquisite delicacy of his ear; but what shall we say to such lines as these

" And made him bow to the Gods of his wives." B. 2. v. 171.
" And with these words his temptation pursued." B. 2. 405.
" From that placid aspect and meek regard." B. 3. 217.
" No wonder, for though in thee be united." B. 3. 229.

How are they to be recited? To my ears " lay your knife and your fork across your plate", sounds just as *numerous*.—Newton's note on v. 245. B. 4.

" The Attic Bird trills her thick warbled notes",

explains what, I have been asked, Gray means by the " Attic Warbler", in his Ode on Spring. Philomela, the Daughter of Pandion, King of Athens, was changed into a Nightingale; which was thence in Latin called Atthis.—Milton in 16 lines from v. 293 to 308. B. 4, gives a good summary of the systems of the different moral Philosophers of Greece.

MARCH the 8th.

Read Milton's Samson Agonistes;—a noble Poem, but a miserable Drama. Comus, though a much earlier, is surely a much finer composition:—after all, however, give me the *Gothic* Architecture of Shakespear.—Lycidas, though highly poetical, I agree with Johnson, breathes little sincere sorrow, and is therefore essentially defective as a Monody.

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Perused, with delight and admiration, Mackintosh's Preliminary Discourse on the Study of the Law of Nature and Nations; exhibiting a most perspicuous and masterly view of this complicated subject, and imparting a most exalted idea of the future Temple to which it forms the Portico.—Liberty he defines, judiciously perhaps, but rather from its effects than its essence, "security against wrong", whether from "fellow subjects" or "the magistrate"; but emphatically so with respect to the latter. —He speaks with the profoundest veneration of Burke; and his political opinions have evidently undergone an immense revolution since the publication of his Vindiciæ Gallicæ:—it was impossible, in a mind like his, that they should not have experienced a considerable change, after the popular ebullition, by which he was borne away, had a little subsided.

MARCH the 16th.

Read Montesquieu's interesting portrait of himself, in the Monthly Magazine for this month. Two traits touched me so nearly, that I felt a responsive thrill as I read them. "It has given me no high opinion of myself to perceive, that there are very few offices in the state for which I am qualified.—I am lost when I come to ask of myself, what is the decision of the Law: yet I have been anxious to make myself master of the intricacies of form; and am the more angry with myself, because I see men of mean understandings acquire what I could not attain".—"In the treating of topics at all profound or difficult, I am obliged to reflect much, as I proceed, to prevent my ideas from falling into confusion. If I perceive that I am listened to, the subject seems to vanish from me, or my thoughts rise in such hurry and disorder that nothing is distinct. But when difficult points are discussed in conversation where there are other speakers, I acquit myself infinitely better".—I feel while I am transcribing this, that I am exhibiting myself.

Looked over a Volume of "Lettres Choisies de Mesdames Sevigné et Maintenon". The former cloys one with excessive tenderness for her daughter; the latter gives some of the best advice to a young woman, I ever met with: the former talks amusingly of taking up devotion; the latter seems filled with its overpowering influence: the former trifles most engagingly; the latter exhibits herself as a most superior woman: the former wins our esteem; the latter commands our admiration.

MARCH the 22d.

Finished Tasso's Jerusalem, in Hoole's Translation; comparing it occasionally with the Original, and with Fairfax's version, which on many occasions is more just and

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spirited. The extravagant machinery of Enchantment, though it suggests some very beautiful scenery—though it gives birth to the voluptuous and entrancing loves of Armida and Rinaldo—is certainly an inexpiable blemish in this noble Poem; which might have been rendered a very fine, and a very interesting composition, without it. —Tasso often appears studiously to copy Homer and Virgil, where he could well have done without them; and with an apparent intention that the imitation might be remarked:—as if to throw a reflex splendour from their immortal labours on his own.

Read Burke's Heads for Consideration on the State of Affairs in 1792. His foresight, as a statesman, is astonishing:—he was pretty nearly *then*, where we are *now*.

MARCH the 24th.

Began Burnet's Theory of the Earth. Nothing can exceed the dexterity, or liveliness, or picturesque force, of his reasoning. He powerfully illustrates, by his example, Paley's rule—of exciting a strong sense of a difficulty, before you attempt to remove it.—His imagination displayed in the construction, the illustration, and the defence of his Theory, is wonderfully luxuriant and fine: all nature seems obedient to his plastic powers, and to array itself with obsequious diligence at his bidding. To the leading feature of his Theory, however, there seems a capital and fatal objection: the exterior crust enveloping the waters, as formed from the subsidence of lighter particles floating in the air, must have been composed, one would imagine, of fine mould; how then are we to account for the stupendous masses of rock which we behold in its ruins—for the Pyrenees, the Alps, and the Andes?

MARCH the 26th.

Read with much interest, in a Collection of Fugitive Pieces, an Introduction to the Theory of the Human Mind by J. Usher, author of Clio. He maintains, That general terms do not represent any particular objects or ideas, but are mere creatures of the mind, formed for the classification of objects, and the convenience of communication; That pleasure and pain are terms of this nature; That we never feel any but particular pleasures and pains; That these do not differ as greater or less of one kind, but as being of totally different kinds; That the love of pleasure and aversion to pain, cannot therefore be principles of action in the mind, since these terms have no meaning but as general expressions for the particular pleasures and pains we have experienced; That we are actuated by particular appetites and passions, not only not deducible from any general love of pleasure and aversion to pain, but not originating

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even in any particular perceptions of pleasure or pain, since the passion often precedes the perception, and terminates in it; and, that these instinctive appetites and passions, though entirely neglected by Mr. Locke, who has attended only to the transitory impressions made upon the mind, are the principles which determine our feelings and actions, our character and conduct: he proposes accordingly to examine these instincts, as what can alone open the true nature of that great, miserable, and complicated creature, Man. I wish he had pursued his purpose, as he has got, I think, upon the right scent.—So far, he observes, as we make provision for our appetites and desires, we may be said to be actuated by self interest; but this is a principle of a merely subordinate kind, and totally distinct from the self love of that frigid system of Philosophy, which holds it to be the parent of all our passions, and resolves virtue and vice, right and wrong, good and evil, into mere expressions for a true or mistaken interest. This, on his ground, appears a very just distinction.

APRIL the 8th.

Finished the Orlando Furioso; delighted with the wild fancy and ingenious contrivance of its author. Each Book is so happily broken off, that the reader is compelled to pursue the next; and the romantic tales which, interwoven, form the texture of this wonderful Poem, are so judiciously dropped and revived, that curiosity is never satiated: these, beyond all expectation, are made to converge and bear most dexterously on one point—the repulse of the Pagan forces attacking Charlemagne; and the whole concludes nobly with the single combat between Rogero and Rodemont, the latter of whom, however, Ariosto has exalted too highly for his purpose—the setting off his favourite Paladin.—The reading this Poem, it must be confessed, after all, gives additional spirit and force to the admirable ridicule of Knight-Errantry in Don Quixote.

APRIL the 10th.

Read the Report of the Committee of Secrecy of the House of Commons, just published; in which the schemes for Jacobin fraternization in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Hamburgh, are exposed, in a masterly manner, from their first origin in each place.—The Papers of this formidable confederacy, as given in the Appendix, uniformly display great energy and ability.—The first has a passage truly sublime—"Man has reposed on ruins, and rested his head on some fragments of the Temple of Liberty, or at most amused himself with pacing the measurement of the edifice,

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and nicely limiting its proportions; not reflecting, that this Temple is truly Catholic, the ample earth its area, and the arch of heaven its dome."

Looked over Gibbon's Vindication: a dexterous and masterly defence, undoubtedly; but I like his style and manner less than I used to do. It is too elaborate; wants ease, spirit, and flexibility; and seems adapted solely to the grave and stately march of history. Yet it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to change any term, or its collocation, for a better; so that "proper words in proper places" does not seem a sufficient definition of a good style.

APRIL the 28th.

Looked over that part of Parr's Sequel in which he introduces, in a strange and desultory way, his observations on French Politics. He combats the position, that what is true in theory may be false in practice, by maintaining, That truth consists in the relation of our ideas to each other, or in the conformity of those ideas to external objects; and wherever that relation or conformity exists, the ideas belonging to either are unalterably just, and the proposition expressing those ideas, must ever be true: That therefore a proposition true in theory, must be true in practice, where the practice corresponds to the theory: and, That where they appear to clash, we are not always to maintain that the theory is false, but that it does not apply to the particular case.—Of Burke's expression "metaphysically true, and morally and politically false," he observes, that "true and false" are expressions of the metaphysical, "proper and improper" "just or unjust" of the moral, and "useful or pernicious" of the political properties of objects: but this rather tends to complicate than clear up the question; and a wider and deeper view of the subject, I suspect, is required, to obtain a simple and satisfactory solution.—Parr's style of composition, with all its excellencies, has one capital defect—it wants light and shade: every thing is sacrificed to force; each part appears to be uniformly and intensely laboured; and nothing has the air of being the natural and spontaneous effusion of a mind seriously and earnestly engaged in communicating its ideas and its feelings:—yet he writes, I am told, with fluency, and much in the same manner as he speaks.

APRIL the 29th.

Read Mackintosh's Vindiciæ Gallicæ. His style and manner in this Piece are magnificent; but uniformly cumbrous, and occasionally coarse. He has infinitely improved both, in his Preliminary Discourse; though some of the ponderosity still re-

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mains.—There can hardly be a more express and full contradiction, than in two passages, p. 265 of the Vindiciæ, and p. 49 of the Discourse. In the former, he says, "It is perhaps susceptible of proof, that these governments of balance and control, have never existed but in the vision of theorists": in the latter, he affirms, that "The result of such an examination will be, that no institution so detestable as an absolutely unbalanced government, perhaps ever existed; and that the simple governments are mere creatures of the imagination of theorists."—Page 215-16-17, he maintains, that morality is founded on expediency, and that utility alone constitutes its obligation; but that the moment the moral edifice is reared, its basis is hid from the eye for ever—the moment that general maxims, founded on an utility paramount and perpetual, are embodied and consecrated, they cease to yield to partial and subordinate expediency; and it then becomes the perfection of virtue, to consider, not whether an action be useful, but whether it be right. This is a very ingenious, (as not admitting the system I must not call it a successful,) attempt at extrication from a most importunate difficulty, involved in adopting the principle of utility as the basis of morals.—Had *I* been Burke, I could hardly have forgiven his comparison of me to Judge Jeffereys, p. 326.

APRIL. the 30th.

Read Cicero's Lucullus; in which he makes that character expose very forcibly the scepticism of the Academics, through the intervention of his master Antiochus. He afterwards, himself, takes up their defence with much address and spirit; and maintains, from the various deceptions of the senses, and the infinite diversity of opinion on all subjects, that though there is probable, there is no certain truth; and, to remove the obloquy of such a doctrine, that this probability is sufficient for all the purposes of life. There appears much of puerile subtlety in the argument on both sides.—A sentence in the 9th c. struck me as comprehensively and concisely expressing the two great objects of antient speculation, "judicium veri et finem bonorum":—the latter of these is explained before, by "extremum et ultimum bonorum, quô omnia referantur."—How mankind have perplexed their enquiries by their expressions!—The passage c. 41, beginning, "Neque tamen istas quæstiones—" is wonderfully fine.

MAY the 2d.

Read Soame Jenyns' Origin of Evil. His grand solution of the introduction

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of evil, is, that it could not have been prevented, by Omnipotence, without the loss of some superior good, or the permission of some greater evil. He divides it, with this view, into, 1st. evils of *imperfection*; which are only the absence of comparative advantages, essential to a state of subordination, and in truth no evils at all: 2dly, *natural* evils; which are the necessary consequence of the imperfection of created beings, the untractableness of matter, and some incomprehensible connection between good and evil; and, thus regarded, are the fewest possible: 3dly, *moral* evils; which are expedient, that natural evils may fall to the lot of guilt instead of innocence, —besides that they ultimately contribute to the general good: 4thly, *political* evils; which originate in the depravity of man, who, as he will never submit his private advantage to public utility, must be compelled by violence or bribed by corruption to do so: and, lastly, *religious* evils; which result from the necessity, that religion must originally have been accommodated to, and will afterwards be vitiated by, the same depravity. The whole extremely ingenious, and wretchedly unsatisfactory.— In his 3d Division, after exploding all former criteria of virtue as superficial, he maintains, that moral good and evil is nothing but the production of natural good and evil; that this is the only solid foundation on which any system of ethics can be built, and the only just rule by which we can pass a judgment on our actions, as it not only enables us to determine which are right and wrong, but almost mathematically to demonstrate the proportion of virtue and vice belonging to each, by comparing them with the happiness or misery they occasion: but, that though such is the *essence* of morality, its *end* is probation, it having been properly appointed by God as a test of our obedience to his will, and on this account entrusted to our discretion, while every other important object in life is secured by adapted appetites; and that it is only as virtue is performed in conformity to the will of God, that it has any merit, it being otherwise nothing more than a part of prudential œconomy. All this he delivers in great pomp and form, as a new and most important discovery: and perhaps it may be regarded as the most clear, broad, and explicit statement, then known, of a theory since become so popular.—With all its paradoxical ingenuity, there appear to me only two truly original thoughts in this work:—one which Johnson has so successfully ridiculed in his review of it:—and another, of which I cannot sufficiently praise the acuteness, "That, in politics, most principles speculatively right are practically wrong, because they are founded on the plausible but false presumption, that mankind in general act on honest and rational principles".

MAY the 7th.

Looked into Gibbon's "Extraits de Journal." In Page 214 he observes, very justly,

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" Jamais les principes et les actions des hommes, ne sont plus différents, que lorsque les principes sont opposés aux sentimens naturels de l'humanité: le cœur corrige les erreurs de l'esprit".—In Page 301 he remarks of Bayle, " que les deux Lettres sur l'amour paternel et sur la jalousie, sont d'une philosophe profond; il y développe une chaine de préjuges liés à notre être, nécessaires à notre bonheur, et destinés par l'Etre Supreme à nous tenir lieu d'une raison trop relevée pour le commun des hommes, et qui n'auroit jamais eu le degré de vivacité propre à nous faire agir". The observance of moral distinction, whatever Soame Jenyns may imagine, is unquestionably secured, like every other purpose of our being, by appropriate instincts.—On Middleton's Enquiry, Gibbon very justly remarks, p. 283, " Il voyoit bien jusqu'où l'on pouvoit pousser les conséquences de ses principes, mais il ne lui convenoit pas de les tirer".

MAY the 12th.

Finished the perusal of Cicero's Treatise " De Finibus". The three grand Divisions of antient Philosophy, appear to have been, Physics, Dialectics, and Morals; in the last of which they sought, with reference, I think, to the individual solely, " Quid sit finis, quid extremun, quid ultimum, quô sint omnia benè vivendi rectèque faciendi, consilia referenda". In the Treatise in question, Cicero expounds, with much spirit and force, in the way of Dialogue, the sentiments of the principal Schools of Philosophy on the latter of these subjects. In the first Book he provokes Torquatus to an eloquent defence of Epicurus' opinion, " Omne animal, simulatque natum sit, voluptatem appetere, eàque guadere, ut summo bono; dolorem aspernari, ut summum malum, et quantum possit, a se repellere: idque facere nondum depravatum, ipsa naturâ incorruptè atque integrè judicante;" and therefore, that pleasure (naturâ ducente) is the chief good, and pain the chief evil, of life: which opinion he principally vindicates, by insisting on the virtues and vices as being merely modes of action conducive, and valuable or pernicious solely as they are conducive, to these ends. Epicurus despised dialectics as of no assistance, and cultivated physics as of important service, to morals: and he insisted on the veracity of the senses, as the sources of all our knowledge; which if deceptive, all art and science must be fallacious too.—In the 2d. Book, Cicero powerfully attacks this sensible but obnoxious system in its weak point, by lowering the " voluptas" of Epicurus (an unfortunate term certainly—" happiness" would have been clear of all suspicion) to animal gratification; and then setting it up as opposed to the " honestum":—a principle, of which it appears from the 14th. chapter, how imperfectly he knew the origin, how

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incapable he was of defining its nature, and how forcibly he felt its operation.—In the 3d. and 4th. Books, Cato expounds, and Cicero, as before, in person attacks, the doctrine of the Stoics. Zeno and his disciples having placed the "summum bonum" in the "honestum", and the "summum malum" in the "turpe", seem to have been driven to great straits in reconciling to their system the necessary preference of objects which certainly fall within neither of these descriptions; and it is on this ground that Cicero assails them, maintaining that they ought not to have separated from his sect—the Peripatetics and Old Academy—who held, that those intermediate objects were "bona et mala", though immensely subordinate to the "honestum et turpe". Certainly Aristo and Pyrrho, who, adopting the same principle as the Stoics, obstinately held, that there was no difference in these objects, nor any ground of preference between the acutest pain and most exquisite pleasure, were at once more consistent and absurd.—In the 5th. Book Piso undertakes the cause of the Old Academy; and accordingly, after a long and intricate deduction and exposition of the origin and Grounds of the other systems of philosophy, proceeds to maintain, That the "summum bonum" or "finis bonorum" consists in living "secundum naturam", in possessing that state of body and mind to which nature primarily and instinctively invites, and of which reason enlarges and corrects our view, teaching us to estimate the relative importance of the various "bona et mala" of life, from the free use of the meanest member of the body, to the command of the most exalted and diffusive virtue; That the seeds of the virtues composing in conjunction the "honestum", are implanted in our common nature; That these virtues are valuable on their own account, and without reference to any advantage beyond themselves; That the most illustrious of them, are those which relate to and tend to promote social intercourse, though they contribute to the "summum bonum" solely as they respect the individual possessing them; and, finally, That, such is their transcendant excellence, the wise man must be happy in their possession, though he may be rendered happier still in the accession of other advantages.—This system, in its spirit, seems to have approached very near the purest and highest form of Epicureanism.

I do not observe the shadow of an attempt, in any quarter, to deduce the virtues from utility, in its modern sense of general good; or even to refer them to that end. Wherever the word "utilitas" is used, it seems to relate solely to the advantage of the individual.—With respect to the term "honestum", though sometimes rather loosely and vaguely employed in their *theories*, it appears properly and emphatically to include, and whenever they speak naturally and from the heart, it *always* denotes, those sentiments and actions which excite our moral approbation; the grounds of which approbation, they do not seem to have explored, but to have taken the feeling

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itself, with our other appetites and passions, as a part of our nature.—The capital error, which most effectually misled the antient philosophers in their moral speculations, appears to have been, the looking in their "summum bonum" for what they had exalted too high to find any where; and then endeavouring to restrict it to some specific possession. The Epicurean and Peripatetic systems, seem to have been the most free from this charge, by being the most enlarged in their scope.—The principle which gave credit and currency to those systems which placed the sole or the chief good in the "honestum", it is easy to guess. The philosophers pretended to teach, and their disciples aspired to learn, the art of living happily: now the goods of fortune they could not command, nor avert its evils; the main stress, therefore, would naturally be laid on those goods and evils which depend upon ourselves, and result from the government of the mind.

MAY the 17th.

Read Gibbon's "Essai sur l'Etude de la Littérature": an ostentatious performance; written with no apparent end, but to display the erudition of the author in two or three critical digressions—if indeed the term deviation can be properly applied, where there is no direct path. He defines criticism, section 23, "l'art de juger des écrits et des écrivains; ce qu'ils ont dit, s'ils l'ont bien dit, s'ils ont dit vrai historiquement"; and "l'esprit philosophique", of which he speaks in high-flown terms, the ability (section 46) "à pouvoir remonter aux idées simples; à saisir et à combiner les premiers principes". In section 77, he maintains, "Que la beauté n'est peutêtre fondée que sur l'usage. La figure humaine n'est belle que parcequ'elle se rapporte si bien aux usages, auxquels elle est destinée":—the first "usage" is equivocal till it is explained by the second.

Finished Lord Bacon's Letters, edited by Birch. It is grievous to see this great man, who appears from various passages fully sensible of his vast powers and attainments, and impressed with a just confidence of the weight he would have with posterity, eternally cringing, and a beggar, to men so infinitely beneath him, and whom he must have felt to be so. One curious disclosure of his, in the heads of a proposed conference with Buckingham, struck me most forcibly. He was proposing to offer his services to go over to France to conduct a secret negotiation: "I have somewhat" says this Lord of human kind "of the French: I love birds, as the King does; and have some childish-mindedness wherein we shall consent"!

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MAY the 20th.

Finished Cicero's three Books "De Naturâ Deorum". In the first, Velleius maintains, and Cotta assails, the notions of the Epicureans; and in the second and third, Balbus expounds and defends, and Cotta once more endeavours to expose and explode, the doctrine of the Stoics, respecting the Gods: in the latter case, however, his attack is successful only against the particular conclusions of that sect; and to their general argument for a creating and superintending Providence, he has nothing to oppose but the existence of physical and moral evil. His salvo, Lib. 1. c. 22, at the outset, for his character as Pontifex, is highly curious.—I do not exactly understand Cicero's conclusion from the whole debate: yet at the opening (Lib. 1. c. 2,) he utters in his own person a sentiment sufficiently devout, " atque haud scio, an, pietate adversus Deos sublatâ, fides etiam et societas humani generis, et una excellentissima virtus, justitia, tollatur".—It requires, I may here remark, a very vigilant attention *a demêler* Cicero's real opinions, from those which he imparts to the various personages he brings forward in his Dialogues: even Middleton, on the important occasion of summing up his character, has fallen into some confusion and mistakes on this head.—It appears from c. 55. Lib. 2., that the antients conceived the blood to be diffused from one ventricle of the heart, by the veins; and the spiritus extracted by the lungs, circulated from the other, by the arteries—which indeed derived their denomination from this function.

MAY the 24th.

Read Cicero's Treatise, "De Legibus." In the first Book, he undertakes to open the fountain from whence all law is derived, preparatory to treating of the laws of his own country; but I cannot say that he executes his task in a manner very clear and satisfactory to my mind, or which disposes me to think that he himself possessed any distinct and fixed ideas on the subject. From whence does moral distinction, which he makes the basis of all law, and the great object of his enquiry, spring? To this fundamental question, I gather, after diligent search, no other answer, than that it is the result of the right reason implanted in us by the Gods.—In the 2d. Book, assuming what he conceives he has established in the first, That Law is not of human invention, nor varying in different countries and ages, but, as proceeding from right reason, coæval with the great Author of all things in whom perfect reason must reside, and consequently the same in all times and places, he proceeds to inculcate the neces-

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sity of impressing on mankind the persuasion, that all things here below are administered by the Gods; and concludes with prescribing, for this purpose, various particular religious regulations, in which he approves himself a very Catholic Pagan, and exhibits the sad spectacle of a mighty river, sprung from an exalted source, and drawing abundant supplies from every quarter as it advances, which having long held on its steady and majestic course with a brimming current, and visited the most inviting and favoured regions in its progress,—finally loses itself, before it reaches its destination, in the sands.—In the 3d. and last Book, he descends, from the Religion, to consider the Political Constitution and municipal Œconomy of a State: but as his remarks are made chiefly with a reference to the particular polity of Rome, they contain little matter of general application or interest.

MAY the 26th.

Read the 1st. Book of Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity. He defines Law, "that which modifies any power to the production of any effect"; and divides it into, 1st. That Law which God hath prescribed for himself in all his works; 2dly., The Law of natural and necessary agents; 3dly., The Law of animated brute agents, or the judgment of common sense and fancy concerning the sensible goodness of those objects whereby they are moved; 4thly., The Law of angels, or their intuitive intellectual judgment concerning the amiable beauty and high goodness of the objects which excite them; 5thly., The Law of voluntary human agents on earth, or the sentence of reason concerning the goodness of the things which they are to do; 6thly., positive conventional Laws; and 7thly., divine revealed Laws: but how reason, under the 5th. head, distinguishes good from evil, and establishes a consequent Law, he by no means satisfactorily explains:—like Cicero, on this important and fundamental question, he leaves us, nearly as he found us,—much in the dark.—Hooker's march is uncommonly dignified and stately.

JUNE the 3d.

Visited the Royal Exhibition; and was again struck and delighted with Turner's Landscapes: particularly with fishermen in an evening—a calm before a storm, which all nature attests is silently preparing, and seems in death-like stillness to await: and Caernarvon Castle, the sun setting in gorgeous splendour behind its shadowy towers:—the latter in water colours; to which he has given a depth and force of tone, which

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I had never before conceived attainable with such untoward implements.—Turner's views are not mere ordinary transcripts of nature: he always throws some peculiar and striking *character* into the scene he represents.

Viewed afterwards the Miltonic Gallery; and was powerfully impressed with the striking illustration it affords of Burke's Doctrine (Sub. and Beau.; p. 2, sects. 3d. and 4th.) respecting the superior efficacy of the indistinctness of poetical imagery, in exciting emotions of the sublime, over the necessary precision and exactness of actual delineation, however forcible and vivid. The example perhaps may be considered as not altogether a fair one—for Fuseli is unquestionably rather bombastic than sublime; and in his vehement struggles to embody the preposterous phantoms of a fevered brain, exhibits the writhings and contortions of the Sibyll, without the inspiration: yet he has done enough, I think, to shew, how feeble and ineffective *any* attempt must be, to represent on canvas those awful and mysterious forms which our great Bard has shadowed forth, so impressively yet obscurely, in his immortal Poem. —The department in which Fuseli appears most calculated to shine, is in the fantastic portraiture of fairies, sylphs, and elves—where the wildest freaks of fancy may be safely indulged without offence to truth and nature.—He injudiciously represents the visions, and even the metaphors, of Paradise Lost.

JUNE the 8th.

Visited the Orleans Gallery, Pall-Mall.—Several pictures by Raffael in the first room; none of which pleased me much: there was a hardness in the manner, a laboured stiffness in the design and drawing, and a general cast of resemblance to the illuminated Frontispieces in old Missals, in all of them; and Christ praying that the cup might pass from him, however prized (surely from mere pedantry, or at most an association with his latter and more perfect productions), was in no respect better, as far as I could discern, than one of these decorations.—Poussin's Seven Sacraments: —very fine, both in design, and colouring, the tone of which was admirably harmonious in all, and exquisitely clear and brilliant in some. Alexander and his Physician by Le Sueur;—a good deal after the manner of Poussin, but in colouring I think still preferable: this is the first production I have met with by this artist, and I shall be anxious to see more. The Ecce Homo by Guido, above all praise:—I could only gaze upon it in silent admiration.—In the second room, a St. John by Raffael, the Transfiguration from Michael Angelo, and Diana and Actæon by Titian, fully vindicated, in my judgment, the transcendant reputation of these great artists.

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JUNE the 13th.

Had a long and interesting conversation with Mr. M., turning principally on Burke and Fox. Of Burke he spoke with rapture; declaring that he was, in his estimation, without any parallel in any age or country—except perhaps Lord Bacon and Cicero; that his works contained an ampler store of political and moral wisdom than could be found in any other writer whatever; and that he was only not esteemed the most severe and sagacious of reasoners, because he was the most eloquent of men,—the perpetual force and vigour of his arguments being hid from vulgar observation by the dazzling glories in which they were enshrined. In taste alone he thought him deficient: but to have possessed that quality in addition to his others, would have been too much for man. Passed the last Christmas with Burke at Beaconsfield; and described, in glowing terms, the astonishing effusions of his mind in conversation. Perfectly free from all taint of affectation: would enter, with cordial glee, into the sports of children; rolling about with them on the carpet, and pouring out, in his gambols, the sublimest images mingled with the most wretched puns. Anticipated his approaching dissolution, with due solemnity, but perfect composure. Minutely and accurately informed, to a wonderful exactness, with respect to every fact relative to the French Revolution.—M. lamented, with me, Fox's strange deportment during this tremendous crisis; and attributed it, partly to an ignorance respecting these facts, and partly to a misconception of the true character of the democratic philosophers of the day, whom he confounded with the old advocates for reform, and with whose genuine spirit he appeared on conversation totally unacquainted, ascribing the temper and views imputed to them, entirely to the calumny of party. Idle and uninquisitive, to a remarkable degree. Burke said of him, with a deep sigh, "He is made to be loved". Fox said of Burke, that M. would have praised him too highly, had *that* been possible; but that it was not in the power of man, to do justice to his various and transcendant merits. Declared, he would set his hand to every part of the Preliminary Discourse on the Law of Nature and Nations, except the account of Liberty—a subject which he considered with Burke, as purely practical, and incapable of strict definition. Of Gibbon, M. neatly remarked, that he might have been cut out of a corner of Burke's mind, without his missing it.—Spoke highly of Johnson's prompt and vigorous powers in conversation, and, on this ground, of Boswell's Life of him: Burke, he said, agreed with him; and affirmed, that this Work was a greater monument to Johnson's fame, than all his writings put together.—Condemned democracy as the most monstrous of all governments; because it is impossible at once to act and to control, and

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consequently the sovereign power, in such a constitution, must be left without any check whatever: regarded that form of government as best, which placed the efficient sovereignty in the hands of the natural aristocracy of a country, subjecting them in its exercise to the control of the people at large.—Descanted largely in praise of our plan of representation; by which, uncouth and anomalous as it may in many instances appear, and indeed on that very account, such various and diversified interests became proxied in the House of Commons. Our democracy, he acutely remarked, was powerful but concealed, to prevent popular violence; our monarchy, prominent and ostensible, to provoke perpetual jealousy.—Extolled in warm terms—which he thought as a foreigner (a Scotchman) he might do without the imputation of partiality, for he did not mean to include his own countrymen in the praise—the characteristic *bon naturel*, the good temper and sound sense, of the English people; qualities, in which he deliberately thought us without a rival in any other nation on the globe.—Strongly defended Burke's paradoxical position, that vice loses its malignancy with its grossness, on the principle, that all disguise is a limitation upon vice.—Stated with much earnestness, that the grand object of his political labours should be, first, and above all, to extinguish a false, wretched and fanatical philosophy, which if we did not destroy, would assuredly destroy us; and then to revive and rekindle that antient genuine spirit of British liberty, which an alarm, partly just and partly abused, had smothered for the present, but which, combined with a providential succession of fortunate occurrences, had rendered us, in better times, incomparably the freest, wisest, and happiest nation under heaven.

JUNE the 15th.

Visited for the first time (so strangely is it buried in obscurity) St. Stephen's Church, Walbrook. The interior architecture, rich, elegant, chaste; and (what may be deemed its appropriate and distinguishing merit) effecting much in a small compass. I doubt whether a Gothic building could have been constructed on the same scale, which would have produced an equal effect. The tendency, it is true, of the Gothic Style, is to enlarge, and of the Grecian, as it is called, to reduce, the apparent size of the edifices to which they are applied: but the Gothic Artist must have positive magnitude to work upon, or the imposition arising from real disproportion and seeming irregularity, would be detected and despised; whereas that exquisite order and symmetry, by which the whole of a Grecian structure, however stupendous in bulk, is brought at once within the grasp, still retain their charm, however limited the scale on which they are employed, and perhaps carry with them on this occasion some-

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thing of the real majesty and grandeur of the objects with which they are usually associated.—This reads a little "*a le Warburton*"; but let it pass.—The Altar Piece, the stoning of St. Stephen, by West, struck me as incomparably the best production I had ever seen by that artist.

JUNE the 18th.

Reached Speen, yesterday; and strolled a pleasant circuit about it. The country round, highly beautiful: to the South, a rich expanse of cultivation; then rising ground, skirted with wood; and, above these, the broad backs of naked downs, giving a fine relief to the other parts of the scene: the battered ruins of Donnington Castle towering proudly on an eminence to the North, and the Priory standing in a delicious shady recess at its bottom.

This day reached Bath. Burst suddenly, from the edge of White-Horse Downs, on a vast and variegated expanse, spreading from below, and stretching far away before us as the eye could reach. Had a distinct retrospect of the White Horse, peeled from the surface of the chalky Downs, as far as Pickwick; presenting at a distance, over the intervening heights, a most singular and imposing aspect. From Pickwick, descended down the left side of a beautiful and luxuriant vale, opening in a superb visto to the South West: passed the agreeable scattered village of Box; and, crossing the valley, pursued the right side of it, through Bath Easton, into Bath.

JUNE the 19th.

Perambulated Bath. Captivating as are the beauty and symmetry of the buildings in this city, at first view, I begin already to suspect that we should be better pleased, in the long run, with the intricacy and variety of more irregular towns.—The great Ball Room, 108 feet by 42, and 42 feet high, as is usual in such cases, disappointed me. It is not in general, till we get back, and find the comparative inferiority of what we before esteemed considerable in the same way, that we become fully sensible of transcendant excellence in any thing abroad. Perhaps a little pride, and a little vanity, mingles itself with our judgments on these occasions:—a little pride, which makes us disdain to be suddenly overpowered into an acknowledgment of the comparative littleness of what we once thought great; and a little vanity, by which we are afterwards led, amongst our néighbours, to arrogate to ourselves some portion of the consequence of those objects, which *we* have seen, and *they* have not.—The effect of the Lower Crescent, composed of twenty-eight noble houses, is unquestionably

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striking; yet viewed as one structure, it offends by the worst sort of disproportion—by appearing much too depressed for its extent.

JUNE the 20th.

Drove to Clifton. Walked over the Downs to the remains of a tower and Roman encampment; and descended, down a chine a little beyond, to the banks of the Avon, which we pursued up to the Wells. The rocks which tower to the right, richly feathered with wood to their summits; those to the left, naked, abrupt, and precipitous; forming a fine contrast: the river at the bottom, a miserable muddy ditch: had it been an alpine torrent, the scenery of this romantic cleft would have been complete. Awful effect of the blasting of the rocks, reverberated from side to side, and dying away in distant murmurs. Tasted the water at the Wells—warm and milky, but without any perceptible mineral flavour: did it possess any peculiar sanative virtue, indeed, the inhabitants of Clifton would be pre-eminently blessed—for the same or a similar spring supplies the whole village. The air strikes us as uncommonly soft and balmy; and here, probably, if any where, resides the restorative Genius of the place.

JUNE the 21st.

Visited Bristol; of which we caught a most striking *coup d'œil* on our way, from the brow of Brandon Hill. The streets and buildings of this vast town, bear so exact a general resemblance to those of the *City* of London, that a stranger, not perfectly versed in every part of the latter, may sometimes forget himself:—I felt, more than once, the full force of this illusion.—Visited, with much interest, Radcliffe Church; a most grand and venerable pile. Three paintings over the Altar, by Hogarth—the Sealing of the Tomb—the Ascension—and Annuntiation of it by the Angel: not much to be said for the design, in any of them; and the colouring, in his usual slight, but quiet and inoffensive style. Shewn the armour of Sir William Penn, father of the Quaker; and the monument of William Canynge, which fixes his death to Nov. the 7th, 1474. Ascended the Tower, to a room containing the chests from which Chatterton professed to draw his antient Manuscripts:—long nearly as a coffin, and curved on the top:—falling fast to decay.

Entertained after dinner with a Dulcimer: a stringed instrument, something like a small spinnet; sounded on the wires with sticks of cane, and producing tones singularly plaintive, wild, and soothing.

JUNE the 26th.

Reached Chepstow, by the Aust Passage, on the 22d.; and have since explored, in

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various strolls, its delightful vicinity.—The banks of the Wye here, though yielding perhaps in simple dignity to those of the Avon, are far more diversified with picturesque combinations of rock and wood and water. The Bristol Channel, as seen from the heights around, must disappoint those who have formed magnificent ideas of the mouths of mighty rivers: little short of the Andees, would be requisite to furnish a suitable back ground to such a breadth of waters; while their turbid and terraqueous aspect, viewed even at this distance, will be forcibly and offensively felt by eyes accustomed to rest with delight on the pure and pellucid currents of the Menai streights, or the Solent.

JUNE the 27th.

Walked to Tintern. Attaining the highest point of the eminence on the road to Monmouth, at a place called Chapel Hill, paused to enjoy a magnificent retrospect over the Grounds of Persefield, the Town and Castle of Chepstow, and the variegated tract we had traversed, of the Severn, sweeping from behind the feathered rocks of the Wye, to the left, and, rapidly dilating in breadth as it advances, losing itself in the vast expanse of the Bristol Channel, to the right: the whole backed by the coast of Somersetshire, spreading to an illimitable extent in the distance, and distinctly marked with wreaths of smoke from the glass works at Bristol, not less than 20 miles off.—Descended by a tortuous and rugged road, amidst a prodigality of shade and the refreshing murmur of gurgling rills, into a deep and sequestered hollow, formed by a sweeping recess of the Western banks of the Wye, and enclosing in its secluded bottom the village and abbey of Tintern: a delicious retreat; most felicitously chosen —(as where, indeed, have the founders of such establishments not evinced their taste and discernment in the choice of situation)—for the purposes of religious meditation and retirement.—After encountering the thick enclosures and vile hovels which in every direction vexatiously obstruct the approach to the Abbey-Church, and intercept a distinct view of its magical and sublime effect, on entering the West door, of the whole interior of this venerable pile, carpeted with velvet turf, and roofed by the azure sky:—the lofty side walls of the nave, bleached by an exposure of two centuries and a half, and beautifully stained with mosses and lichens of various dyes, retiring in long and deep perspective to the tall eastern window, aereally light, and gracefully festooned with wreaths of ivy:—an exquisite and inimitable picture; singularly, yet harmoniously, blending the solemnity of Gothic architecture with the chearful gaiety of nature.—Strolled in the evening up the banks of the Wye, through the scattered village of Tintern:—many of the houses in ruins, and the whole place exhibiting

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strong marks of poverty and wretchedness. Ivy every where luxuriates in wonderful profusion: taking advantage of the general listlesness which reigns here, it has quietly forced its way into the little church of Tintern, and spread completely over the sounding-board of the pulpit, which it fringes very picturesquely.

JUNE the 29th.

Reached Newport, 16 miles; keeping the Bristol Channel all the way in sight to the left.—Strolled after dinner, by a sequestered footpath, leading through Christ-Church wood, to Caerleon; a neat, quiet and retired town, invitingly situated on an extensive level of fertile meadows, intersected by the winding Uske, and bounded on either side by gentle but lofty acclivities, which gradually close towards the North:—barren ridges of hill swelling boldly over the nearer heights to the West. Of the former grandeur of this once celebrated spot, could discover no vestiges, but the remains of a massy tower at the East end of the bridge, and a considerable tumulus, probably the site of the antient Keep of the Castle, lying a little to the North west, on the opposite side of the river;—yet Caerleon was incontestibly a Roman station of considerable distinction; and, if Giraldus may be believed, exhibited, so late as the 12th. century, many interesting and splendid monuments of its former magnificence.

The Bridge here, like that at Chepstow, is lightly but compactly built of wood; and the platforms of both, are composed of boards loosely laid down and confined from slipping merely by tenons at their extremities projecting against a rail above:—not, as has been absurdly supposed, that they may rise and fall with the tide, for the play which the planks derive from this construction, is very inconsiderable; but to prevent their being blown up and carried off by it, as would probably be the consequence were they attached in the usual manner to the timbers below. The precaution, to those who look down from a height of not less than 50 or 60 feet (a fearful and giddy height with such a footing) on the stream at low water, appears very superfluous; but so immense is sometimes the influx of the current from the tide pent up in the Bristol Channel, that almost every year's experience, we were told, evinces its utility.

JUNE the 30th.

Reached Cardiff, by the lower road; an uninteresting drive of 12 miles. Viewed the Castle; occupying the West side of a quadrangular area of about 8 acres, enclosed by the antient walls of the fortress: a raised terrace walk, with occasional peeps over the parapets, running along the North and East sides, and terminating in a look-

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out from a tower at the South East Angle: the Keep, a polygonal tower on a steep mound in the centre. The whole kept in very trim order; and the antient apartments of the Castle transforming, at a great expense, into something like a semblance of the snug accommodations of a modern dwelling. A few family pictures by Dahl and Kneller; a fine portrait by Vandyke; and a piece containing several heads, in fine preservation, by Holbein, decorate the walls. Holbein appears to have copied individual nature, just as he found it, with great exactness; and on this account to have failed in picturesque effect, which demands a greater breadth and force of light and shade than ordinarily occurs in real life. As far as he goes, however, he is truly excellent; and there can be little doubt that his likenesses were very correct.

Strolled afterwards to Llandaff, having, to the left, an immense expanse of level meads stretching away to Pennarth point; and, to the right, a luxuriant vale, 5 miles across, bounded by a range of heights sprinkled with houses and opening in a deep recess towards Pont y Prîdd: Arthur's Butts, the loftiest of these eminences, capped with clouds. The *city* itself consisting of a few scattered hovels, interspersed, here and there, with a neat prebendal house. The nave of the Cathedral, the West front of which is fine, in ruins: the choir, new built, but in a most incongruous style of architecture; composing altogether a preposterous medley.

JULY the 4th.

Returned from a pedestrian excursion round by Caerphyli and Pont y Prîdd. Pursued the first 5 miles over a level plain; then winding up the range of heights in front, had an expansive retrospect, over the flat we had traversed, of Cardiff, Pennarth point (a bold headland), the Bristol Channel studded with the two islands called the Steep and Flat Holmes, and the Somersetshire coast in the distance.—Steep descent to Caerphyli, lying in a deep hollow surrounded on all sides with mountainous swells: —a neat, well-built, and apparently thriving village.—Explored the Castle; dreadfully shattered by violence and time, but still attesting prodigious strength and rude magnificence. Entered by the grand approach in the East front. The interior area, an immense enclosure, surrounded by a deep ditch and massy walls, and flanked by four gigantic towers, one at each angle: that at the South East, solid as it is, reft to its foundation, and fearfully overhanging its base at least 12 feet. The great hall, of enormous dimensions, lying on the South side of the area; and covered galleries, communicating with each other and the different apartments by spiral staircases, running through the whole extent of this labyrinth of buildings. Connected originally with the first area by a drawbridge, and like that defended by a deep fosse, extends

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another court, projecting boldly, in the form of a vast bastion, to the West; and beyond this, are the remains of other out-works advancing to a considerable distance in the same direction. The effort which it must have cost, to rear so vast a pile, is prodigious; yet there remains no certain history or tradition, I believe, by whom this stupendous labour was achieved.——The next day, crossed over the mountains to Eglwysyllian; a solitary church, the most wretched I have yet beheld; dark, damp, and gloomy, with crazy benches instead of pews, and raised graves of loose earth, some strewed with faded flowers, on the uneven floor of clay. Lost ourselves, for some time, in this forlorn and desolate region:—mountains swelling over mountains, in dreary succession and savage grandeur, to the North.—Descended, by a precipitous and rugged gulley in the mountain, into the romantic valley of the Taaf, opening to the left in a narrow but superb visto, and exhibiting in remote but bright perspective, Pennarth Cliff, the Steep and Flat Holmes, the Channel, and the coast beyond it.—Striking effect of Pont y Prîdd, seen from below: the span of the single arch 144 feet, the breadth of the bridge only 12; the abutments pierced, to lessen their pressure;—stretching, light as air, like a rainbow, across the river. Overpowered, in every other direction, by the magnificence of the scenery around;—so much so, that when we first caught a view of it from the heights above, we mistook it for a foot-bridge.—Pursued the Taaf, raging over gigantic slabs of rock, and at a sudden bend to the left joined by another mountain stream pouring through a grand recess to the North West, till we reached the Bridgewater Arms.—Ascended the Cliff behind the Inn, and examined a large slab of rock, perhaps 40 feet in circumference, and between 4 and 5 thick, sensibly, though slightly, librating, on a moderate pressure.—On our return this morning, followed the Taaf for some miles, gushing with a pure and rapid current over its rocky channel, and bounded on either side by steep and picturesque acclivities, till we reached the gorge of the valley, into which we had peeped from the heights of Llandaff, and where it suddenly and abruptly expands, without any preparation, upon a level champaign. Perched on the extremity of the last rugged precipice to the left, tower the ruins of Coch Castle, guarding the entrance to the valley, and commanding an immense extent of country spread beneath it to the South.—Struck to the left, at the base of the hill which we had traversed on setting out; and rejoined the road to Caerphyli, a few miles from Cardiff.—All has been completely Welsh in this little circuit: English is scarcely understood; never voluntarily spoken; and, when attempted, badly and with difficulty, as a foreign language.

JULY the 7th.

Visited, from Pyle, Mr. Talbot's grounds at Margam; lying, with the village,

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snugly sheltered under a steep and lofty screen of hill, thickly mantled from its base to its summit in wood. The fine collection of orange trees (the noblest I believe in the kingdom) disposed in square tubs round a basin, in a parterre, formed in the midst of a thick shrubbery, and sheltered on all sides by an amphitheatre of trees: perfuming the whole air of this calm and sequestered retreat, with their delicious odour. The Green-House, in which they are protected, except during the summer months, 275 feet in length; with two handsome square rooms at each extremity of this long-drawn visto, filled with antique statues, busts, and vases, and some exquisite models in cork of the principal ruins at Rome. The roof of the chapter-house, which, with the remains of the monastery, is enclosed within the grounds, and the impending fate of which Mr. Wyndham so feelingly deprecated in his tour more than 20 years since, fell in last winter, and covered its owner with——disgrace.

JULY the 9th.

Walked back from Neath, part of the way we had come, to view the scenery of Briton Ferry. Interesting track from the high road to the Ferry. To the right, the little sequestered church of Briton, and Lord Vernon's house and sloping lawns, embowered in foliage: to the left, a rocky knoll projecting as a cape between Llan-Bagton Bay and the mouth of the Neath River, richly tufted with trees and underwood, and formed into walks commanding in every direction the scenery around, and, from the summit to which they conduct, the whole sweep of Swansea Bay circling round to the Mumbles: in front, the Neath River, about a quarter of a mile in width, retiring to the right, before Lord Vernon's house, between folding crags feathered with wood to the very edge of the water: behind, a screen of steep and noble heights, skirted with wood below, but bare above, and giving a fine relief to the immediate features of this Elysian scene—altogether the most pleasing in themselves, and the most happily combined and agreeably diversified, I have ever beheld. —Marked, on our return, a considerable Druidical Upright, in the middle of a meadow, to the West of the road, something short of two miles from Neath.

JULY the 10th.

Strolled up the Western banks of the Neath River, under a noble screen of hill to the left, to Aberdillis Mill; where, in a deep and dark recess of the Cliff, overspread with foliage, a torrent from the mountains, bursts through a chasm above, and thunders impetuously down, amidst huge slabs and masses of rock, tumbled into the wild-

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est forms that fancy can conceive:—a wonderful little scene; quite a cabinet picture of Salvator Rosa's. Crossed the river above, and returned under the heights of Gnoll Castle:—ruined by that pest of modern improvement—plantations of fir, extending their stiff and murky files in long and hideous array.—Awful effect, in the night, from the lurid and infernal glare of the furnaces round the town. But for the nuisance of these works—a growing evil—few places could boast a more delightful and inviting vicinity than Neath.

JULY the 12*th.*

Crossed yesterday by Pont y Neath, over the mountains, to Brecknock, 32 miles. Passed Aberdillis mill, and pursued for some way the banks of the Neath river, along its picturesque and richly wooded valley; then struck to the left, and climbing by a long and steep ascent into the heights above, traversed a region of mountain tops, bleak and wild, without signs of cultivation or inhabitants: the road dreadfully rugged, gulled with torrents, and in some places trackless; clouds gliding athwart barren ridges around us, and spreading, beneath, a night of shade:—a most forlorn and desolate scene. Opened, from a deep mountain hollow, beyond Pont y Neath, on a vale to the left, stretching magnificently downwards to Trecastle, and giving us once more a glimpse of the world below. Approaching Brecknock, skirted the huge base of the Monuchdenny or Van mountain, furrowed deep with torrents; its summit wrapt in clouds, diffusing a sad *purple* gloom over its hollows and recesses, far more awful and impressive than mere darkness, and which seemed at the moment to explain and justify (in one who must have often witnessed its solemn effect) Homer's epithet of πορφυρεος θανατος.

Followed this morning, from the Collegiate Church, the whole extent of the Priory walks; winding picturesquely along the steep, woody, and sinuous banks of the river Honddy, rushing with an impetuous current over its rocky channel below. Returned by a route above them; and had a clear and distinct view, over the gentle eminences which bound the vale to the South, of the whole form of the Monuchdenny Mountain—so conspicuous a feature from all the heights near Brecknock:—sharp and angular in its contour, and towering sublimely to its forked summit; supreme above all the aspiring heights around it. This is incontestibly, I believe, the loftiest mountain in South Wales: its height, by a late accurate measurement, was ascertained to be 2592 feet above the vale which separates it from Brecknock.

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JULY the 20th.

Reached Rhaiadrgwy, 29 miles from Brecknock, by Builth, 14. The Wye, which we have followed for the last stage, maintains much the same character here that it does a hundred miles below; pursuing, over a rugged channel, its rapid and devious course, between grand folding steeps, presenting, at every turn, new and diversified combinations of those elements of picturesque beauty—rock, foliage, and water.

In the evening, explored our way up a sequestered hollow, to the left of the heights on the Aberystwith road, and buried deep under their shelving steeps. A magnificent scene at the head of this grand recess: a mountain torrent, swelled by the late rains, and rushing from above, bursts down a groove at the junction of the cliffs, and tumbles in a succession of falls, sometimes conspicuous, sometimes hid, sometimes plunging in a stream, sometimes spreading into sheets of foam, for at least a quarter of a mile, and from a height not less than St. Paul's, between two gigantic precipices full a thousand feet high:—some venerable oaks, the skirts of a hanging grove to the left, throwing their branches wildly athwart the base of the chasm! As we lingered in silent admiration, at the foot of this grand spectacle, the dark and heavy clouds of the evening, gathering to a tempest, and shedding a solemn twilight on all beneath, came slowly sailing up from behind; while a cormorant, startled from his solitary haunts by our presence, suddenly sprung, with flapping wings, from the awful shade in which we stood:—slight incidents; but of thrilling power, when fully accordant with the character and genius of the scene.

JULY the 23d.

Reached Llanidloes, 15 miles from Rhaiadr. Descending the heights to the town, had a gorgeous prospect before us of mountains rising over mountains: the Van, a truncated cone, towering grandly in front; the huge uplifted ridge of Plinlimmon, of gigantic bulk and transcendant elevation, stretching to the left; and the Severn, reduced to a mountain stream, winding its course from it through a cleft, skirting the town beneath, and pursuing its devious track through a noble vale spreading far away, to the right, towards Welsh Pool. Perambulated the town: consisting chiefly of four streets, intersecting each other at the Market-House; and composed of some of the best and some of the meanest buildings I have seen in Wales, strangely intermingled: here a respectable mansion, and next to it a straggling line of deplo-

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rable weather-boarded hovels, sordid with smoke and filth, without glass to the windows, and with ragged ends of plank tacked together for chimneys:—particularly in the suburbs. Passed, as we came along, some still more wretched huts, constructed solely of loose stones, sods, and faggots; and merely pierced, to let out the smoke and admit the light.

JULY the 24th.

Crossed the Severn by the wooden bridge, just below its junction with the Llewedock river, and pursued the latter for some way, gushing in a deep and romantic hollow to the left, thickly shrouded in wood: then struck to the right, and, with some difficulty of approach, gained the summit of the Van mountain, which had confronted us so nobly yesterday:—evidently the highest ground immediately round Llanidloes. A gloomy tempest to the North, blackened and obscured every thing beneath it; but to the West of the North, stretched the whole ridge of Plinlimmon, of a lumpish form and unimposing aspect, but uplifted upon other heights, and incontestibly supreme: farther Northwards, as the weather cleared up, appeared the ragged summits of the Merionethshire mountains—two spiky tops, probably of Cader Idris and the Arran, pre-eminent, with light fleecy vapours floating athwart them: to the East, spread, in a vast expanse, the vale of Severn; marked in remote distance by the peaked top of the Breddin mountain: to the South, lay Llanidloes; apparently at our feet, though 4 miles distant.

JULY the 25th.

Ascended Plinlimmon. Pursued for 7 or 8 miles, the left bank of the Severn, dwindling by degrees to an alpine torrent, and raging at the bottom of a deep and narrow glen; our track hanging fearfully on a ledge to the right. Opened at length, between the receding heights, on the supreme ridge of Plinlimmon: its top saddened and obscured with driving storms; its sides furrowed deep with torrents. Entered an open and dreary moor extending to its base, and left our horses at a solitary hovel to the right, on a spot the most truly desolate and forlorn I have ever seen inhabited. Pursued our way up the side of the mountain, keeping the Severn torrent to our left, by a long but gradual ascent through perpetual bog; then struck to the right, and attained the highest elevation of the ridge, conspicuously marked to the surrounding country by two considerable piles of stones:—clouds driving and whirling, on all sides, with a rapid motion, beneath and athwart us; and allowing only partial glimpses of the

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mountain-tops around;—some, afar off, illumined by the sun, and exhibited, through the openings of the mist, in bright and beautiful transparency. To the left, an immense and dreary plain, extending several miles into Cardiganshire, and excluding all view in that direction. Crossed a part of this plain, intersected by deep grips formed in the loose texture of the boggy soil of which it is composed, about a mile, to visit the source of the Severn—a small rill of strongly chalybeate-water, gushing down the side of one of these gullies;—and stopped, without difficulty, the course of this mighty river with my hand. The rise of the Wye, about 2 miles farther on; and of a similar character.—Of the view from Plinlimmon, we are incompetent judges; but there is nothing in the form or aspect of the mountain itself, remote or near, which is at all striking; and it owes its principal celebrity, I should suppose, to the two distinguished rivers which spring from it.

JULY the 26th.

Drove to the Devil's Bridge, 20 miles. Met the Wye, and pursued it for some way, placidly meandring, to our left, over a pebbly channel; then crossed it, rolling as a torrent through a recess to the right, opening upwards to Plinlimmon. Pursued a wild and dreary mountain hollow, without tree or bush or brake, but here and there a wretched hovel; till, turning to the left, we opened on the spiky and jagged summits of the Cardiganshire mountains, towering one above another in sublime confusion. Overtook the Rheiddol, hid in a deep and feathered cleft to the right; and crossing the Devil's Bridge, ascended to the Inn, a solitary house, commanding nearly the same view which Grimm has heavily and feebly pourtrayed in Wyndham's Tour.—Spent the evening in feasting our eyes upon the scene before us; which is surely more romantic and delicious than ever fancy feigned—and cannot be described: soft vapours, as the evening advanced, steaming up the sides of the feathered clefts below, from the concussion of the waters; and the sun, from beneath a stormy cloud, with "farewell sweet", pouring his last glories on the heights above.

JULY the 27th.

Visited the Monach, raging through a shaggy chasm from above, and working down its tremendous way, under the Bridge, through a yawning fissure in the black rock, worn smooth by its friction. Then walked to a projecting point of the cleft, and viewed the remainder of the fall:—400 feet in the whole; but broken into four or five parts, and taking rather a curve to the right:—the spray, at the bottom, blown

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about like vapour. Explored our way down the side of the cleft through which it flows, to the Rheiddol; and climbed over the rugged rocks which form its channel, to the foot of the fall of that stream, which, diminutive as it appears from our window, is the perpendicular plunge of a considerable river, from a height of not less than 30 feet: a projection of the rock catches part of the stream in the first gush of its descent, and whirls it round with a fury that adds much to the grandeur and spirit of the effect.—Descended afterwards by a slippery and precipitous track, through a thicket immediately beneath the Inn, to the foot of the great cataract; viewing all its falls successively in our way. The last plunge is down a steep, almost, but not quite perpendicular, of 120 feet, when the whole mass of waters raging headlong from above, is transmuted into foam; and part, encountering a ragged projection of slate rock, dissipated in vapour:—a maddening scene.—A storm came on in the evening, which raged with encreasing violence till two in the morning, when it blew a hurricane. The stunning roar of the adjoining cataracts exasperated into fury by torrents of rain, heard deeply swelling in the pauses of the gusts, and sensibly shaking the earth with the momentum of their fall, beyond expression awful.

JULY the 30th.

Visited Hafod, three miles from our Inn, Col. Johnes'. Had the Monach for some way to our left; hid, like the Rheiddol, in a feathered cleft. Passed a mill upon it, from whence a woman, some years since, attempting to ford the river after rain, was—the blood curdles at the thought—hurried away by the stream, precipitated down all the falls of the great cataract, and found floating, a mangled spectacle, half a mile below. Pursued our way over naked hills; then struck to the right, and burst suddenly on Hafod House and Grounds, in a deep hollow richly mantled with wood, the Ystwith flowing through it—a scene of enchantment amidst this barren waste. The House sweetly sheltered to the North and East by richly wooded acclivities surmounted by bare heights rising behind; a waving Lawn spreads before it, the Ystwith rolls beyond, and then towers a lofty and magnificent screen of hill nobly shagged with timber to its summit. Made a tour of the grounds, by walks conducted with admirable taste along the steep side-screens of the valley, and, as they descend or climb or wind, exhibiting the scenery around, in all its possible combinations; the Ystwith, or some tributary stream, for ever murmuring in deep glens, raging over rocks, or dashing in cascades, and diffusing, at every turn, a new and refreshing spirit on the scene. Much struck with a waterfall, accessible only by a dark and winding passage hollowed through the rock, and which, after a long suspense,

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opens abruptly and closely, full in front, on the stream plunging from above into a deep and gloomy chasm beneath: the head of the cleft being immediately closed with rock, the narrow aperture at the top overspread with foliage, and the only exit for the waters an inscrutable fissure to the left—the effect of this natural picture, thus singularly circumscribed and illumined, seen from the dim twilight of the cavern's mouth, is altogether magical.—Col. Johnes, we were assured, had planted above three millions of trees. Were his example followed, Cardiganshire, from a stormy sea of bleak denuded hills, might be converted into one of the most pleasing counties in the Principality: under the most unpromising aspect, a Hafod exists *potentially* in almost every valley.

Drove in the evening to Aberystwith, 12 miles. The road conducted on a sort of terrace, overlooking the hollow of the vale of Rheiddol to the right; and exhibiting, towards the latter part of the drive, a grand view of the Merionethshire mountains, gilded by a gorgeous sunset, and towering, one behind another, in striking tumult: Cader Idris, with its double apex, distinctly visible; and Snowdon *said* to be so, but obscured by storms.

AUGUST the 1st.

Perambulated Aberystwith; lying in a wide-spread opening to the sea, at the confluence of the rivers and the vales of Rheiddol and Ystwith, and between two noble cliffs rising to the North and South of the town. The two rivers, previously separated by the ridge we traversed yesterday, form a junction a little South of the town, and then run for some way parallel with the shore, before they meet the sea; presenting a very narrow, and, I should suppose, difficult entrance to the port.—The remains of the Castle, nearly effaced; and its area converted into pleasant walks, opening on the sea.—Ascended the lofty cliff to the North of the town; commanding the whole sweep of Cardigan Bay, from Bardsey Isle to St. David's Head;—the mountains of North Wales rearing their majestic heads one over another to the North West.

AUGUST the 3d.

Reached Machynlleth, 20 miles from Aberystwith. Passing Tal y Bont, an extensive prospect opens to the left, over an immense turbary and the æstuary of the Dovy, spreading to the sea. Skirted, after this, the Eastern acclivities of the vale of Dovy; having the river winding to the left, and the heights of Merionethshire

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rising in great majesty beyond it. Every step we advance, the features of the country grow bolder and bolder; and we are sensible that what before struck us as grand in the Principality, would now appear inconsiderable. A most noble mountain—Taran y Cesail—or Thunder beneath the Arm-Pit—throwing out its vast roots, and lifting its awful summit, wrapped in a night of shade, on the other side of the valley, approaching the town.

AUGUST the 7th.

Crossed the valley of the Dovy, and explored our way, by a narrow and rugged path, up one of the roots of Taran y Cesail; having on either side a deep glen, richly feathered with thickets. Opened at length on the mountain itself, rearing its gigantic head most awfully above; and making a long sweep to the left, attained the foot of the steep and lofty ridge which forms its capital. Climbed laboriously up this last and stiff ascent, having a terrific precipice to our right, and then struck to the point where this crowning height projects roundly and boldly towards Cardigan Bay. A most transporting scene! The air clarified to keenest transparency by the late rains; and only a few light fleecy clouds floating far above the region of the mountain tops. To the North, apparently close at hand, rose the whole rugged form of Cader Idris, with its jutting precipices craggy steeps and dark recesses, tapering in a jagged line to its supreme apex, and barring from its superior elevation all farther view in that quarter. In an opposite direction, ranged the heavy ridge of Plinlimmon, running out in the line of heights which break down towards Machynlleth. South of Plinlimmon, beyond the river, vale, and æstuary of the Dovey, spread the whole Western part of South Wales, comparatively flat, stretching out beyond the Bercely mountains—their summits blue and clear, their bases hazy—in a long-drawn line to the extreme rising of St. David's Head. South of Cader Idris, extended the intensely blue summits of the Caernarvonshire mountains, projecting into the vast promontory of Lhyn, shooting far into the sea, and pointed by the Isle of Bardsey—so exquisitely clear, that we could discern the surf, all the way, upon the shore. To the North East, rose, sharp grey and clear, over intervening ridges, the two peaks of the Arran: and to the South West, expanded the whole crescent of Cardigan Bay, from St. David's Head to Bardsey Isle, smooth as a mirror, and brightly burnished towards its centre with the mid-day sun.—I have missed few opportunities of ascending remarkable heights; but this is unquestionably the most magnificent mountain prospect I ever beheld.

AUGUST the 9th.

Drove to Dolgelle, 15 miles.—Crossed the valley of the Dovy, and wound in among the opposite hills, pursuing the river Dyflas along a luxuriant and romantic valley; the bare and lofty steeps of Taran y Cesail to the left, surmounting with a grand effect the richly feathered crags and opening glens.—A little beyond the Mill of Esgairgeiliog, the valley narrows to a pass, the road is hewn out of the rock to the right, and to the left soars to a stupendous height a most magnificent precipice luxuriantly cloathed with loose and spreading foliage to its summit; the river Dyflas raging over its rocks darkly in a hollow beneath:—a scene of uncommon grandeur, and which would reduce to comparative insignificance the boldest features of the Wye. —Entered a dreary region of mountain hollows, forlorn and wild; till approaching the brow of a steep descent to Talyllyn, burst suddenly on the whole majestic form of Cader Idris, with its channeled sides, deep hollows, and rugged precipices, full in front, towering far above, descending deep below, and filling up with its tremendous bulk the entire opening before us: the lake of Talyllyn, bright as a mirror, diffused in a hollow to the left, between sloping steeps opening in a long visto on Towyn and the sea.—Struck from the bottom of the descent to the right, and climbed up a narrow and terrific pass, between the craggy roots of Cader Idris on one side, and shattered precipices shooting up in fantastic forms on the other; all gushing with torrents, waving like threads of silver from the heights above, and bursting down with tremendous fury around us. Emerging from this pass under the dark and awful brow of Craig y Llam impendent to the right, and traversing a dreary moor, magical effect of the expanded and diversified scenery round Dolgelle—lying at the bottom of a long and steep descent before us, beneath the gigantic precipices of Cader Idris towering to the left: the grey bare crag of Yroballt rising over the heights and woods of Nanney to the right; and, folding round a rocky promontory beyond the Town, in front, the vale to Barmouth—its level bottom intersected by a winding stream, and a grand sweep of mountain headlands, breaking down from the North, and towering one behind another in sublime succession, forming its opposite boundary, and closing the scene with prodigious magnificence in that direction.

Strolled about the town: a most uncouth and extraordinary place; apparently growing in wild disorder out of the rock on which it stands, and from which it is scarcely distinguishable,—all the houses being composed of huge blocks of unhewn granite, rudely piled on one another, as they are torn from the neighbouring heights, and forming walls of stupendous thickness and grotesque aspect. Low buildings thus con-

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structed, unless crushed by their own weight, must last for ever; and most of the houses, accordingly, bear the marks of great antiquity.

AUGUST the 18th.

Still at Dolgelle. Our table, here, has become a sort of ordinary to the Inn; and we have been infinitely entertained, to day, with a very extraordinary character under a most unpromising aspect—the Rev. Mr. T.; once the Porson of Oxford, for genius eccentricity and erudition. He has visited Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy and Sicily; conversed with Voltaire, had an interview with Rousseau, and was acquainted with Johnson. Scarce a place could be mentioned or a character named, with which, from personal knowledge or exact information, he was not perfectly conversant. and though positive, captious, irritable, and impatient of contradiction, he amply atoned for all the rubs he gave us, by the acuteness of his remarks, the originality of his sallies, the vivacity of his anecdotes and descriptions, and the promptness and depth he evinced on every topic that was started, however remote from the ordinary track of conversation. Such a companion would be an acquisition any where, but was inestimable here.—Had spent an evening with Lavater, who pronounced him flatly, at first view, an incorrigible rogue:—L. himself, something more than an enthusiast, and very near mad; fancying that he resembles Jesus Christ in the countenance, with many other such preposterous whimsies. Represented the King of Naples, with whom he had frequently conversed, as perfectly stupid, sottish, and ignorant;—literally scarcely able to write. Had twice attempted Ætna; the second time successful, and saw from its summit the sun rise in all its glory:—affirmed Brydone's glowing description of this gorgeous scene, however carped at, to be very correct, and not more than just. Described, with great force, his having heard a religious enthusiast preach his own funeral sermon, with the ghastly horrors of the "facies hippocratica" depicted in his aspect—a thrilling spectacle.

We have been fortunate, too, in meeting with Mr. D—— the grandson of the chronologist. He knew Hume well; and spoke of him as the most amiable of men, and of the most accommodating manners. Mentioned that his father, a Canon of Salisbury, piqued himself much, on having distinguished and patronised Burke, when quite obscure at Lincoln's Inn; and having then pronounced, from the rare combination he observed in him of transcendant ability and unwearied application, that he would become one of the brightest ornaments of his country.

AUGUST the 19th.

Reached Bala, 18 miles. Pursued, for the first 9 miles, the valley and the river of Dolgelle, the former gradually narrowing to a romantic glen, the latter to a mountain torrent dashing in cascades at the bottom; the heights of the Arran rising steeply to the right, and the whole range of Cader Idris towering in great majesty behind. Ascending the head of the valley, entered on a dreary moor, the Arrenig stretching to the left; and crossing the Dee near its source, opened on the lake of Bala —the largest sheet of fresh water in Wales, being about 5 miles long by three quarters of a mile in width; but, viewed in this direction, very deficient in picturesque effect, from the regularity of its form and the tameness of its shores: as we skirted its margin, however, the prospect improved; and from its farther extremity, near the Town of Bala, had a pleasing retrospect, over its whole expanse, and through the visto of its acclivities and the heights beyond—the Arran with its double peak rising to the left—on Cader Idris, 20 miles off; planted there as if on purpose to be admired—though the level over which it is seen, is too elevated to gratify a true votary of that magnificent mountain.

AUGUST the 23d.

Crossed over, yesterday, to Ruthin, 22 miles. Left the Town of Corwen, lying snugly sheltered at the extreme foot of the Berwyn mountains, about a mile to the right; and passed soon afterwards near the remains of Owen Glendwr's celebrated entrenchment, forming a singular fillet round the Western brow of a commanding eminence on the opposite heights.—Sudden transition, and sweet effect, on entering transversely the vale of Clwyd—a luxuriant hollow, nearly 20 miles in length, and gradually expanding to 6 or 7 in breadth; tufted with trees, chequered with enclosures, sprinkled with houses, and smiling with cultivation: the evening, as we advanced, cleared up; and we seemed to breathe a balmier air, to behold a serener sky, and to enjoy a brighter sun, than we had for some time been accustomed to, in the mountainous region we had quitted.

Visited, to day, the remains of the Castle; built of a reddish coloured stone, which, wherever it is employed (and a vein of it seems to run through nearly the whole Western side of our island) has a meagre and miserable effect. Part of the Castle area —(of the Castle itself, little has survived the vengeance of Owen Glendwr)—converted to the peaceful purpose of a bowling-green, commanding a rich view down the whole

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extent of the vale of Clwyd to the sea.—The town of Ruthin, far more respectable than any we have seen in Wales: many of the houses very old, and with enormous uncouth porticos of most grotesque appearance to a modern eye; but kept in admirable condition; and the whole place (unless we are deceived by contrast with our late experience) exhibiting a remarkable air of neatness, tranquillity, and comfort.—The Town Hall, lately erected, is a handsome and commodious building; in which, with a laudable attention that deserves to be copied, every party in the Court, from the Judge to the witness, has a convenient and appropriate place assigned him. The saloon to the Court, forms, with some little incongruity, the Assembly Room: and here the convenience of the dancers has been consulted, for there is an artificial spring to the floor.

AUGUST the 24th.

Pursued the Mold Road across the vale of Clwyd, and up a gap—Bwlch Pen y Barras—by which it traverses the range of heights that forms the Eastern barrier of the vale; passing the beautiful little church and village of Llanbedr, hanging sweetly on the slope of the hill, and overlooking the valley beneath. Found, on the crown of the height to the right, a large area encompassed with a double ditch and rampart—apparently a British fortification, and constructed to guard this pass into the vale. Struck to the left, and pursued the extreme ridge of the range, sloping steeply away in both directions, about a mile and half, to its highest point of elevation, marked by a tumulus—Moel Vamma. Prodigious prospect. To the West, spread beneath us, was the whole expanse of the vale of Clwyd, from its amphitheatrical origin in a nook amongst the mountains near Llangollen, to its broad exit to the sea over the level marshes of Rhyddlan; intersected by the silver thread of its river, and beautifully variegated, through all its extent, with thickets, enclosures, villages, and villas:—Ruthin, Denbigh and its Castle, and the City of St. Asaph, conspicuous features in it. To the North East, over the whole of Flintshire diffused beneath the projecting roots and shelving hollows of the mountain, and beyond the æstuaries of the Dee and Mersey, (the former marked at its head by the dusky red walls of Chester, the latter on its sloping side by the white villas of Liverpool,) extended a long line of the Lancashire coast, stretching far away to the North, and faintly closed, in remotest distance, by the mountains of Westmoreland and Cumberland—dissolved in ether. To the East and South East, dilated a boundless expanse over Cheshire, Shropshire, and Staffordshire;—the insulated and solitary knoll of Beeston Castle, near Tarporley, starting very distinguishably from the general level. From the South to the

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West, over the intervening eminences, towered, in magnificent succession, the summits of all the conspicuous mountains in North Wales—the Arran—Cader Idris—the Arrenig—Moel Shiabod—Snowdon—the Glyders—the Trevaen Rock—and Penmanmawr.—A prospect altogether, for variety and expansion, probably unequalled in this island.

AUGUST the 28th.

Reached Holywell. Pursued the left side of the vale of Clwyd, having the heights of Moel Vamma (viewed with fresh interest from having climbed them) ranging to the right, to Denbigh; passed the little and sequestered city of St. Asaph; and striking to the right, ascended out of the vale through a gap in the continuation of the Eastern heights, exhibiting a sweet retrospect of this beautiful tract—evidently scooped out far below the general level of the country on either side of it.—Visited the celebrated spring at Holywell; of a bluish green tinge, and bubbling up, with great vehemence, in a basin under a rich shrine facing the North, a little below the church. From the basin, the stream immediately passes to a square reservoir, under cover, for the bathers; and thence to a small pool which it forms by the road side. Crutches and Litters hung up in the shrine, as testimonials of its efficacy; but none apparently of a very recent date. Followed the stream down the picturesque glen through which it flows to the Dee, supplying impetus to many extensive manufactories on its way; and pursued the banks of that vast but insipid æstuary, having a dreary expanse of level marshes to the left, as far as Flint. Flint Castle, on the edge of the marshes: exactly rectangular, like that of Rhyddlan, with a round tower at each of its angles: *that* to the South East, larger than the others, and detached from the rest of the building, with a curious covered-way round the interior base of it. Perambulated Flint; beyond all comparison the most dull, melancholy, and uninviting county-town I have ever beheld.—Extensive view from the slope of the hill on which Holywell stands, over the æstuaries of the Dee and Mersey, and the level champaign round Chester: Park-Gate and Neston, distinctly visible on the opposite shores of the Dee: and Liverpool, with its spires and villas, faintly discernible, stretching in a long line, under a cloud of smoke, upon those of the Mersey.

AUGUST the 31st.

Reached Tarporley. Walked, by an intricate road, to Beeston Castle; about 4 miles to the South West of the Town, and forming a very conspicuous feature from it. Stands singularly and boldly on an insulated rock, rising steeply from the South

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East to the out-works of the Fortress; then more gently to the Castle itself, which occupies its summit; and under the farther walls of the Castle, breaking abruptly down in huge and fractured masses of rock, projecting upwards, in the inclination of the strata, to the West, and fearfully overhanging a shelving precipice which slopes steeply down into the plain below: a most commanding, and, till the invention of artillery, I should suppose, an impregnable position.—Expansive prospect, from the top, over an immense diffusion of level and cultivated country; bounded to the West by the Moel Vamma range, and extending to the East as far as the Peak of Derbyshire.

SEPTEMBER the 1st

Reached Litchfield, through a country very tame and uninteresting: the first 20 miles unusually flat, and affording, all the way, a distinct retrospect of Beeston Castle. Visited the Cathedral: the most rich in decoration without, and the most truly elegant within, of any in England; and kept in exemplary condition. The grand Western front, profuse in images, exhibits a striking proof of the gorgeous effect of statuary as an architectural embellishment; and excites a deep regret for the general slaughter of these innocents at the Reformation. The Choir, unusually large; occupying, with great propriety, and good effect, nearly half the whole building: the stone screen to it, most richly and lightly carved. The Ascension painted on glass at the East window, behind the Altar:—a subject happily chosen (a point not always sufficiently consulted) for *transparent* effect. Two corresponding monuments to Garrick and Johnson, on the East side of the North Transept: severely simple—a plain tablet, surmounted by a bust in a shallow nitch. Johnson's countenance far more powerful, in sculpture, than Garrick's. The inscription on Johnson, very tame and languid; describing him only as "a man of extensive learning, a distinguished moral writer, and a sincere Christian"—unquestionable truths, but feeble characteristics. The Palace and Gardens, very unassuming.—Reconnoitred, with much interest, Johnson's Father's House—a large corner building, in the Market Place, of white plaister: the projection of the first floor over the Shop, supported by wooden pillars; and pilasters rising above, to the roof: three stories high: apparently much in the same condition as it must have been in, when the old bookseller occupied it.—Observed an inscription on a house in a street leading from the South towards the Cathedral, purporting, that Lord Brooke was killed on the spot beneath, by a ball in the forehead, shot by a Mr. Dyott from the principal Tower of the Cathedral, March 2d. 1643; as his Lordship was besieging the Close with the Parliament Forces.

SEPT. the 6th.

Visited once more—and never without fresh emotion—King's College Chapel, Cambridge. I should not choose to oppose *this* Gothic edifice to a Grecian Temple, because it is deficient in some of the most striking features of Gothic architecture as displayed in our Cathedrals; but perhaps it affords a still prouder triumph, as it evinces what Gothic architects could effect, without their aid, upon a Grecian ground-plan. The screen to the Choir, rich in carving, and grand in its tone of colour, is unquestionably fine in itself; but, for once, I should like to see it removed, and try the effect of this magnificent parallelopipedon in one unbroken continuity. The exquisite preservation of the whole interior of the building, is wonderful: it seems, to its minutest ornaments, sharp and pure, as if fresh yesterday from the mason's and statuary's chissels.

Viewed Long's concave celestial sphere:—a sublime conception. In a shamefully neglected state. What would be the worthy projector's feelings, could he view his favourite piece of mechanism thus obliviously dropping to decay!

Went with Mr. H. of Sidney, to his rooms; and saw, for the first time, what I have long wished to see, some of Gilpin's original sketches in Indian Ink:—very masterly; and asserting a claim to the highest species of merit, by producing great effects with little effort.—H. speaks *con amore* of Gilpin, as a friend, a companion, a pastor, and in every social relation. Afflicted with an incurable complaint; but perfectly resigned to his fate; and complacent, and even cheerful, under it. It is delightful to find our admiration of the *writer*, confirmed, on a nearer view, by qualities which must secure our esteem for the *man*.—H. shewed me the copy of a Letter from Mason to Gilpin (with Gilpin's comments) written on the same day that Mason was struck speechless, and within two of his death: very easy, gay, and spirited:—he had no presentiment of his danger.

SEPT. the 21st.

Received through Lord C. a flattering message from Dr. P.——r; in which, "not with the scanty and penurious measure of a critic by profession", but, evidently, from the overflowings of a heart warmed with the subject, he bestows his commendations on the little pamphlet I published last year. "Laudari à laudato viro" —to be thus commended, by one to whom I am utterly unknown, and from whom praise is of such value, and this amidst the cautious reserve of some from whose friendship I should

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have expected a more encouraging reception, is a gratification to which I cannot be insensible: yet the predominant and final effect upon my mind, has been depression rather than elation. How is this? Opposition and indignity, I believe, have a natural tendency to rouse, condense, and invigorate; excessive favour and commendation, to dissipate, relax, and enfeeble, our energies and spirits. When stung with neglect, or galled by injuries, the mind, bent back upon itself, and driven to its own resources for support, collects its scattered strength, fastens on whatever is excellent in its faculties or achievments, and dilates with conscious pride:—when hailed with eulogy which we are sensible far exceeds our deserts, after the first tumultuous throbbings have subsided, all our defects and infirmities rise up in appalling array before the judgment; and the heart, sickening at the spectacle, sinks in despondency within us. Such, I should suppose, would be the general feeling: except with very superior minds, who are above all disturbance from such causes; or with those happily gifted beings, those fools of fortune, provoking rather our spleen than our envy, who enjoy the blessing of perfect self-satisfaction and complacency, and as they are completely callous, from vanity, to censure, are enabled, by the same principle, to swallow, without being cloyed, any measure of praise.

SEPT. the 25th.

Looked over the last Vol.—(the first I have been able to meet with)—of Maty's Review. There is a negligent ease, and artless vivacity, in his manner, which are highly engaging: his first impressions, however, though generally just, sometimes mislead him. He surely speaks too irreverently of Johnson, when (Art. 10., March 1786) he confirms Mrs. Piozzi's description of him, as a man of little learning and less taste! "*The little black dog*", must have operated on this occasion. To have been deluded, too, by such a meteor as Heron, alias Pinkerton, was rather unlucky. —He mentions (Literary Intelligence Feb. 1786) a new Lyceum opened in Paris, with the following Professors: History, Marmontel; Literature, De la Harpe; Mathem. Condorcet; Physics, Monge; Chem. and Nat. Hist. Fourcroi:—what a set! The account of the conference with the Bohemian Deists (Art. 7, August 1786), is very curious: they seem to have been plain sensible fellows.

Read the 1st. Vol. of Barruel—on the Anti-*Christian* Conspiracy; in which he has expanded a sentence of Burke, into a ponderous Volume. The poor Abbé, in the warmth of a zeal which out-steps all discretion, unfortunately takes more ground than it is possible to defend by any powers; and exhibits, at the same time, but a feeble specimen of his own.

SEPT. the 26th.

Read the 2d and 3d Volumes of Barruel—on the Anti-*Monarchical*, and Anti-*Social*, Conspiracies. He considers, perhaps justly enough, Montesquieu as the original introducer, and Rousseau as the ultimate perfecter, of the democratic system of political philosophy in France—though he might have traced it much higher here; but in struggling to lug the Free Masons into the conspiracy, he surely raves. That the Masons, like other men, might be perverted by this new mania; that their notions of brotherly equality might even predispose them to recieve it, is perfectly credible: T—y, who was himself a Masòn, told me at Dolgelle, that when he visited a Lodge at Paris, 20 years since, he found them all charged up to the muzzle (as he expressed it) with Jacobin principles, and ready for explosion: but that this curious and antient Society was originally instituted to cherish such principles under a veil of mystery, surpasses all belief. The Anti-*Social* Conspiracy of the Illuminées in Germany, founded by Weishaupt, bears much stronger marks of authenticity, since it would be difficult to invent, for the purpose of imputation, an institute of discipline and doctrines so exquisitely adapted to the ends they aim at. The fundamental tenets of this Order, were, That all inferior local and partial affections, should be absorbed and merged in an aspiration for the general happiness; That whatever conduces to this happiness, is virtuous, the end sanctifying the means; and, That the only restraint to which we should be subject in the prosecution of this object, is Reason. Was Godwin an Illuminée?

Read Gilpin's General Preface, and Prophetic Life of Christ, prefixed to his Exposition of the New Testament. His easy manner of treating subjects, will not do, where there are real difficulties to encounter.

SEPT. the 29th.

Finished Hurd's Lectures on the Prophecies. The same spirit of discrimination which leads him, on some occasions, to distinguish too subtly, prompts him, however, on others, to view a question in all its phases, and not to content himself, as writers of a more sanguine temperament too frequently do, with one leading circumstance, in the solution of a difficulty, where many ought to be taken into account as conspiring to solve it: he is often eminently happy in this respect. In the character of objector, he frequently proposes his objections in very irreverent—not to say, indecent—terms. They certainly ought to be proposed strongly, and *met* as he meets

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them—directly and fairly, in their full force, without diminution or evasion.—His style, abating a few affected impurities from quaint idioms and colloquial cant, is really a fine one; and his account of Mede, in the 10th. Discourse, is in every respect—in sublimity of conception, and in felicity force and grandeur of expression, worthy of Burke.—P—r, Lord C. tells me, is satisfied that Hurd altered his Life of Warburton, in consequence of what he wrote: had he found in it, what he expected to find, he meant to have entered into a general review of Warburton's life, character, and writings. How splendid and appropriate a field for the exhibition of his talents!

Read the 4th. and last Vol. of Barruel; in which he labours to deduce the conjoint agency of the three conspiring Sects against Religion, Monarchy, and Social Order, as operative in the French Revolution. The poor Abbé has unhappily more zeal than judgment; and is at the same time dreadfully heavy and ineffective in his movements: with all its absurdities, however, his Work might furnish matter for another, of some interest, in which the rectified spirit should occupy the Text, and the substance from which it is drawn, the Notes.

OCTOBER the 1st

Finished Bishop Shipley's Works; to the reading of which I had been powerfully recommended by M——h. A vein of good sense, expressed in an original, unaffected, and frequently energetic and impressive manner, runs through the whole of these compositions. In religion, I suspect the Bishop was a great latitudinarian. In morals, though manifestly enamoured of the principle of utility as a standard of right and wrong, and applying this principle pretty largely, he still seems to cherish a salutary prejudice in favour of the manners and institutions of our forefathers. In politics, though espousing a side which in a prelate must always be admired, I confess he meddles more than I could wish; for, in spite of all he urges to the contrary, it is much to be feared, that the character of a teacher of Christianity as it stands revealed, and of a political partizan, as parties prevail, are utterly inconsistent. In his intended Speech on the Massachusett's Bill, a very masterly performance, he takes up Burke's view of the question; and waving all consideration of the *right* to tax the Colonies, maintains the *impolicy* of so doing, with great ability and force.—It seems difficult to conceive two characters, placed in the same sphere, more opposite than Hurd and Shipley; and it would be pleasant to know, though it is easy to guess, what sentiments these Right Reverend Gentlemen entertained of each other.

OCT. the 3d.

Read the first Vol. of Hurd's Sermons at Lincoln's-Inn. In the 3d. he not only maintains that we have a natural sense of right and wrong, independent of all revelation, but insists that, without it, we could never ascertain whether any revelation were true: and then vindicates Christianity, not simply as *useful*, from confirming, illustrating, and enforcing, the dictates of this sense, but as *necessary* for the *redemption* of mankind. This is quite after his distinguishing manner.—In the 8th., he makes Sympathy the natural parent of the social virtues; observing that "God has implanted in man, not only the power of reason, which enables him to *see* the connexion between his own happiness and that of others, but also certain instincts and propensities, which make him *feel* it, and, without reflexion, incline him to take part in foreign interests: for, among the other wonders of our make, this is one, that we are so formed as, whether we will or no, to rejoyce with them that rejoyce, and to weep with them that weep": and in the next Discourse, he adduces this principle, as that natural corrective upon "a conscious sense of dignity"—(leading by itself to an offensive injurious pride)—which constitutes politeness; and maintains, that the perfection of our nature consists in the due operation of both these principles. His 10th. Sermon, and the last in the Volume, are fine examples of his "toils in chasing the subtle".

Perused with much interest, in the European Magazine for last month, Hoole's account of his intercourse with Dr. Johnson during the last six weeks of his life. So great a man, approaching that awful term to which he had always looked forward with such horror, is a most awakening spectacle, and rivets the attention. What a composition does he exhibit, on the occasion, of strength and weakness!—With Lives of Johnson to a surfeit, we have no where, I think, a masterly analysis of the *mind* of this wonderful man; which, while it confounds the stoutest by the promptitude and vigour of its powers, may furnish to the feeblest the flattering unction of a sneer.

OCT. the 12th.

Perused Barton's Preface to his Edition of Plutarch's Lives of Demosthenes and Cicero; which Dr. P—r had recommended to Lord C's. attention, as a very masterly piece of criticism. The part in which he vindicates Plutarch, by distinguishing biography from history, illustrating the advantages of the former in conveying a knowledge of the human character, and displaying Plutarch's peculiar use of it in kindling emulation by exhibiting patterns of virtue, is particularly excellent: but the Por-

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tico is too august for the Temple; for the Lives themselves, are but meagre compositions; and in the parallel between the two Orators, Plutarch leans shamefully in favour of his countryman.

OCT. the 14th.

Read the 3d. and last Volume of Hurd's Sermons.—The first of these, is of a very peculiar character: there is a pithy sententious brevity of period, and deep earnestness of manner in it, strikingly different from what we meet with in any of the other Discourses.—The 4th., in which he deduces the divinity of the Gospel, from "never man spake as this man"; and the 7th., its authenticity, from "we preach not ourselves but Christ Jesus the Lord", are most powerful addresses. Such internal marks of truth as are here forcibly exhibited, weigh more, in my mind, than all the external evidences of Christianity put together; and, for strokes of eloquence, what *can* be finer than this passage in the 4th., "When a voice speaks, as from heaven, it naturally turns our attention to that quarter; and when it speaks in inimitable thunder, it speaks, methinks, like itself, and in accents that cannot well be misunderstood", judiciously prepared, too, as this sublime ejaculation has been, by what precedes it—for I feel, while I am transcribing the sentence, how much it suffers by this detached exhibition.—In the 14th., he divides the different cardinal principles upon which the various systems of Moral Philosophy hinge, into, 1st., abstract truth, or the differences of things; 2dly., an instinctive moral sense; 3dly., private happiness; and intimates that these systems might be made to consist together; but maintains that they do little more than inform us what virtue is, while they slenderly provide for the practice of it:—he had his eye, here, on Warburton's Div. Leg. B. 1, Sect. 4.—In a note to his 19th. Sermon, he observes, that Christianity is a religion founded, not on opinions, but facts: that the Apostles shewed, by their sufferings, that they *knew* what they attested to be a true fact; succeeding sufferers shewed, that they *believed* it to be so.—On the whole, I have never met with Discourses, which, without yielding to the prevalent laxity of opinion, are so admirably adapted to work upon the reason and feelings of the age, as these.

OCT. the 18th.

Finished Gilpin's Exposition of the four Gospels. Luke appears to narrate what he had *collected*, with great sobriety: not spying out the accomplishment of a prophecy in every incident, like Matthew; nor indulging that propensity for the marvel-

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lous, which, with all the paraphraser's smoothings and glossings, strikes an unprejudiced mind, most forcibly and revoltingly, in Mark. John manifestly labours to obviate scruples and objections, through the whole of his narrative; and particularly in what he represents Christ as *saying*. The last Chapter in this Gospel, must surely stagger the most implicit believer: it has to me strongly the air of having been subsequently appended.—Is it not very extraordinary, that Matthew should alone assert so important a fact as the sealing and guarding of the tomb; and that John should alone record so striking a miracle as the resurrection of Lazarus?

OCT. the 21st.

Finished a review of Cicero's tract De Officiis; in which he treats his subject far better than we should be led to expect from the preposterous distribution he makes of it, and with which he is evidently in a state of perpetual struggle through the whole Disquisition.

All duty he derives from the "honestum" and the "utile" in human character and conduct. The "honestum" he resolves into, 1st. such qualities as tend to advance our knowledge of truth, 2dly. such as contribute to the maintenance of society—chiefly justice and benevolence, 3dly. greatness of mind, and 4thly. a certain decorum in whatever we say or do; and proceeds, in the first Book, to treat of the duties flowing from this principle, thus strangely divided, and of the preference to be given where they interfere with each other. In discussing the last branch—the decorous, he confounds it (c. 27), as might be expected, with the root from which he considers it as derived—the "honestum"; but afterwards exhibits an exquisite discrimination, when he comes to apply his ideas to particulars; and most eminently, when he illustrates (c.31 &c.)how much personal decorum depends on the particular genius of the character where it obtains.—"Communis utilitas" is twice mentioned (c. 7 and 10); 1st. as constituting one of the two branches of justice, "ne cui noceatur—at communi utilitati serviatur"; and 2dly. as modifying the general duties of that virtue: it is, however, but faintly recognized, compared with the modern importance assigned to this principle.—In the 2d. Book, he proceeds to consider the duties flowing from the 2d. of his two divisions—the "utile"--by which he evidently understands, the good of the individual; and regarding mankind as the principal agent by which we can be benefited or injured, he confines himself, almost entirely, to the means by which we may conciliate their good will; touching very slightly, at last, upon the goods of health and wealth, and the "comparatio utilitatum".—In the 3d. Book, he proposes to adjust the duties of the "honestum" and the "utile", where they interfere. Well! but if the

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"honestum" is, according to the Stoics, the *solum*, and according to the Peripatetics, the *summum* bonum, the "honestum" and the "utile" must be the same; and how can any competition arise between them? Yet there are cases—(tyrannicide to a Roman, for instance)—where the "honestum" must give way to a paramount expediency; where morality, as Burke somewhere says, suspends its rules for the preservation of its spirit: here then Cicero is obliged to maintain, not indeed that "utilitas *vicit* honestatem", but something very like it, that "honestas utilitatem *sequitur*". The great danger, however, is on the other side—that men should think "est istuc quidem honestum, verum hoc expedit", that *that* should *appear* to be "utile" which is "turpe": against this, therefore, he manfully and eloquently contends, "viris equisque", through the greater part of the Book; maintaining, with an amiable inconsistency, not merely "est nihil utile, quod idem non honestum", but, against those who asserted that "quod valdè utile sit, id fieri honestum", that "nec quia utile, honestum est; sed quia honestum, utile".—Much confusion seems to have arisen amongst the antient philosophers, from employing "utilitas" to denote, sometimes the private advantage of the individual, and sometimes the public good.

Cicero (Lib. 1. c. 12) praises the mildness of Roman manners, which give to an enemy the appellation of a stranger—"hostis": does not this term rather indicate a barbarous ferocity, which gave to a stranger the appellation of an enemy?—The doctrine that government is instituted for the sake, not of the governors, but the governed, is well stated (Lib. 1, c 25) "ut enim tutela, sic procuratio reipublicæ, ad utilitatem eorum qui commissi sunt, non ad eorum, quibus commissa est, gerenda est".—In Lib. 2, c. 12, he ascribes the origin of kings, and thence of laws, to the struggles of the poor and helpless, against the oppression of the rich and powerful.—Speaking of thieves, assassins &c. (Lib. 3, c. 18) he says "non verbis sunt et disputatione philosophorum, sed vinculis et carcere fatigandi": "it is not the syllogism of the logician, but the lash of the executioner, which should refute a sophistry that becomes an ac complice of theft and murder", says Burke in his Reflections: a striking resemblance, I apprehend without any imitation.

OCT. the 24th.

Read Cicero "De Senectute: a most exquisite and finished disquisition; with which it appears evident, from the last Chapter, that Burke was very familiar.—Read afterwards his "De Amicitiâ"; though a very engaging, a much less perfect, composition, I think, than the former. Cicero here (c. 9) affirms of Friendship, what I have said of Virtue, "quanquam utilitates multæ et magnæ consecutæ sunt, non sunt

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tamen ab earum spe causæ diligendi profectæ": and again (c. 14.) " non igitur utilitatem amicitia, sed utilitas amicitiam consecuta est".—In his Stoical Paradoxes, this accomplished orator has amused himself with endeavouring to give a popular air to the extravagant and revolting doctrines of this arrogant sect of moralists; and his success has been greater than the subject deserves.

Looked into Park's interesting Travels in the interior of Africa. I observe that in the numeration which obtains in many of the African states, they advance no farther than 5; recurring to 5 +1, for 6, &c. *They* reckon the fingers of only *one* hand; *we*, of both.

OCT. the 30th.

Looked into the first three Volumes of Maty's Review. His negligent easy manner, for want of adequate stamina to support it, sometimes degenerates into flippancy and pertness: his critique, however, on the Poem of " Les Jardins" by the Abbè de Lisle (Art. 17, June 1782), is wonderfully animated and fine:—he catches, like Longinus, the spirit of his author; and blazes into congenial excellence with him.—It is amusing to mark his speculations, in the first article for Jan. 1783, on the probability of a change in the government of France. an event which he thinks not likely to take place in the then reign, nor for a great length of time, and at last only from the extreme misconduct of its rulers;—but which in fact did take place within 7 years from his penning of that article, and without the immediate agency of any such misconduct.

It appears from a Paper in the New Annual Register for 1798, that Gibraltar is an oblong rock, about 3 miles in length, and three quarters of a mile in breadth: its summit, a sharp craggy ridge sinking in the middle; the Sugar Loaf, its Southern apex, 1439 feet; the Rock Mortar, its Northern, 1350, and the Signal House, in the centre between the two, 1276 feet, above the level of the Sea. The whole description is remarkably clear.

NOVEMBER the 3d.

Read the first 6 chapters of May's History of the Long Parliament; containing a retrospect of affairs, down to its assembling. With an air of great impartiality and candour, supported by an equable and tempered gravity, it is impossible not to perceive that he inclines decidedly to the popular side. He represents the higher ranks of the people as in general content with the proceedings of the Court, while the mid-

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dle and inferior orders were as generally averse to them; and strongly marks the spirit of enquiry respecting public affairs, which began to spread among the latter.—The previous embroilment with the Scotch, strikingly prefigured what was to follow in England. Charles' high pretensions, and impotence to enforce them—the strange mixture, in his character, of pertinacity and irresolution—and the shuffling evasive conduct resulting from this unlucky combination of qualities—on the one part; and the determined spirit of resistance in the people, supported by enthusiasm, sharpened by suspicion, and incapable of being appeased by any thing short of unlimited compliance, on the other, are strongly evinced in that preliminary rupture.—It is curious that the Long Parliament should have met precisely on this day, 159 years since: a Jenkins might have remembered its assembling.

Finished Gilpin's Exposition of the Epistles. The Epistle to the Hebrews, I should decide from internal evidence, not to be Paul's: it has the cloudy character, rather of dullness, than enthusiasm; nor is it irradiated with a single gleam of that genius, which occasionally flashes, in irregular and awful coruscations, through the "palpable obscure" of the other compositions of this Apostle.—After all—are these productions such as we should expect, from persons divinely inspired to unfold the whole mystery of the Christian Dispensation, and endowed with the power of working miracles to evince its authenticity?

NOV. the 7th.

Finished the 1st. and read the 2d. Book of May's History. With all his apparent coolness and candour, he leans most unequivocally and decidedly to the side of the Parliament; whose proceedings he exhibits in the most plausible and imposing form, while he is ever insinuating the worst construction upon those of the Court: yet it comes out, I think, from his own account, that the conduct of the House had at last begun to disgust a great portion of the sober and reflecting part of the kingdom; while the prevailing party there, derived their grand support from the rabble of the City. In their third Remonstrance, they distinctly assert, "That all regal power is merely a trust for the good of the People; that the Parliament, while sitting, is the sole judge of what is good for the People; and, consequently, that They should be the King's sole counsellors and directors in the exercise of the power with which he is thus entrusted";—in other words, that the King should be merely their ministerial officer: a claim, which however it might be warranted by the exigencies of the times, is certainly most foreign to the true genius of our Constitution.—With respect to the great cause now at issue, without adverting to those particular circumstances of cha-

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racter and incident which gave a peculiar bias to the case, the leading feature seems simply this.—We had been gradually advancing from that rude state of society, in which exertions of political power are regarded merely in their *immediate* consequences, and relished or distasted, encouraged or opposed, as these are directly felt to be beneficial or oppressive, to that in which, through habits of speculation, they derive their whole complexion and character from considerations far more remote—from the right they tend to establish, by precedent, to the exercise of similar authority in future. In the rude acts of power occasionally exerted by his predecessors, as rudely resisted (whenever they were resisted) by the Barons, and, on *their* decline, experiencing little resistance of any kind, Charles could find precedents in abundance for the establishment of a prerogative almost absolute in the Crown; and the spirit of the times evinced, that now, or never, was the period for asserting it: to collect, claim, and consolidate such a sway, became accordingly the favourite measure of his reign; and so strongly does he seem to have been impressed with the justice of his pretensions, that he disdained to take the pains which common prudence would have prescribed, to disguise his designs. The Commons, representing a new interest in the state for some time rising into consequence, felt, on their part, that now or never was the juncture for bursting the web which was collecting on all sides to enthrall them; and taking their stand on the privilege of granting or with-holding supplies—a privilege originally derived under very different circumstances, and with very different views—they resolved, by an ample assertion of their own indefinite claims, to circumscribe the authority of the Crown within the strictest limits possible. A contest between these two adverse powers—a struggle between privilege and prerogative—maintained with more or less violence and obstinacy, must, I think, sooner or later, have occurred: but I confess I perceive no necessity for a civil war. To expect that Charles should have begun right, would perhaps be exacting too much from human infirmity: but after 15years experience of the temper and spirit of the times, had he combined, in due proportion, candid conciliating concession, with dignified firmness, I see no reason why he should not have transmitted to his descendants as ample a share of power as the present Family enjoy; with claims to an affectionate personal attachment on the part of the people, beyond what a foreign Dynasty, derived from a female slip long severed, can for some time hope to inherit.

NOV. the 8th.

Read the 3d. and last Book of May's History: detailing the proceedings of the War (for which he deserts his Parliament) down to the Battle of Newberry; but in

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so confused a manner, that it is impossible to extract any clear conception of the events of it,—at least in any consecutive order.—What he says of Cromwell, evinces the future Protector to have been a man of vigorous resolution, prompt decision, and rapid despatch. Of course he only speaks of the opening of his military career in the Eastern part of the kingdom: his name, I think, does not once occur as a Member of the Parliament.

Finished Sotheby's Translation of Wieland's Oberon: displaying an imagination highly poetical, voluptuous, and sublime; but of too aerial a fabric to bid fair for permanent fame. Supernatural machinery may have a good effect in an Epic Poem, when introduced to solve a difficulty arising out of probable circumstances; but cannot fail to cloy and disgust, when it forms, as here, the entire contexture of the piece. Course after course, of ragouts, would probably be too much for most palates; but what should we think of a banquet composed of the *condiments* alone with which such dishes are seasoned.

NOV. the 10th.

Read Dr. Combe's Statement of Facts; and Dr. Parr's Remarks upon it, in which he vigorously and successfully repels Combe's ill-advised attacks. It is impossible to read the latter pamphlet, without being struck with admiration at Parr's force of intellect, and grieving at the strange misapplication of it. His praise of Burke, p. 9, is fine; and of Porson, p. 13, transcendental. I am surprised that in vindicating his politics by appealing to their sources, p. 71, he should have mentioned *Helvetius* in the list of his tutors.—I am told, from the best authority, that Porson considers Wakefield as a man of no judgment.

Read Dryden's Dedication to his Translation of Juvenal's Satires:—a strange rambling composition; mingling in its rapid but desultory current, gross adulation, historical deduction, fine criticism, and wild decisions. Amongst the latter, I should place his assertion, that Horace instructs, and Juvenal delights, most:—an absurd ground of comparison; and surely a most unjust judgment with respect to Horace.—The Second Satire, by Tate, is most grossly translated:—such violations of common decency, either in an author or translator, would not, I think, now be borne.

Looked over Rousseau's four curious Letters "a M. de Malesherbes", "contenant le vrai tableau de mon caractere, et les vrais motifs de toute ma conduite". I had never met with these Letters before; but in many passages they singularly justify the opinions I had previously formed and expressed (See April 15, 1798) respecting this extraordinary genius, from a general survey of his compositions and conduct.

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NOV. the 15.

Read Richardson's Philosophical Analysis of some of Shakespear's Characters. The design is happy, and, upon the whole, ingeniously executed; but there is something in his manner which fails to arrest attention; and with the best dispositions in the world to listen to his comments, I find my mind perpetually flying off from the subject.—One of his remarks on Macbeth, appears both just and new. He maintains, that if a person originally possessing a strong sense of right and wrong, once becomes corrupted to vice, he will turn out more vicious than another less happily constituted; because, judging of the sense which others will form of his conduct, from his own, he must naturally fear and hate mankind—and (he might have added) cordially despising and detesting himself, will probably be goaded to plunge, under the agitation of these furies, into still deeper enormities. He accounts, on this principle, for the different conduct of Sylla and Augustus after the accomplishment of their schemes, and of Herod and Nero after they had tasted of guilt.—In his appended Essay on the faults of Shakespear, he vigorously contends, that in criticism, as in morals, our judgments, to be correct and steady, must be established on those maxims, which may have been originally suggested by feeling, but which derive their force and stability from subsequent reason and reflection.—Richardson, by employing "will" for "shall" and "would" for "should", and so conversely, must be a Scotchman: it is singular, that the correctest writers of that country—Blair, for instance, in his Lectures on Rhetoric—should occasionally lapse into that offensive provincialism.

NOV. the 18*th.*

Looked over Maty's Review for 1784. It appears from Art. 13 (March), that Euler, in his New Theory of Music, published in 1739, maintained, "That all the pleasure of harmony arises from the love of order in man; in consequence of which, all the agreeable sensations excited by hearing fine music, come from the perception of the relations the different sounds have to each other, as well with regard to the duration of their succession, as with regard to the frequency of the vibrations of the air which produces them". This is surely very fantastic: how can any species of pleasure be derived from causes which are not felt as operating to produce it?—I was much pleased with Maty's recommending to Mr. Hardinge (Arts. 18 and 19, March) "a broader manner—a little more neglect of the effect of *single* sentences, and *single* words":

much is implied in this precept.—In noticing (Art. 14, May) Jenyns on Parliamentary Reform, who contends that an independent Parliament would overturn the Constitution, Maty remarks " this might be, and, I believe, would be, the case: still it is a question, though I own a very nice one, whether it ought not to be tried, as *in ordine ad*, to get us (through much and long horror and confusion) out of a state that has ruined all the great countries in the world:—but it is a very nice speculation". Surely this is very cool!—Dr. Priestley (Art. 2, Oct.) defends Origen, whom Horsley had accused of avowing the practice of employing unjustifiable means to accomplish a good end, by averring that this is too strongly stated; that what Jerom in his Letter to Pammachius says, is, that Origen had adopted Plato's doctrine of the subserviency of truth to utility—as Mr. Hume and other speculative moralists have done, considering the foundation of all social virtue to be the public good; and that we must not impute immoral consequences to speculative opinions on the foundation of morals, till we see those practices connected with the principles. On the first point, I am incompetent to decide: with respect to the second, undoubtedly the tendency is, to ascribe too much to speculative opinions, which, while the mind is intent on the view of them, are apt to be regarded as the ruling principles of our conduct, whereas at most, except with enthusiasts, they operate merely to modify other more cogent principles implanted in our nature: still, however, they are not to be neglected: affectation, on one side, and hypocrisy, on the other, apart, we should be less disposed, *ceteris paribus*, to trust our wives and daughters to a man who openly professed that all women were fair game, than to one who acknowledged the obligations of restraint in the intercourse of the sexes.—Upon the whole, this Review is a creditable, and a wonderful, work, for one man. The responsibility of furnishing the Public with a certain quantity of criticism every month, would paralyse my powers completely.—I am surprised that no Review has been since started, which should notice only *important* works of British literature, and give ample attention to these.

NOV. the 20th.

Read Cambridge's Scribleriad. The mock heroic is well sustained throughout; but the Poem is deficient in broad humour:—it shakes no laughter out of one; and failing here, it is the " attempt without the deed".

Mr. L., with some other friends, dined with me. Mentioned that Fox confessed to his friend Dr. John Jebb, that he had personal ambition—that he wished for power; but trusted that he should employ it to good purposes. Never disguised from his adherents of this School, his decided aversion to their schemes of parliamentary

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reform. This is quite according to Fox's characteristic candour: yet I well remember Horne Tooke's sarcastically telling me on the Hustings at Covent-Garden, that he regarded him as a *cunning*, but not as a *wise*, man! Exactly, I conceive, the reverse of the truth. Mr. Fox's wisdom, few but Mr. Tooke will be disposed to question: it is a species of wisdom, however, if ever there was one, which neither his supporters nor his opponents can reproach with guile; and rarely, I believe, has this illustrious Statesman had occasion to blush, at proving himself too shrewd, in those cases—and such Mr. Burke has acutely remarked there are—in which a man of honour would be ashamed *not* to have been imposed upon.

NOV. the 23d.

Finished the perusal of Blair's Lectures on Rhetoric. The praise of ingenuity, of a judgment in general accurate, and a taste for the most part timidly correct, I can readily allow him; but to the higher order of merit in a critic—to that superior sensibility which imparts a just relish for transcendant excellence, and to that philosophical sagacity, penetrating discernment, and nice tact, which qualify the possessor for tracing the pleasures of the imagination to their secret springs, he has certainly not the slightest pretensions. There is no *raciness*—no smack of an original cast of thought or feeling in his work: where little is hazarded, little can be gained; and though his Lectures (I feel the qualifying force of this title) are exempt, accordingly, from any gross or offensive errors, they are destitute, on the other hand, of whatever is adapted powerfully to awaken interest, and enchain attention, on the most engaging of all human speculations.—He starts on a right principle, by maintaining at the outset (L. 2.), that Taste is founded on a natural instinctive sensibility to beauty, refined by exercise, and guided and improved by reason; whose office he appears to limit (on this head) to the ascertaining the resemblance of an imitation to the original, or the reference of parts to the whole, or of means to an end, so far as any beauty depends on such resemblance or reference. Thus far, he seems to think that reason may act as a standard to taste: but then, as the application of this test is not sufficiently extensive, and as our reasonings appeal always, in the last resort, to feeling, he has recourse for this purpose, to the concurring sentiments of men placed in situations favourable to the exertions of taste. Truth, the object of reason, he remarks, is one; beauty, the object of taste, manifold; so that men may differ in preferring one beauty to another, according to their age, sensibility, &c. provided they agree in considering the same object as still beautiful, in sufficient consistency with justness of taste. —Genius (L. 3.) he distinguishes as the power of executing, taste as the power of

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Judging, and criticism as the application of taste to the fine arts; and maintains here again, that the rules of criticism are not formed by any induction a priori—by any train of abstract reasoning—but are derived from an observation of such beauties as most generally please, though reason afterwards approves them as just and natural. His ideas on this subject, are, on neither occasion, so precisely and determinately marked as one could wish; but they are valuable as enforcing, however loosely, a fundamental distinction too generally overlooked in our researches into the principles of criticism.—Abandoning the efficient causes of the pleasures of taste as inscrutable, he proceeds to the consideration of sublimity or grandeur; which he divides, into sublimity in objects, and sublimity in writing; and the former, into physical and moral —the sublime in external things, and the sublime in sentiment. He differs from Burke, who makes terror the source of the sublime; and suggests, with diffidence, that if there is any one quality in which all sublime objects agree, and which is the cause of their producing a similar emotion, it is " mighty power": but mighty power, Burke has very justly remarked, is terrible; since so much does our sense of pain predominate over that of pleasure, that we are instinctively prompted to anticipate rather the evils such a power may inflict, than the benefits it may confer. Sublimity in writing, he makes to consist (L. 4.) in describing sublime objects, or exhibiting sublime sentiments, so as to give us forcible impressions of them, viz. with conciseness, simplicity, and strength—the result of lively feelings in the writer.—In treating of beauty (L. 5.) he professes himself unable to discover any common quality running through all the varieties of objects regarded as beautiful, which entitle them to that distinction; and he proceeds accordingly to consider separately, the beauty of colour figure and motion, the union of these, the beauty of expression of the mind—where he takes occasion to observe, that the higher virtues (such as I should term, those which turn on self-command) excite an emotion of the sublime, the social and more gentle (those which turn on sensibility) of the beautiful,—and lastly the beauty arising from the fitness of means to an end:—he distinguishes, too, an appropriate beauty in writing, consisting in a certain turn in the style and sentiment, calculated to diffuse a serene delight. The truth is, I think, that beauty, in its popular sense, and regarded as applicable to the exciting causes of every species of the *gentler* pleasurable sensations, is much too lax to oppose to the sublime; except in the very vague sense in which that term is employed by Longinus, who seems to include under it, whatever produces *vehement* emotion: and a consequent embarrassment, I suspect, must ever take place in the treatment of this subject, till a more precise circumscription of these qualities obtains. Besides beauty and sublimity, Blair considers that there are other pleasures of taste, such as those arising from novelty, imitation, melody, har-

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mony, numerousness, and the effect produced by wit, humour, and ridicule; and remarks, that poetry and eloquence avail themselves of all these modes of touching the affections.—In the 6th. and 7th. Ls., he treats of the progress of speech and writing. Of the former, he observes, that the understanding has, in all its successive changes, been gaining ground on the imagination; and that language was originally descriptive in the sound, expressive in the utterance, figurative in the style, and that the order of the words followed the order of events in the mind of the speaker, and not, as in modern languages, their real order in point of time. Writing, he deduces, from pictural representations, through hieroglyphics (in which the specific signification of these pictures was extended by analogy), to arbitrary marks (probably originating from this source) like the Chinese characters and Arabic numerals: thus far, the sign immediately represented the thing signified; till it occurred, that these signs might be employed to denote, not the thing itself, but the *sound* by which it was known; and, by tracing these sounds to their elements, be simplified into the Letters of the Alphabet. These two latter leaps, however, though easy in the statement, are in practice surely immense.—In the 8th. and 9th. Ls., he discusses the nature of language in general, and of the English language in particular; but as he takes Harris and Monboddo for his guides, I have nothing to say about him.—From the 10th. to the 13th. he treats of style, in the choice of terms, and structure of sentences. I was most pleased with his remarks on *precision* in the former department (L. 10.), illustrated by his distinctions between words which are loosely regarded as synonymous; and his judicious recommendations (L. 11.) of *unity*, in the latter. He very justly observes, that our modes of thinking, and our modes of expressing ourselves, mutually act and re-act upon each other.—From the 14th. to the 17th. L. he treats of figures of style, which, he well remarks, to have a good effect, must spring spontaneously from the feelings of the speaker or writer. I cannot, however, agree with him in his censure (L. 15.) of two passages, in the Tempest and Romeo and Juliet, "The charm dissolves apace", and "As glorious as is a winged messenger", as involving mixed metaphors: the leading figure is surely preserved with sufficient distinctness in both instances; and the expressions at which he cavils, as incongruous, are so little obtrusive in their primitive and metaphorical sense, as, with me at least, not in the slightest degree to impair the general unity and beauty of the image presented to the mind.—There is nothing new under the Sun. The passage I admired so much (April 10th., 1799), in one of the Papers of the Corresponding Society, saying of the Temple of Liberty, "that it had the ample earth for its area, and the arch of Heaven for its dome", seems to have been taken from the Epitaph on Charles the 5th. (L. 16.) "Pro tumulo ponas orbem, pro tegmine cœlum":—the rest spoils all—"Sidera pro facibus, pro lachrymis

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maria":—yet it evinces, by how slender a partition the extravagant and preposterous is divided from the sublime.—From the 18th. to the 24th. L., Blair treats of style. His divisions of the subject are not, I think, sufficiently clear and distinct: but his particular criticisms are in general acute and just; and his strictures upon certain passages in the writings of Addison and Swift, and the emendations he proposes, to rectify and improve them, for the most part, eminently judicious.—In the 25th. L. he at length enters upon Eloquence; which he defines, the art of speaking in such a manner as to attain the end for which we speak—to please—to inform and convince the understanding—and to actuate the will. The highest species of eloquence, that which hurries along the hearer with the speaker, he contends, is always the offspring of passion; and he accounts for the inferior degree of liveliness in modern compared with antient eloquence, *partly* from the progress of philosophy and correct habits of thinking, which are averse to such excitations.—In the 26th. L. he institutes a formal comparison between Demosthenes and Cicero. I pretty nearly agree with him in the result, though I differ widely in many of the particular criticisms from which it is deduced. The character of Demosthenes, says he, is vigour and austerity; that of Cicero, gentleness and insinuation:—feeble characteristics, surely, of two such mighty and opposite proficients in eloquence. With emotions still stronger than those of dissent, do I listen to his unmerciful depression of the moderns compared with the antients, and of the English compared with the French, in oratory. Did he never hear of such men as Chatham, Fox, or Burke? Or would he deny the praise of pathos, to those vehement and impassioned appeals of Erskine, which I well remember to have seen draw tears down the veteran Bearcroft's cheeks, though opposed to him as counsel in the cause*:—a triumph more truly glorious, perhaps, to eloquence, than Cicero's expulsion of Cataline from the Senate.—In the 32d. L. he maintains, that the three great subjects of discussion among mankind, are, truth, duty, and interest; and that all arguments are directed to prove one of these three things, that something is true, that it is right, or, that it is profitable: that where we want, not merely to convince, but to actuate, we must touch the springs of action, the passions: and, that to effect this, it is not sufficient to shew, that we ought to be moved, but to exhibit the incentive of that passion which we wish to raise; and, for this purpose, to be moved by it ourselves.—In the 34th. L., amongst other arguments to establish that virtue is necessary to true eloquence, he contends, that from the fountain of virtuous feeling alone, are drawn those dignified and impassioned sentiments, which communicate a glowing ardour and flame to language; and, above all others, command the passions of mankind.—In the 35th. L. he observes, that as we advance in knowledge, systems of philosophy may perish; but

* Parsloe v. Sykes.

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that works of taste are addressed to the feelings; that these feelings are the sole test of their merit; that the universal feeling of mankind, is the natural, and therefore the right, feeling; and that long continued reputation, consequently, is, in such cases, decisive of excellence.—In the 38th. L. he enters on the consideration of Poetry; which he defines "the language of passion, or of enlivened imagination, formed, *most commonly*, into regular numbers": and the primary aim of the Poet, he justly maintains, is, not to instruct, but to please and to move; though, by pleasing and moving, he may, and he ought to, endeavour to accomplish that end.—In the 42d. L. he eloquently remarks, that the respect which Epic Poetry must of necessity bear to the moral sentiments of mankind, is such a testimony in favour of those sentiments, that were it in the power of sceptical philosophers to weaken the force of the reasonings which establish the essential distinction between virtue and vice, the writings of Epic Poets were alone sufficient to evince the fallacy of their deductions, since by the appeal which such Poets are ever making to the feelings of mankind in favour of virtue, they irresistibly attest, that the foundations of it are laid deep and strong in human nature.—In the 45th. and 46th. Ls. he discourses on Tragedy; the characteristic of which, he thinks, is to *move*, as that of Epic Poetry is to *elevate*, the mind. He accounts for the gratification produced by the sorrows it excites, from the pleasure attending the exercise of the social affections; which is peculiarly strong in pity and compassion, and overbalances the distress arising from sympathy with the sufferers:—the heart is warmed with kindness and humanity, while it is affected by the sufferings in which it shares; and the pleasure thus derived, is heightened by the satisfactory reflection, that we feel as we ought to feel on the occasion. If the pain involved in this mixed emotion be made to predominate, the scene becomes too shocking for representation.—His view of Shakespear, is most unworthy that great master of the human heart: Blair is evidently not up to the high task of criticising such a Genius.—The 47th. and final Lecture, treats of Comedy: and is decidedly the poorest, and feeblest, and flattest, of them all; huddling up the Course to a miserable close.—After having skirted, with a pale and ineffectual ray, the whole horison of Taste, this Arctic Phœbus sets at last in a fog.

NOV. the 25th.

Looked over some of Rousseau's Letters, contained in the 15th. Vol. of his Works, 4to. Ed. Geneva, 1790. In a curious one, dated à Bourgoin, le 15me. Janvier 1769, he defends the existence of a God; a position which, after all, he rests upon "un sentiment intérieur", whose voice is that of nature, whose judgment is infallible, and

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whose dictates can alone preserve us against the delusions of reason, which in the end would leave us nothing to believe: and maintains, that without a belief in God, virtue must perish; since virtue means *force*, a force exerted over ourselves, and which requires a God, if not as a judge, at least as a witness, of its achievments. With respect to the first position, if Rousseau means, as he appears to do, by a "sentiment intérieur" a blind instinctive principle of belief, a principle which may be felt but cannot be stated, the admission of such a ground of credence, it is evident, would give the privilege of sanctuary to every prejudice of which we had forgotten the origin. With respect to the second, though, in extreme cases, a belief in a supreme Being, potent to reward and to avenge, or at least sympathising in omniscience with the secret struggles of the human heart, may be necessary to support Virtue from sinking under temptation or yielding to despair, this quality, I conceive, in the popular and just acceptation of the term which denotes it, is, in its nature and essence, entirely distinct from all such considerations; and, whatever succour it may occasionally derive from their aid on extraordinary emergencies, is perfectly capable of subsisting and flourishing to a large extent without them. Rousseau proceeds to combat the doctrine of necessity, as abhorrent, in its consequences on morals, to the same "sentiment intérieur"; and then vindicates the superior character of Christ as a moral Teacher. He seems to have been seized, on this occasion, with one of those fits of piety, to which his erratic genius was casually subject, and into which it might at any time be exasperated by opposition.—In a subsequent Letter, à M. D'Offreville, he formally examines the motives to virtue. He admits that we must in all cases be actuated by self interest; but then he distinguishes this interest into a higher and a lower, a spiritual and a sensual interest, the former of which is, the latter is not, compatible with virtue: and to decide the question, whether there is not an interest immediately attached to virtue, which makes it amiable for its own sake, or whether, according to the doctrines of "la nouvelle philosophie" as he calls it, "nul ne peut faire aucun bien que par le profit qu'il en attende d'autrui, quil n'y a, par conséquent, que des sots qui croient à la vertu, et des dupes qui la pratiquent", proposes, as an *experimentum crucis*, the case of the juryman, who was resolved to perish rather than convict another of a murder which himself had perpetrated.—Swift observes in his Detached Thoughts, "the self-love of some men inclines them to please others; the self-love of others inclines them to please themselves; and this makes the great difference between virtue and vice."—The difficulty which appears to have perplexed both Rousseau and Swift on this subject, seems solved by the principle of sympathy:—by sympathy we are interested in the interests of others, *ipso facto*, and antecedently to all reflection on consequences.

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NOV. the 29th.

Finished the perusal of Rousseau's Miscellaneous Letters. The two a M. le Maréchal de Luxembourg, are admirably descriptive, the former of the manners of the inhabitants, the latter of the aspect of the country, of the Val-de-Travers in the Compté de Neufchâtel: nothing can be more finished and exquisite than the painting in both. The last sentence but one in the latter, breathes precisely the same sentiment which occurs in Tooke's Dedication of his Diversions of Purley: "comment pourrois-je n'être pas touché des bontés qu'on m'y témoigne, moi qui dois tenir à bienfait de la part des hommes tout le mal qu'ils ne me font pas". I confess I have learnt to lend a dull ear to these complaints of persecution from authors; and to suspect, where they are not mere rhetorical flourishes to conciliate and allure--(for "pity melts the soul to love"),—that there is, at the bottom, something wrong, in those who make them;—some addiction to what, though plausible, is really culpable; or some perversity, at least, in pursuing what is right. There is a fund of good sense and honest sympathy in the Public, which costs nothing in the exercise, and can scarcely fail to render their moral judgments, on these occasions, in general as just as they are conclusive.—In a Letter dated, Motiers, le 4 Mars, 1764, he combats a disciple of the New Philosophy, who endeavoured to deduce virtue from the love of order; and maintains, that it must be founded on—an instinctive belief in a superintending providence—the immortality of the soul—and the freedom of the will: take the two first of these considerations away, "je ne vois plus dans la vertu qu'une folie à qui l'on donne un beau nom"; take away the last, and "ce'st un son qui bat l'oreille, et rien de plus". Self-love, he admits, is the sole principle of action in man; but how virtue can be founded intrinsically on this principle, he declares, passes his conception.—Rousseau frequently vents his spleen against the doctrines and the professors of "la nouvelle philosophie" as he terms it; and when tolerably at ease in his own mind, strongly inculcates on others a spirit of accommodation to the opinions and sentiments of mankind, especially with regard to religion—(see, particularly, the preceding and two succeeding Letters)—: but there is no reliance to be placed on him; and we feel that the slightest and most unfounded disgust, would exasperate his irritable spirit into a consuming fire against the cause, which a kindlier humour had led him to espouse with all the warmth and earnestness of a decided votary.—"A mon avis", says he, in a Letter dated, Wootton, Sep. 27th, 1767, "le sang d'un seul homme, est d'un plus grand prix que la liberté de tout le genre-humain." What a sentiment to have flashed upon his deluded followers in France, in the midst of their atrocities!

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DECEMBER the 6th.

Read Jackson's (of Exeter) Four Ages. He inverts the usual order; and promises halcyon days, from the improvement of every art and every science, in the golden age to which we are rapidly advancing:—a more consolatory and a more plausible fallacy, certainly, than the prevalent one, of looking with regret on the past, and dismay to the future. Many of his remarks are ingenious and acute; but they are delivered in a very desultory form.

Looked through the 3d. Book of Warburton's Divine Legation. It is impossible to pursue this eccentric Genius steadily, through the mazy curves along which he wheels his airy flight; "fetching in and inclosing" (as Bacon expresses it) "by a winding expatiation, matter which speaks nothing to the purpose". He contends (sect. 2.) that the genius of their religion taught the antient sages to conclude, that utility, not truth, is the end of religion; that utility and truth, consequently, do not coincide; and that it is lawful and expedient to deceive for the public good: he, himself, (sect.6) on the contrary maintains, from a *petitio principii*, I think, That truth is nothing but that relation of things which is attended with universal benefit; That truth and utility must, therefore, necessarily coincide; That truth is productive of utility, and utility indicative of truth; and, consequently, That religion, or the idea of the relation between the creature and the Creator, as useful, must be true. He afterwards observes, very justly, that there never was a great conqueror, legislator, or founder of religion, who had not a mixture of enthusiasm and policy in his composition;—of enthusiasm to influence the public mind, and of policy to direct it.

DEC. the 8th.

Read Balguy's nine Discourses. They are all masterly; but the first four, and the 8th., tower above the rest in excellence. In the 7th. he says "To live without government, belongs only to savages; to be governed by will, is the condition of slaves: the freest of men, are those who live by settled rules, under the influence of authority prudently constituted, and temperately used". This nearly coincides with Mackintosh's definition of Liberty in his Preliminary Dissertation.

Looked into Warton's Edition of Milton's Minor Poems. I am surprised that in enumerating (in a note on Lycidas) the proofs of Shakespear's attachment to the figure of the canker and the rose, he should have omitted the celebrated passage—

"But let concealment, like a worm 'ith bud,
Feed on her *damask* cheek".

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" Sere", or " dry", which he mentions as one of the most uncommon of the obsolete words employed by Milton, is surely now very customary as applied to wood for fuel.

DEC. the 9th.

Read Balguy's seven Charges, appended to his Sermons. In the last, he grows mystical: it is a most unfortunate close: though, indeed, there appears to me something very like inconsistency in the preceding part of the Volume; and that what the Author seems to grant very liberally with one hand, one moment, he with-holds very tenaciously with the other, the next. I should say of the whole Volume, that it is the product of a stout, well-furnished, reflecting mind; too vigorous to bear the trammels of prejudice, and thinking originally and deeply on whatever subject occurred; but which perhaps had not very curiously collated its opinions, and moulded them into one consistent system.—In the 2d. Charge, Balguy explicitly maintains, That Christianity, did not promulge a new system of morals, which was unnecessary; but merely gave an additional sanction to the rules which previously existed on this subject.—In the 6th. he observes, " That a heart which has hardened itself against all impressions of gratitude to God, will be equally insensible of human kindness; and that all the charities of neighbourhood, and kindred, and friendship, will be sunk and stifled in a cool philosophical selfishness."

DEC. the 11th.

Looked into some of Dryden's Prefaces and Dedications. He is surely the most rambling and desultory writer that ever wielded pen! I take it, he never meditated before he committed his thoughts to paper, or corrected a syllable afterwards: yet, such are the exuberant stores of his mind, he weaves, as he goes along, a rich and enchanting tissue.

Read the 1st. Vol. of Sully's Memoirs. They open a scene of manners, which, to modern conception, appears perfectly romantic:—what a strange mixture of ferocity and gallantry, generosity and treachery, cruelty and courtesy, heroic virtues and the meanest vices! Sully insists upon it, that Henry the IVth's conversion from the Protestant to the Roman Catholic faith, was conscientious and sincere. Though far from thinking that other motives, besides a preponderance of argument, may not operate in producing belief, such a momentous change, so exactly synchronising and quadrating with the dictates of policy, staggers, I confess, all my dispositions to

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be charitable on the occasion. It is curious, that these Memoirs should have been written by a French Protestant, and translated by an English Papist.

DEC. the 21st.

Looked over the 1st. and 2d. Parts of Watts' Logic. In recommending us (c. 4, P. 2.) to cast away all our former prejudicate opinions, and form them afresh on an impartial examination, he seems to feel the danger of following this advice to its full extent; and therefore more than once observes, that this is not proposed to be practised at once, as men of business or religion, as friends or neighbours, as fathers or sons, as magistrates, subjects, or Christians, but merely as philosophical searchers after truth.—Watts, when he does not bewilder himself and his readers in scholastic subtleties—(for Locke had not quite purged him from the taint of the Schools)—but follows the dictates of his own sense, is very judicious. He may be regarded, I believe, as the last of that race of primitive divines, who united, in an eminent degree, sanctity with learning.

DEC. the 23d.

Looked over the 3d. and 4th. Parts of Watts' Logic. In the former, on "reasoning and syllogism", I was in hopes of meeting with something which might throw light on the principles of ratiocination; but was disappointed. He defines reasoning, "the joining several propositions together, and making a syllogism, i. e, an argument whereby we are wont to infer something that is less known, from truths which are more evident." This more evident truth, forms the premises of a syllogism; the less evident, the conclusion: now the presiding principle, he observes, which governs all syllogisms, is, that what is generally true, is true in all the particular instances included in the general idea; and the grand rule which he lays down as the test of a true syllogism, is, that the premises contain the conclusion, or, that one of the premises contain the conclusion, and that the other shew it is contained in it—c. 2, sect 1. and c. 3, sect 2:—directly the inverse, I apprehend, of the method which the mind really pursues in the advancement of its knowledge.

Pursued Sully's Memoirs. I blush when I read the account he gives of his Embassy to our Court, on the accession of James the 1st. How much more respectable do we appear in Henry the IVth's previous correspondence with Elizabeth! James should have worn the petticoat, and Bess the breeches.

JANUARY the 4th., 1800.

Read the First of Alison's Two Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste. Taste, he defines, That faculty by which we perceive and enjoy whatever is sublime and beautiful: and he proposes to investigate, 1st., what is the effect produced on the mind, when the emotions of taste are felt; 2dly., what are the qualities which produce these emotions; and 3dly., what is the faculty by which they are received. The present Volume is confined to the first of these objects. In the 1st. chapter, he endeavours to establish by examples, That whenever the emotions of sublimity and beauty are felt, an exercise of imagination is excited, consisting in a train of thought; that without this exercise of imagination, these emotions are unfelt; and, that they obtain in proportion to this exercise: the consequence from which is, that the effect produced by objects of sublimity and beauty, consists in the excitation of this exercise. Of this train of thought, however, upon which the imagination is exerted whenever we feel the emotions of Taste, he proceeds, in the 2d. chapter, to maintain, That it must consist of ideas producing emotion; and, That one uniform character, with respect to the emotion produced, must pervade and connect the whole series. If the first proposition, he proceeds to shew, be true, then no objects can be experienced to be sublime or beautiful, which do not primarily excite some simple emotion, without which no such train could be suggested: if the second, then no composition of objects can produce emotions of Taste, in which this unity of character is not preserved; —and in this consists the great advantage of artificial compositions, such as gardening, painting, and (above all) poetry, over natural combinations of objects; and the great test of the excellence of the former, *that* composition being the best, in which the different parts most completely unite in the production of one unmingled emotion. The effect, therefore, of objects of Taste, may be considered as resting in the production of a consistent train of ideas of emotion: and emotions of Taste, may be distinguished from emotions of simple pleasure, in this, that the latter, as joy, pity, gratitude, &c, terminate in themselves; whereas the former, though founded on some simple emotion, require, in addition to this, an exercise of the imagination on a consequent train of thought, from which we are conscious of a higher and more pleasing emotion, to which he wishes to appropriate the designation of "delight".— The characteristic of this solution of the pleasures of Taste, appears to be, the placing them in a *succession* of pleasurable images:—for as to the mere *exercise* of the

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imagination, though he takes up this idea decidedly enough at first, he very judiciously abandons it, since the imagination, it is obvious, may often be exerted, without any gratification whatever to the feelings. But surely this *succession*—(I wish to say it without offence)—reminds one of the hypothesis of the *elephant* and *tortoise*: for where a train of similar causes, multiplied indefinitely (it should seem) for no other purpose but to encrease the intensity or duration of the effect, is called in to account for one grand result, we are still left to search for the efficient causes of that result, in the agency of the separate principles which compose the series to which it is ascribed.

Finished Sully's Memoirs. The presages of Henry's death, are very extraordinary. The connection, in these cases, no doubt, is only in the mind of the observer: the emotion, however, which this supposed correspondence excites, when the feelings are powerfully agitated by any great event, is so truly congenial and delightful, that the most philosophical spirit can scarcely resist a temporary submission to its influence; and must find in its own illusions, however transient, a satisfactory solution of the general propensity of mankind, at all times, and in all countries, to believe in prodigies and portents.—Henry's great political scheme for the perpetual peace and security of Europe, appears more splendid than specious:—though, indeed, the political face of Europe has been since so greatly changed, that it is difficult to form a just opinion of it.—One wishes that Sully had retired sooner on the accession of the Queen Regent. For his reputation, his career ought to have closed with that of his illustrious Patron.

JAN. the 8th.

Read Alison's 2d. Essay—on the Sublimity and Beauty of the Material World. He denies that mere matter is capable of exciting any emotion whatever; and contends—from the general turn of language, and by pointing out, removing, or changing, the associations through which he conceives them to be transferred—that the beauty and sublimity of material objects, spring solely from their being the signs or expressions of such qualities as are fitted to produce those emotions. What these qualities are, he leaves very undetermined; merely observing, at the close, that, besides the qualities of mind and matter, there are qualities arising from the relation of matter to matter, of mind to mind, and of matter to mind: nor does he intimate, how he means to distinguish the sublime from the beautiful, by these qualities; though, from incidental glances, he seems to agree in substance with Burke (whom he only once slightly notices), That such qualities are sublime, as turn on pain and danger; and beautiful, as turn on pleasure.—The material qualities he considers, are, 1st., Those

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that we receive from Hearing—Sounds, simple and composed: 2dly., Those that we receive from Sight—Colours, Forms, and Motions. The associations he enumerates, as the sources from which material qualities derive their power of producing emotion, are, 1st., Those which obtain, with the ends for which they are destined; 2dly., with the power by which they are contrived; 3dly., in the human form, with the mental qualities they denote; 4thly., in inanimate substances, with resembling qualities in animated ones; 5thly., such as arise from resemblances between the sensations which material qualities excite, and certain emotions; 6thly., the associations produced by language, which collects and confirms all others; 7thly., accidental associations, peculiar to the individual.—There are repeated incidental observations in the course of this Work, which display great depth of research and justness of taste; but, upon the whole, it leaves the mind miserably dissatisfied with respect to the main object which is proposed to be explored.

Read the Supplement to Sully's Memoirs. Sully—such is the total change of manners—appears to have kept up more state in private life, after his retirement, than a crowned head does at present, in the plenitude of power: yet I question whether Henry the 4th. himself, enjoyed half the personal accommodations and real luxury of a respectable London merchant of this day.—The tryal of Ravaillac is extremely interesting. His answers are clear, collected, and consistent; and evidently shew him to have been an enthusiast, intrepidly pursuing the dictates of a misguided conscience. The account of his torture, is horrible.

JAN. the 9th.

Looked over the Introduction to Pemberton's View of Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy. He affirms (sect. 2.) that it is the gratification of our taste, which is the source of our desire of knowledge; perspicuous reasoning being not only beautiful, but, when set forth in its full strength and dignity, partaking of the sublime. In some cases it may be so: but the general stimulus to the acquisition of knowledge, is, I am satisfied, the mere love of novelty or ambition of distinction.—The proofs in Natural Philosophy, Pemberton observes (sect. 20.), cannot be so conclusive as in the Mathematics, because the subjects of the latter are merely ideas, the arbitrary productions of our own minds; of the former, objects without us. I confess I long for some fair opportunity of exposing this superannuated distinction between abstract science and physical knowledge. As if all knowledge that did not immediately refer to real existencies, would not be perfectly fantastic—as much so, as a disquisition on the natural history of the Centaur, or a diatribe on the polity of Sylphs; and as if Euclid's Ele-

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ments of Geometry had not as absolute a reference to those existencies, and did not as much derive its sole value from the means it affords of extending our knowledge respecting them, as a dissertation on the properties of platina!—The three fundamental principles of the Newtonian Philosophy, are; That more causes are not to be allowed, than are sufficient to account for effects; That like effects are to be ascribed to the same (to like) causes; and, That those qualities which belong to all bodies with which we are acquainted, and which in the same body can neither be encreased nor lessened, should be deemed the universal properties of all bodies. The obvious tendency of these principles—resting solely, it should seem, on the general simplicity and constancy which we observe to reign in all the works of nature—is, to authorise the induction of general conclusions from particular experiments.

Finished Moore's Zeluco. This character is well contrived to purge the selfish and malignant passions, by exhibiting the hideous effect of their unrestricted indulgence; and the crush of the sparrow at the outset, and of the child at the close, is felicitously conceived for this purpose: but the last moments of Zeluco should have been deepened with greater horrour;—it was a most inviting opportunity for applying the terrible graces to a great moral purpose.

JAN. the 13th.

Assisted at the first distribution of Soup to the Poor, in this hard season:—a mode of relief, which, however exposed to obloquy, seems eagerly and gratefully accepted. It was gratifying to observe Churchmen, Presbyterians, Independents, Unitarians, Quakers, all actively united in the same benevolent design; and warmed, from this circumstance, into complacency and kindness to each other. If no other good arises from the undertaking, this is a great one.

Read Pope's five Ethic Epistles, or Moral Essays. There is an occasional pertness and flippancy in them, not to my taste; and which would never have accorded with the Essay on Man completed, of which they are professed to be "*membra disjecta*". Pope, I suspect, felt himself unequal to the execution of this Essay in all its proposed extent;—if he ever seriously designed it, which I much doubt.

Finished Moore's Edward. The outset of this novel delighted me highly; but as it advances, the interest declines. Rather too many characters, with perplexing relations, are introduced; the narrative is precipitated, on important occasions, too rapidly for exciting a lively concern; and the final *denouëment* is forced and hurried. Barnet's, however, is an original and finished portrait: and Edward, himself, forms an admirable contrast to Zeluco.

JAN. the 18th.

Read the 1st. Book of Pemberton's Newton. The Laws of Motion on which Newton grounds all his conclusions, (and the simplicity of which Pemberton has injured by *pe riphrasis*), are these: 1st., That all bodies persist in a state of rest, or of moving uniformly onwards in a straight line, till compelled to change this state by some force impressed upon them: 2dly., That the change of state thus produced, is always proportional to the moving force impressed, and takes place in the right line in which that force is impressed: 3dly., That the re-action of any body acted on by another, is always equal in force, and opposite in direction, to the action of that other body upon it. These Laws established—and uniform observation attests them to obtain wherever we have an opportunity of making the experiment—by simply assuming an original projectile and rotatory motion impressed, and a power of gravitation in all bodies, proportioned to their quantity of matter, and diminishing (as all radiating power will of course diminish) in the duplicate ratio of the distance to which it extends, he accounts for all the planetary movements, and all the influences of these bodies on each other. That such a power of gravitation retains the moon in its orbit, seems past all doubt, because it is demonstrable, that the same power of gravity which operates on the surface of the earth, extended to the moon, is precisely what is requisite for effecting this purpose: and the exact solution which this principle affords, not only of all the simple planetary motions, but of all their disturbances of each other—disturbances, which on the supposition of such a power must exist, which observation exactly verifies, and which the assumption of such a power enables us to calculate with the utmost nicety beforehand—can surely leave no doubt on the most sceptical mind, that the same principle pervades and sustains the whole of our system.—Such is the solid and broad basis of Newton's distinguishing fame as an original discoverer in science: and it may well sustain the loftiest column.

JAN. the 20th.

Looked over Whitehurst's Theory of the Earth. His hypothesis is, That our globe was originally a confused mass of all the elements; That from gravitation and elective attraction, these elements gradually subsided into concentric layers, of which water occupied the highest station; That during this process, the whole mass assumed, from rotation, a spheroidical form; That the terraqueous part of the antediluvian world was formed of mud, congested by the æstuation of the tides; and, That

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the deluge, and present state of continents and islands, was produced by the superficial water falling, through chasms, on an ignited stratum beneath; and bursting, by the expansive force of steam (twenty-eight times more powerful than gunpowder) the superincumbent layers:—whence the ruins of order that we discover in mountainous regions, together with the remains of animals and vegetables found imbedded there.—These Theories may amuse the imagination, but can surely never satisfy the judgment.

Finished afterwards the 3d. and last Book of Pemberton's Newton;—on Optics. Bold and sublime invention may be regarded as the predominant feature of the Principia, patient and sagacious investigation of the Optice; but both these qualities eminently obtain in each of these immortal Works.

JAN. the 23d.

Read the 1st. Part of Price's Essay on the Picturesque. After urging the propriety of an attention to landscape-painting in the improvement of ground, on the principle that landscape-painters have made the most pleasing selections from nature, he proceeds to the consideration of Picturesqueness. This he regards, not (what its name might seem to denote) as whatever affords us pleasure in a picture—for beauty and sublimity may do this; but as a third quality, distinct from both, and furnishing a pleasure *sui generis*: and he places it, in that intricacy and variety which obtain in objects, rough, suddenly diversified, and irregular; and which nourish, by partial concealments and perpetual change, a lively and active curiosity in the mind of the observer.—*Picturesqueness* stands thus distinguished, from *Beauty*, which arises from smoothness instead of roughness, and from gradual instead of sudden variation, and which disposes the soul to languor; and from *Sublimity*, which is promoted by simplicity instead of variety, and whose tendency is to rigify with terror: it holds a middle station between these qualities: it is engrafted, not on *pleasure* like the former, nor on *pain* like the latter, but on *curiosity*; it neither relaxes, like the one, nor violently stretches like the other, but maintains the fibres, by its active stimulus, in their full tone, and just tension; and may thus advantageously mingle with either, correcting the languor of beauty and the horror of sublimity, though it must necessarily diminish in this case the peculiar effect of each.—As the sublime cannot be created, the art of improving landscape must depend on cultivating the beautiful and the picturesque; and the grand mistake in this art has hitherto been, in pursuing the former to the exclusion of the latter—the effect of mere beauty being *repose*, which may degenerate into insipidity, of the picturesque, *irritation*, by which that faulty ten-

dency is counteracted. He proceeds to instance the presence of the picturesque, where beauty alone has been supposed to obtain,—in the crisped and shadowy hair of the human head—the jagged and angular leaves of shrubs—and the sharp and rough ornaments of architecture: to enforce this distinction still farther, he points to Claude and Corregio on the one hand, and to Rubens on the other—to the light sprayey foliage and fresh tints of spring, and to the rich masses of *chiaro oscuro* and the deep mellow glowing hues of autumn—as furnishing eminent examples, the former of the beautiful, and the latter of the picturesque: and he closes, with endeavouring to establish, that the properties of objects which constitute *beauty* of form, by having their smooth and flowing outlines clogged up, degenerate, through insipidity, into *ugliness*; while those which constitute *picturesqueness*, tend, by distortion, into *deformity*—so that deformity is to ugliness, what picturesqueness is to beauty.—Such, on a rough view, seems the outline of Mr. Price's theory, and of the arguments which he adduces to support it: and to me, I confess, they appear fully to justify the separation he has made, of the Picturesque, from the other qualities with which it is commonly confounded. It is only by discriminations like these in the different *species* of delight with which we are touched in contemplating the physical and moral world—modes of affection, which, however distinct in their nature, are, in ordinary language, usually lumped together under some general title expressive of the gratification they in common afford—that we can ever hope to arrive at any clear and precise views of the pleasures of taste, or qualify ourselves to form any satisfactory hypothesis respecting them.

JAN. the 26th.

Read the 2d. Part of Price on the Picturesque: in which he exposes, with great wit, force, and effect, the insipidity, monotony, and ugliness, of the clump, the belt, the fir groves, serpentine walks, and aqueous sheets, of Kent, Brown, and the herd of modern landscape-gardeners; and deduces, as a general conclusion, that *that* artist is the best improver of landscape, who leaves, or who creates, the greatest variety of pictures, such as painters will least wish to alter.—He admits, nay contends for, the propriety of rich artificial scenery near the house, and derides the affectation of simplicity, and what is called nature, *there*.—Whatever becomes of his *theory*, we must allow that his taste in *practice*—in the practice, I mean, which he prescribes—is admirable: for who would not wish to realise, around him, the scenes which he paints so vividly to the imagination as examples of his principles!

JAN. the 27th.

Looked over Gilpin's Two Essays; on Picturesque Beauty, and Picturesque Travel. The former of these, evidently manifests the necessity, and points to the establishment, of Price's distinction. Gilpin enforces the propriety of discriminating, between such objects as are beautiful, and such as are picturesque; such as please in their natural state, and such as please from some quality capable of being illustrated in painting; and he makes *roughness*, this distinguishing quality: but *why* roughness should make this essential difference between the beautiful and the picturesque, the objects of nature and the objects of artificial representation, he cannot satisfy himself: and Reynold's Letter leaves the question still more perplexed.—Dipped afterwards into Knights' Landscape. He inculcates the same practical doctrine as Price; though his theory, which he does not clearly propound, seems to be different.

Read Fielding's Life of Jonathan Wild; a caustic satire, in Swift's coarsest manner; but displaying a wonderful knowledge of low and villainous life: and his Journey into Another World; in which much useful irony is couched in a very wild and original form.

FEBRUARY the 2d.

Finished the perusal of the First Six Books of Milton's Paradise Lost. The scene betwixt Satan, Sin, and Death, in the 2d. Book, is transcendantly sublime: the Allegory, to which Addison objects, is lost amidst such force and vividness and majesty of description, as, I think with Atterbury, renders the grandest passages in Homer and Virgil comparatively feeble and dwarfish.—In the 3d. Book, not all the powers of Milton's skill and genius, though vigorously exerted for the purpose, can palliate the monstrous absurdities, or reconcile the glaring inconsistencies, of the orthodox faith: they rather stare out in higher and more offensive relief, from the strength with which he has brought before us, the personages, and the state of being, to which they attach.—Relieved from these shackles, in the 4th. Book, Milton once more towers into native excellence, and "is himself again".

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In a note on v. 53, of the 5th. Book,

fair it seem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day:

Newton remarks, that our sensations are more vivid in dreams than when awake; and represents Milton as ascribing it, to the action of some spiritual Being on the sensory. I see no reason to alter the opinion I long since formed upon this subject.

Of the fact itself, there can be no question—it must have fallen, I should suppose, within almost every one's experience; and this superior susceptibility seems by no means confined to impressions from the fair and beautiful, but to extend to every species of emotion whatever. If it be a scene of horror—if we are encountered, on a trackless heath, by some dire form; if it hunts us, with a murderer's knife, to the edge of some hanging precipice; if we struggle to shriek for some near help, and utterance is denied—there is a degree of anguish and wretchedness in our sufferings, and a prostration of all manly energy under an irresistible and overwhelming terror, exceeding far, I conceive, what any mortal ever endured from real apprehension. If it be a scene of sensibility—if we recognize some long-lost friend; if we meet, after hapless separation, the dear object of our tenderest affection; if we hold sweet intercourse, if we mingle heart with heart and pour out all our fondest wishes, the melting soul dissolves in a *deliquium* of tenderness and delight, which I doubt whether the warmest friend or most passionate lover ever experienced. We feel when we awake from such glowing visions, and while their effects still vibrate on the mind, that every thing in this life is stale and flat and tasteless on the comparison. It is related of the celebrated Tartini, that he once dreamed he had entered into a compact with the Devil, who, to exhibit a specimen of his powers, played him a solo so divinely on the fiddle, that the Musician waked with transports, seized his violin, and tried to catch the fleeting idea, but felt his utmost efforts at imitation so tame and unavailing, that he dashed his instrument in despair to the ground; and ever after declared, he should never have brought himself to touch catgut again, could he possibly have gained a livelihood without it. This story is by no means incredible: though, probably, had Tartini heard, when awake, the same notes which ravished him in vision, he would have formed a very different estimate of their merit. I have always found, at least, when successful in recalling any specific object—a piece of poetry or eloquence, for instance—which delighted me beyond measure in a dream, that it has appeared on the revision very puerile or uncouth. For a time indeed, and whilst the intense idea still breathes its charms or its horrors on the mind, the delusion may continue: but it soon vanishes; and had we an opportunity of making the comparison, I suspect we should invariably discover, that the strength of the emotion in our dreams,

was quite disproportionate to the apparent occasion which produced it.

This curious phænomenon, which seems to have escaped investigation, may perhaps admit of the following easy and simple solution. In sleep, not only are our senses closed against all impressions from without, but the command which we possess over the train of our ideas, when awake, seems entirely suspended; nor do these ideas appear to suggest many of the various associations with which on other occasions they are usually combined: of course, whatever image is presented to the imagination under these circumstances, must exert its whole influence on the sensibility, undiminished by any disturbing action whatever; and enjoying full occupation of the mind, must excite there all the effect which such a cause operating on such a substance is capable of producing. The case is obviously very different when we are awake; since, to say nothing of the constant importunity of what is passing around us, some voluntary or some spontaneous suggestion is for ever mingling with the immediate object of our thoughts. If we are assailed by distress, the mind naturally turns to its resources; it looks backward, it looks forward; it adopts some fortifying reflection, it encourages some soothing hope; and contrives to abate its present suffering, by the powers of consolation or the prospect of deliverance. In our happiest moments, on the other hand, our delight is not unadulterated: some obtrusive care, some obscure suspicion, some cruel jealousy or apprehension; the mere reflection that all this bliss *must* soon end, and *may* be interrupted, alloys and vitiates our very purest enjoyments. We are more poignantly affected in our dreams than when awake, not because our sensibility is more acute, or the objects presented to it are more forcible and impressive than in real life—for the contrary may rather be presumed;—but because whatever affects us in this state, operates undisturbed by the various interfering influences which are perpetually mingling with the proper current of our ideas when awake, and abating the force of the predominant impression which obtains there.—A consideration of two or three cases something analogous to dreaming, will perhaps throw some additional light and evidence on this attempted explication.

I. The susceptibility of little children to gratification or distress, is obvious to every one. Children have little to look back upon; and they look forward, still less; nor is their attention diverted by any of those associations which farther experience contracts: their minds are almost entirely engrossed with the occupation, whatever it be, of the moment. The morning of life, therefore, is something like a dream; and real existencies affect us, in this state, much in the same manner as visions do in sleep. A child who has its favourite plaything taken away, suffers more than a monarch from the dismemberment of his empire. The monarch, indeed, by summoning before him, in succession, all the consequences of his loss, his diminution of revenue,

of power, and reputation, may protract his sufferings longer; but it is impossible not to think, that the little urchin, who shrieks, and stamps his foot, and is convulsed with grief, endures, for the time, more real vexation and anguish, than the unhappy Sovereign, who eats his dinner very calmly, and partakes, though somewhat cloudy perhaps, of his ordinary amusements. "I despair", says Mr. Burke, in his Introduction to the Sublime and Beautiful "of ever receiving the same degree of pleasure from the most excellent performances of genius, which I felt, at that age, from pieces which my present judgment regards as trifling and contemptible". Mr. B. ascribes this principally to the fastidiousness which a mind acquires from cultivation. And in some measure, no doubt, this accounts for the phænomenon; but not, I think, completely. There are many persons who pass in the world for men of fair understandings and competent taste, who are just as incapable, I apprehend, of discovering the blemishes of a first-rate composition, as a child is, of detecting the nonsense of Tom Thumb; yet I much question whether such a reader would derive half the gratification from the first perusal of the Æneid, which infant curiosity eagerly extracts from the life and achievments of the other ill-fated hero. It is not merely that in early youth we are blind to defects, but that we enter with an *entire* and cordial interest into whatever captivates the imagination. When I first read Robinson Crusoe —(the remembrance of it is still delightful, and refreshing to the spirits)—I went along with him completely—I was absorbed in his adventures: I sailed with him on the raft; I saw the print of the foot upon the sands; I prattled with Friday. The most devoted novel-reader, in maturer life, I should suppose, never attains to such a perfection of illusion and interest. It is indeed scarcely possible that he should. As we advance in years, a thousand collateral considerations, the fruits of our knowledge and experience, break in upon our thoughts, and mingle their influences with whatever engages our attention; that *integrity* of feeling, which gave to youth its frankness and its fire, its keen susceptibility and ardent passions, gradually yields to the temperament of suggestions, which at once abate our joys and sorrows, our pleasures and our pains; and life insensibly assumes, under this equalising process, that subdued tone and evenness of tenor, which distinguish old age, and for which a mere decay of sensibility, or of the stimulus of novelty in the objects which act upon it, (though these causes no doubt co-operate), will be found, in themselves, very insufficient to account.

II. Intoxication, like sleep, induces an oblivion of the past and neglect of the future; dissolves the associations by which our ideas are ordinarily combined; and disposes us to a vivid perception of the images and feelings of the moment, by obstructing the avenues to other impressions. I am not sure that it materially promotes

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hilarity in any other than this negative way; for those who besot themselves privately, are often sufficiently grave, and conscious of no other effect from the stimulus of their potations, than the dispersion of care. Men assemble at the table on purpose to be gay; and festivity usually accompanies the social circulation of the bottle: our hearts expand; trifles delight us; an ordinary anecdote assumes poignancy and spirit; we are enchanted with a joke which our returning reason disdains; our mirth is intemperate, boisterous, and absurdly disproportionate to the occasion. It is not however to *joyous* emotions, exclusively, that wine quickens us, but, as we should naturally expect from the influence of such a cause, to the predominant impression, whatever it may be. Joy commonly prevails at the table, because it is preconcerted that it should do so: this convivial arrangement, however, is sometimes disturbed: men are often exquisitely sore and irascible in their cups, whether replenished with Falernian or Champaigne; and, though certainly more rare, and somewhat ridiculous, I have witnessed scenes of drunken grief and tenderness, surpassing, to all appearance, what sober sensibility ever felt, and which the parties concerned have compared, on recollection, to the vivid mockery of dreams.

III. Though it be difficult to speculate on a condition of our unhappy species which we never experienced, and whose afflicting presence, wherever it prevails, we approach with trembling and horror, yet, as far as we can explore this obscure and dreadful visitation, there seems a striking analogy between insanity and dreaming. In both cases, an unreal vision is presented to the fancy, which extinguishing memory and foresight, and arresting the whole attention of the mind, induces the deluded patient to think and reason and act, in a way, which, however consistent with the scene before him, appears to the waking and rational spectator in the highest degree incoherent and preposterous. In dreams, indeed, these apparent extravagancies are usually veiled; they are not however always so. There are persons who preserve in sleep a sufficient knowledge of their actual situation, to rise, dress themselves, and perform many of the common offices of life, though actuated all the time by a phantastic illusion. Such persons, on such occasions, exhibit the picture of madness. When Lady Macbeth, under the visitation of those "terrible dreams" that "shake her nightly", seizes her taper and stalks forth; when she sees and smells the blood upon her hand—which is not there; when, in vacancy, she communes with her husband —so express an image does she present of mental alienation, that an audience, not previously prepared for the purpose, would naturally conclude that the great Master of the human heart designed to exhibit, in her person, the hideous, but less original and striking spectacle, of a mind impelled to distraction, and permanently deranged, by the complicated pangs of horror and remorse. The maniac, indeed, perceives more

distinctly than the somnambulist, the real situation of things around him: his external senses are commonly perfect and acute; nor is there visibly any thing in the construction of his organs, calculated to distort the representations they transmit. It is the vision *within* that disturbs him. Partly, this vision confounds the real representation, and assimilates it to its own ideal forms: partly, it should seem incapable of completing the delusion. The lunatic discovers that things about him are not, as according to the phantasm that possesses his mind, they ought to be: this distracts his hurried fancy; every thing around, seems wild and discomposed; his dearest friends appear his bitterest enemies; the order of nature, to his imagination, is subverted; he feels oppressed by a general conspiracy of his species; and is filled with those dark, jealous and malignant suspicions, which are considered, I believe, by those conversant with this dreadful calamity, as, above all others, the most decisive tokens of insanity. As insanity bears this resemblance to dreaming, so it seems to partake of that extreme susceptibility, and to be exposed to those excesses of delight and sorrow, which form so remarkable a feature in our dreams. That there are "joys in madness which none but madmen know", has been affirmed by one who is supposed to have felt them; and is attested by the tumultuous and frantic transports which some maniacs exhibit. We shudder, indeed, at beholding them; and Gray's image, of

Moody madness, laughing wild
Amidst severest woe,

is amongst the most affecting that poetry presents: the *woe*, however, seems altogether confined to the spectator, who is naturally shocked at witnessing such insensibility to the heaviest affliction with which it has pleased the Almighty to humble the arrogance of man: the maniac himself, appears perfectly and eminently happy. As there occurs, in some sorts of madness, a vacancy from care and a swelling rapture of heart, surpassing, apparently, the most pleasurable emotions a sane mind ever feels, so, in other descriptions of this deplorable malady, we behold a settled and brooding melancholy, a deep despair, whose gloomy horrors no art can divert, no consolation can assuage, and of whose unutterable anguish, the sound imagination, it may be presumed, can form no conception whatever. The mind shrinks with dismay from the aspect and contagion of a woe, which, as it springs from no visible cause, admits of no discoverable relief; nor can we easily account for the exorbitance of misery, any more than for the extravagance of joy, in disordered intellects, but by supposing (as in dreams) a total absorption of the soul in the scene presented to it, and an entire seclusion from the influence of those palliative principles, which, in a waking and sober and rational agent, produce a sort of equanimity through all the vicissitudes of existence, and if they deaden our sensibility to some of the most endearing and ex-

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alted pleasures of life, seem designed too, in the constitution of our being, to mitigate its insupportable afflictions. The poignancy of existence, no doubt, is degraded by their action: but Hope, which may be regarded as a kind of voluntary and flattering dream of the future, still remains, our last best friend, to triumph over experience; and by anticipating only the bright side of the prospects before us, to shed a ray of interest upon scenes, which, were they presented to the mind with all the drawbacks that we are morally assured must attend the actual accomplishment of our fondest wishes, would stifle every generous exertion, and sink the human heart in listlesness and despondency.

FEB. the 7th.

Finished the remaining Six Books of Paradise Lost. The Battle of the Angels, in the 6th. Book,—a most daring effort of invention,—is supported with wonderful force, fire, and sublimity; and rises to the last:—nor do *I*, myself, when warmed with the subject, object to the taunting jeers, and scornful puns, of Satan and Belial.—In the 9th. Book, Milton naturalises the Fall of Man, with admirable address. —The interest of the Poem, no doubt, in some measure declines as it advances; but, upon the whole, my opinion of this astonishing effort of genius, is greatly raised by this review of it. Compare the slender and unpromising *stamina* on which Milton had to work, with the stupendous production which he has formed upon them:— this is the way to estimate his powers of Invention, the great characteristic of a Poet.

Read the 4th. and last Book of Fielding's Joseph Andrews. I see no necessity for the marvellous in incident, at the conclusion of this Novel: which might have ended in the same easy and natural strain in which it had been conducted; and asserted its claim to interest, solely from the masterly effect with which it exhibited a picture of real life and manners, though sketched by one who has an evident propensity to seize their coarser features.

FEB. the 11th.

Read Lindsay's Sermon on the death of Dr. Towers; containing a most eloquent and masterly display of the advantages of Revelation over Reason, in our prospects beyond the grave. He who can write thus, one wishes should write more.

Finished Fielding's Amelia. There is a still stronger and more disgusting taint of vulgarity, in this Novel, than in Joseph Andrews. The authors' grand agent in all

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his women, but his heroines, seems the *furor uterinus*; whose prurience, when insufficient for his purpose, he elegantly and ingeniously contrives to exasperate by cordials and philters!—Fielding, after all, is but a Dutch painter of manners: he cannot soar higher than the lowest scenes of high life; and he appears to descend, *con amore*, into the vilest and most blasted depths of low life.—Yet, whilst I deliver this censure, I must forget (for its other merits) Tom Jones.

Looked over Dr. Parr's strictures on Dr. Combe's Horace, in the British Critic for Jan. Feb. March and April, 1794. They evince great force of mind, and depth of erudition; but are evidently dictated by a spirit of personal and exceptious hostility, which, however warranted by circumstances, and however becoming in a separate and specific attack, but ill accords with the air of dignified impartiality and judicial candour which should pervade every article of a Work professing to sit in judgment, indiscriminately, on all the literary productions of the day. His character of Horace at the outset (p. 49.) is exquisitely finished: and what he alleges (p. 122.) in defence of verbal criticism in general, and closes (p. 423.) with saying of Bentley in particular, towers into transcendant excellence.

FEB. the 16th.

Finished the 1st. Book of Dr. Hey's Lectures in Divinity. His manner struck me as stiff and perplexed, at first: but this wears off, as I advance.—Hey understands (c. 12, sect. 15.) what Mosheim affirms of the Platonists—that they asserted the innocence of maintaining truth by fraud—as applied to the Platonic *Christians*: I incline to think the ecclesiastical historian means, the revivers of the Platonic philosophy in general. What Hey says, in a note immediately afterwards, of Warburton's talking of the roguery that is apt to mix with enthusiasm, relates, I suppose, to that passage in the D. L. (B. 3. sect. 6.) which maintains the mixture of enthusiasm and policy in all great conquerors and founders of states,—though it hardly sustains this charge.—The exposition (c. 13.) of the inconceivable difficulty of forging narratives which shall pass as true, as applied to the Scriptures, has great force indeed.—The principles on which (cs. 15. and 16.) he defends the credibility of miracles, and with respect to which he seems to have been misled by Hume, leave the question more involved, and the mind more dissatisfied, than they found it. Twice he intimates (sect. 22, c. 15, and sect. 10, c. 16.) that, after all, we must refer something to the same powers of judging that we unconsciously exercise about prudence, beauty, virtue, &c; of which we scarcely know the nature, nor can well describe the action: though we must not rest in these feelings, where it can be avoided; but should endeavour to

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analyse them, and to regulate their operation by reason and utility. Ultimately, no doubt, belief must be referred to inexplicable feeling; but the farther we can advance in simplifying and classing the principles on which this feeling is produced, the better.—He denies (c. 18, sect 11.) that Christians, as such, are intolerant: I still think, however, that Gibbon's imputation of a tendency to intolerance in the very nature of the Christian faith, is perfectly well founded.—Morality, he considers (c. 19, sects. 3 and 12) as nothing but a set of rules conducive to happiness, established and recognized by the moral sense; that this moral sense is generated by degrees; and that these rules must arise from experience. He distinctly lays it down (sect. 14.) that he who performs his duties from any principle which extends not beyond *mankind*—as rectitude, honour, benevolence, prudence, moral sense, the general good, the law of nature, or the fitness of things—acts from motives of *virtue*; he who performs them from any view to *God*, acts from motives of *religion*. I perfectly concur in this distinction.—That part of the Appendix, which developes the effects that the general principles of human nature, and the particular character of different states and stages of society, would naturally have, in modifying the Christian religion as delivered to us by its Founder, is uncommonly able.

FEB. the 21st.

Read the 2d. Book of Hey's Theological Lectures. Controversy, he wishes (cs. 1. and 2.) to be conducted on the principle, of the two Parties, not decidedly differing, but having doubts in common, which they desire to have cleared up by the assistance of two advocates and a judge properly qualified for their respective offices. He is not (c. 3.) for excluding, but limiting, the use of the great characteristic of man—ridicule; a topic which he treats very felicitously. The whole evinces great candour, and refined discernment. To ridicule a subject (c. 3, sect. 11.) he defines, to be the exhibiting two different views of it, at the same time; one, which shall excite some sort of respect; the other, an opposite and predominant feeling: and on the propriety of employing this test, he enquires, at the close of the chapter, whether it is not the part of a larger proposition, That we should correct our reason by our feelings, and our feelings by our reason?—Under the limitation, that the topics of ridicule should be drawn from the subject itself, or from some matter with which it stands naturally and strictly connected, there seems no just exception to the application of this criterion: but otherwise, it is surely possible, by a mischievous dexterity, to reflect derision and disgrace, on any theme, however serious, and however true—and indeed the more solemn its character, the more easy it will be to effect this injustice.—

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Stating (sect. 12, c. 2.) the object of controversy to be truth, he appends, in a note, "Truth or justice; either word might do: all virtues have been considered, as species of truth; and also, as reducible to justice".—Hey's general seriousness, is occasionally chastised by a festivity which is highly pleasing; and not the less so, for being unexpected.

FEB. the 25th.

Finished the 3d. Book of Hey's Lectures. In the first five chapters he contends for the propriety of Articles of Faith, as promotive of unity of doctrine, which unity conduces to public worship, which mode of worship tends (through the principles of association and sympathy, from which, he thinks, most of our sentiments and affections may be deduced) to cultivate religious sentiments, which sentiments actuate our conduct:—something after the manner of "The house that Jack built". He then proceeds to prepare the way for his construction of the Articles of our Church, by maintaining, That (cs. 6. 7. and 8.) the sense which the Church, for the time being, entertains of its Articles, though it be a new one, is the sense in which they should be taken; That (c. 9.) in regarding their primitive sense, the circumstances under which they were imposed—as the heresies they were designed to guard against—should be particularly considered; and, That (c. 10.) unintelligible Articles may with propriety be subscribed, the object here, being, not truth, but utility, in not neglecting the revelation of God though at present obscure, and preserving that uniformity of worship by which devout sympathy is heightened—a proposition which savours a little of "la morale des Jesuites".—*Superstition* (c. 15. sect. 11.) Hey grounds in *fear*; and places it, in seeing the immediate agency and design of the Deity in external phænomena: *enthusiasm*, in *presumption*; and places it in seeing the same agency and design in the internal affections of the mind: the joint and undetermined influence of both, he thinks, properly constitutes *fanaticism*: *mysticism* he regards as the result of inordinate devout affections.

FEB. the 28th.

Finished a perusal of Ovid's Metamorphoses: a most extraordinary contexture of strange tales undoubtedly, and woven one into the other with exquisite and inimitable address, but of which it is surely impossible to think, with Warburton, (D. L., B. 3, sect. 3.), that it was constructed on a grand and regular plan, as a popular history of Providence; inculcating, by a methodical series of fables founded on a corruption

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of Pagan history from the creation of the world down to his own times,—that the Gods punished impiety!—a discovery, in all respects, worthy of its author.—Ovid, one would think, must have known best; but surely the fulsome adulation paid to Augustus, in the close, at the expence of Julius Cæsar, never could have flattered. The friend of Horace, Virgil, and Mæcenas, *must* have had a better taste.—From the, "*impleratque* uterum generoso germine", B. 9, v. 280; and again, "ingentique *implet* Achille", B. 11, v. 265, Milton probably caught his "*filled* her with thee a daughter fair".—Ovid's exuberant imagination often carries us delightfully away; but I am afraid, with all its charms, we shall search in vain, in the Metamorphoses, for those great characteristics, which Hume, in his Essay on Eloquence, considers as distinguishing "a work of genius, from the adulterate beauties of a capricious wit and fancy".

MARCH the 2d.

Read the first Eight Chapters (each Chapter corresponding to an Article) of the 4th. B. of Hey's Lectures. The doctrine of the Trinity, he inclines to think (c. 1.), was not reduced into form till the 4th. century: he confesses that it is perfectly unintelligible, and would better be expressed by negative terms; that it is a mere hypothesis framed to make the different texts on the subject consistent—as gravitation has been assumed to account for the various phænomena of nature—and at the same time to guard against the various false suppositions which have been started for the purpose; considers Trinitarians and Anti-Trinitarians as having formed their respective doctrines in a different way, the former consulting the expressions of Scripture, and submitting their reason to the result, the latter drawing first their conclusions from reason, and then endeavouring to interpret Scripture conformably—on some occasions, with so much violence to the text, and at the expence of such extrusions from it, as might seem to admit that the doctrine is really contained there; and expresses a wish—a candid and judicious one, I think—that this mysterious topic had been suffered to remain in the indefinite state in which it rested before Christians engaged in controversy on the subject.—In the 2d. c. he applies the same train of observation, but as it appears to me with less success, to the 2d. Article: and concludes with suggesting, whether the texts of Scripture from which such doctrines are taken, ought to be studied *scientifically*; whether they were not the indefinite expressions of strong *feeling*; and whether, regarding them in this light, Christians of different opinions and tastes, might not unite in the same worship, and partake of the same spiritual food, as guests of different palates join in the same convivial repast? There

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is something much above the mere theologian in these suggestions.—With respect to Morals, Christianity, he remarks (c. 6, sect. 5.) is not systematical—does not describe limits of rights and obligations: it rather enforces what it takes for granted, than teaches what is new: but then it searches, rectifies, and warms the heart, from which all particular modes of conferring happiness, flow; and gives a sanction to virtue of every kind, in every stage of its progressive improvement. This is happily conceived; and not less felicitously expressed.—Hey considers (c. 7.) only the *moral* part of the Mosaic dispensation, as binding upon Christians; but then he seems to think that some of the *ceremonial* laws are *moral* in *substance*; and distinctly contends (sect. 13.) that the 4th. Commandment, enjoining the observance of the Sabbath—(indeed that the whole Decalogue)—is of this description.—In treating of the Athanasian Creed (c. 8.), he pushes his refinements, till he loses his credit. "No minister", he expressly affirms, "has a right to say, you will be damned if you do not account my doctrines essential to the Christian faith"; yet he zealously defends the damnatory clauses in that Creed. Common sense revolts at such a glaring contradiction.

Read the First Book of the Æneid. There seems to be much the same relative difference between Ovid and Virgil, as between Ariosto and Tasso: Ovid's fancy, is wild and luxuriant; Virgil's, chaste and elevated: Ovid's expression, exuberantly varied; Virgil's, pure, elegant, and sometimes exquisitely felicitous—"pleno se proluit auro", what can be finer!—: but in force of genius and sublimity of invention, I cannot think that Virgil will endure comparison with Milton. By the bye—did not Milton catch his

"O! Son.—
"My word, my wisdom, and effectual might!" P. L., B. 3, v. 170.

from Virgil's "Nate: meæ vires, mea magna potentia!" Æneid, L. 1. v. 668. Something seems very faulty in the passage beginning "Id metuens, &c." v. 27.

MARCH the 7th.

Pursued Hey's Lectures, B. 4. In the Introduction to the 2d. Part, he very justly remarks, that popular language expresses merely our immediate feelings; and that when we expand these expressions into general propositions, those propositions will often clash with each other.—Original Sin, he construes (c. 9.) into our appearing in the world as members of an offending community; and having a corrupted nature, derived, as bodily and mental evil is transmitted in the natural course of things, by inheritance: and he inclines to ascribe the source of both, to Adam's transgression.

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There appear, says he (sect. 38.) two Laws of God's government: one is, "parents by their conduct affect their children"; the other, "each man must work out his own salvation": as rules of action, these do not clash; the first is for the parent, the second for the child.—On a similar principle he endeavours (c. 10.) to solve the seeming difficulties and contradictions respecting free-will and necessity—spontaneity and divine grace—by remarking the different lights in which the same fact is, and ought to be, regarded, in different points of view. When we enter into the situation of the agent, we speak of his actions as free; when we enter into the situation of the spectator, we speak of them as necessary: beforehand, we should consider our future conduct as entirely depending on ourselves; afterwards, we should refer the good of it, to God: the same offence as instigated by Satan, is sin; as suggested by God, a judgment. The *fact*, is the same; the *expression* of that fact, springs from, and is addressed (in popular language) to, the *feelings*; which are different, according to the different relations in which that fact is viewed: and he employs on this subject (sect. 49.) very felicitously, the illustration of a man withinside, and another withoutside, of a sphere, disputing on its convexity or concavity.—So (c. 11.) on the doctrine of Justification: looking forward, we must strive to act as if all depended on ourselves; looking backward, even on the best course of conduct, we can only hope to be justified, in the sight of God, through the merits of Christ:—the former view, should stimulate our diligence; the latter, humble our pride.

Read to the end of the 6th. Book of the Æneid. I felt far more affected than, from recollection, I expected I should have been, with the last moments of Dido. Virgil appears to have exerted all his pathetic powers on this interesting occasion: yet one may a little question his judgment in doing so; for the more we sympathise with the unhappy Queen, the more his Hero is degraded. Æneas, in no instance, makes a respectable figure; but in his final interview with Dido, he is contemptible.—The Games, in the 5th. Book, are admirably conducted; and exhibit a fine example of improvement on their prototypes in Homer.—In the 6th. Book, I do not discover a single trait which warrants Warburton's wild hypothesis. Both the topography and œconomy of the regions below, appear perplexed and obscure; and the whole subterraneous scene—even Elysium itself—most fearfully gloomy.

MARCH the 12th.

Pursued Hey's Lectures, B. 4. On the doctrine of Atonement,—or our acceptance with God, notwithstanding our imperfections, in consequence of the merits and sufferings of Christ,—he observes (Appendix c. 11. sect. 29) that there is nothing in

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it repugnant to the natural sentiments of mankind:—we reward the son of a benefactor, for his father's sake; and a whole society may be benefited, on account of the services of the head of it.—On Predestination (c. 17.) he observes, that the texts in favour of this doctrine, were originally introduced in such a manner as to excite some good and pious *sentiment*; and that we may properly refer important events, in a general way, to the *purpose* of God—not as a practical rule, or speculative truth—but with a view to excite or assist devotional or moral feelings. We do the same, he observes, perpetually, in common language, on common occasions. With respect to prescience and free-will, he thinks (sect. 90) it may be *impossible certainly* to foresee how free agents will act; and God has only all *possible* knowledge.—His softenings-down, and smoothing, and varnishing of the Articles—the 18th., for instance, and the 23rd—are infinitely curious.—It appears (c. 22, sect. 4) that the Jubilees at the *close* of the century, were kept in the years 1300, 1400 &c.: Hey thinks the preceding year is more properly the last:—he is surely wrong.—"He who refuses to admit a doctrine", Hey observes (c. 22, sect. 21), "does not of course deny it; and it may be wrong, in some cases, either to adopt or reject a notion."—In c. 21. sect. 9, he classes Voltaire and Jortin (of whom he had before, B. 4. c. 9. sect 8, spoken disparagingly) together, as flippant writers; in some little deviation, surely, from his own canons of Controversy: and the mode in which he treats Robinson (c. 27, sect. 16) shews how the mild and candid Hey *can* occasionally feel and express himself. Such discords, unprepared and unresolved, are, *from him*, quite shocking.

Pursued the Æneid. In the 7th. Book, there is a very perceptible falling off, I think, in smoothness and finish: Virgil becomes slovenly, harsh, and perplexed: the *callida junctura*, the easy flow, and natural transition, are conspicuously wanting; and I am persuaded we have only the rough draft of the Poet's thoughts, which his correct and exquisite taste would afterwards have polished into perfection—all the perfection, I mean, of which the productions of his genius are susceptible.—The comparison of Amata (v. 378, &c.) agitated into madness by the furies, to a whipped top, is surely very puerile and ridiculous: the "Dant animos plagæ", at the close of this simile, would be no bad quotation in favour of birch.

MARCH the 16th.

Finished the 39 Chapters (corresponding to the Articles) which compose the 4th. and last Book of Hey's Lectures. Noticing (c. 28, sect. 10) the doctrine of the Romanists, who maintain that Christ's Body is *naturally* at the right hand of God, and *Sacramentally* at other places, he acutely remarks, "where ideas are wanting, how

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useful are words!"—The 32d. c., he opens with observing, "That if one could give the *natural principles* of any subject, they would connect all facts; and make the best *key* to the *history* of men's practice: for all practice is only the operation of natural principles in different circumstances":—a remark at once profound and just.—Speaking of rites and ceremonies (c. 34, sect 4) he eloquently says, "all our best and finest tastes and feelings are to be set in motion, and made subservient to religion—our love of truth; our relish of order; our taste for beauty, sublimity, harmony, are to be solicited, engaged, interested: our passions are to be thrown into a devout course; and to have objects presented, which will excite and inflame them".—The being "moved by the Holy Ghost" to take holy orders, he pares away (c. 36, sect. 17) into "being conscious of good intentions" in undertaking the priestly office:—"it may afterwards be referred, with other good events, to the influence of the Spirit".—The spirit of improvement, he observes (c. 37, sect. 3), with great truth, is mild and gentle, when actuated by the good expected to accrue from it:—harsh and austere, when goaded by the faults and failures which seem to obstruct it. Speaking afterwards (sect. 19) of some of the difficult precepts of Christianity, he judiciously remarks, that what is *desirable*, must be limited by, and can only be attained through, what is *practicable*: and that though rules are delivered *singly*, they must not be taken as *single* rules and applied *universally*, to the exclusion of all others; but, that one rule must limit another; and that all must be tacitly limited by considerations of the greatest good.

Perspicacity, and a spirit of subtle and accurate discrimination, appear the distinguishing features of Dr. Hey's mind: but it is impossible not to perceive and mark, that these qualities are employed, on the subject which he treats, rather in the character of an advocate, who most ingeniously defends a difficult cause with which he has been entrusted, than in that of a sincere enquirer after truth, who impartially delivers his best judgment on the merits of a question which he has undertaken to investigate.—Putting all arguments on the case aside, is it not the most extraordinary thing in the world, that those who settled the doctrines of our particular Church, two centuries and a half ago, on questions the most abstruse and the most controverted, should, on every occasion, have been exactly right!

Perused the "Farmer's Boy"; a rural Poem, by Robert Bloomfield; edited by Capel Lofft. Works of mere comparative merit—which derive their claim to attention, not from any intrinsic excellence, but the unpropitious circumstances under which they were executed—are usually sickening; but I confess myself to have been sincerely and highly delighted with this pleasing Poem, which vividly reflects the series of interesting images that touched the sensibility of a young and untutored ob-

server employed in rustic service through the year. Originality, on themes so hackneyed as pastoral delights, is invaluable; and we have it here, free from all taint of affectation, pure and unadulterate.

MARCH the 19th.

Finished Pearson's Remarks on the Theory of Morals. He opens (c. 1.) with investigating the foundation of virtue; and defines it "voluntary obedience to the will of God"; contending that this, and this alone, it is, which constitutes any action virtuous or the contrary:—"what God commands, is right, and right because he commands it; what God forbids, is wrong, and wrong because he forbids it":—in perfect consistency with which principle, when he proceeds, in the next chapter, to consider the *rule* of virtue, he observes, that no *one* rule or criterion, other than one equivalent with the *foundation* of virtue, can comprehend *all* virtuous actions, or denote in *any* the quality which alone makes them so; but that the different rules which have been proposed on this head, though each exclusively inadequate and insufficient, have all their value, considered as indicative of the will of God; which *consideration* alone, however, can constitute any action performed under them, virtuous.—I object to this Theory of my learned and amiable Friend, *in toto*. In treating any popular subject, a philosopher has an unquestionable right to affix precise limits to the signification of the term, by which, in popular language, that topic is loosely and vaguely denoted:—he may perhaps venture to extend this signification, in some points, where it appears to include too little; and restrict it in others, where it appears to embrace too much: but he will exercise this power with extreme caution; and will always endeavour to keep distinctly and steadily in view, in spirit and in substance, the real subject-matter which that term, in its customary import, is meant and employed to designate. Without this, it is obvious, his speculations, however correct in themselves, must necessarily be delusive in application. "Obedience to the will of God", may be a better rule of conduct—may be derived from a higher source, and present stronger incentives to its observance—than any which mere Virtue can boast; but I do most strenuously contend, that it is a rule of conduct quite distinct from virtue, as virtue is distinct from *that*; that the quality of actions which stands recognized in the sentiments and expressions of mankind as virtuous, and which, of necessity, can alone be virtue, involves no consideration whatever of the divine will; and, consequently, that the System which places the essence of moral distinction in an intentional obedience or disobedience to that will, however felicitously descriptive of a more exalted principle of action, as a Theory of Virtue, is fundamentally erroneous.—

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Mr. Pearson (c. 1.) very justly objects to Dr. Paley's definition of virtue, which, in addition to obedience to the will of God, requires our being actuated "by the hope of everlasting happiness", that it excludes a multitude of actions approved by all mankind as virtuous: but surely the same objection applies, with equal force, though in somewhat a less extent, to his own. Will it be contended that an atheist is quite incapable of virtue or vice—that whether he poisons a kind benefactor to get possession of his wealth, or at the imminent hazard of life rescues an oppressor from destruction, there is no moral difference whatever in his actions?—If virtue consists in intentional obedience to the will of God, vice can consist only in a designed disobedience to that will—will this consequence be admitted?—But without putting extreme cases, I should broadly and unequivocally maintain, as a fundamental distinction on the subject, that actions performed from a sense of obedience to the divine will, are, in their nature and essence, emphatically, not *virtuous*, but *religious*. In *practice*, no doubt, these two principles will often be found to conspire, in inciting us to the performance of our duties: but for the purposes of accurate enquiry, it is essentially requisite that we should keep them, in *speculation*, perfectly distinct.

MARCH the 22d.

Read Hall's Sermon on Infidelity. It is really a most eloquent and masterly discourse; and nearly deserves the unbounded and unqualified praises bestowed upon it in the last Monthly Review. He has caught much from Burke, something from Mackintosh, and a little from myself: but what he has thus snatched, he has fairly made his own; and the whole composition bears, throughout, that strong impress of original character, which always distinguishes the productions of true genius.

Finished the Æneid. Virgil's excellence, it is obvious, consists, not in the daring flights of a vigorous and sublime imagination, but in the exquisite art and consummate taste with which he turns, and polishes, and refines into perfection, both of sentiment and expression, the graceful products of a chaste and elegant fancy. Works of transcendant genius, are often rather enfeebled than improved by the last touches of the artist; and the rudest sketch of a great master, has power to fill us with admiration, by asserting the mighty energies from which it sprung: but in compositions whose principal merit is high finishing, the want of that finish, is the want of their most engaging charm—of all by which they can hope to allure our regard, and decoy us into approbation. Had Virgil lived, he would, no doubt, have greatly improved the latter portion of his Poem: but it is in the subordinate department of the Epic, that he was alone qualified to shine; and we may be quite sure, that his

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Hero, partaking of his own character, would never have been great. From his first appearance, in a panic, to his final demolition of Turnus—an event ill contrived to set off either his magnanimity or prowess—Æneas exhibits few traits which either conciliate our affection or command our respect: and after all the efforts which have been made to interest us in his favour, we dismiss him at last from our recollection with frigid indifference. Homer's second rate actors, amuse and engage us infinitely more than Virgil's principal performers.

MARCH the 25th.

Read Godwin's St. Leon. In the Preface, he explicitly abjures the doctrine of extinguishing the private affections, which he had inculcated in his Political Justice; and the subsequent pages bear repeated testimony to the sincerity and completeness of his conversion:—yet he professes to see no cause to change the fundamental principle of that Work! I flatter myself with having been instrumental in a little humanizing him; but the volcanic and blasphemous spirit still peeps, occasionally, through a flimsy disguise. His sentiments and expressions are often borrowed; and the account of the interrogatories at the Inquisition, with the decoy employed there, are directly and impudently stolen from Mrs. Radcliffe. In his struggles to be sublime, there is something inexpressibly hideous and revolting:—they are not the exertions of mighty power, but the convulsive throes and ghastly agonies of a distempered sensibility.—After all, too, though one may be amused with the adventures of St. Leon, what impression do they leave upon the mind? They do not *indoctrinate* the unsatisfactory nature of boundless opulence and immortal youth, as Nourjahad does,—for St. Leon seems rather persecuted by his ill fortune, than by the natural consequences of his supernatural acquisitions. What, then, do they inculcate?—I am quite unable to tell.

Read Warner's Metron Ariston, reviving Mekerchus' scheme of reading Greek and Latin verse according to quantity. This work is teasingly written; but it convinces me. If quantity is not observed in recitation, why should it be observed in writing? He is certainly right.

Αἰγιάλῳ μεγάλῳ βρέμεται σμαραγεῖ δέ τε πόντος

How grandly and expressively does this verse sound, pronounced with the emphasis which the *measure* demands! And who that has read it thus, will read it again in the common fashion, under the directionof those severe sticklers for *quantity*, whose chaste ears affect to be struck with pious horror at a false accent, while by those very accents

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they are for ever violating the only rational purpose for which the rules of prosody, enjoining the observance of that *quantity*, could possibly have been framed!

MARCH the 27th.

Read, after a long intermission (April 27th., 1797) the 2d. Volume of Gregory's Essays. The distinction which he labours to establish, between the relation of motive and action, and that of cause and effect, and on which he endeavours to found the liberty of human action, is this, that in the mind there is a self-governing, self-determining power (properly denominated *force of mind*, he thinks), which enables it to act in opposition to any motive presented to us.—That such a distinction exists, and that we possess such a power, his most striking illustration is, the case of a porter assured of a certain reward for going in one direction, and of another reward for going in another. Were intellectual *motives*, like physical *causes*, irresistible, and constantly conjoined with *actions* as the latter with *effects*, then, Gregory contends, he must take a diagonal course between the two; or else there would be an effect wholly or partly without a cause, or a cause wholly or partly without an effect:—for, that motives which do not exactly concur do not directly oppose each other, is not only contrary to physical analogy, but to experience; since we often do really act from combined motives of this kind, differently from what we should have acted from the influence of either separately. If it be urged, that the stronger motive, only, is conjoined with its proper action, and all weaker and opposing motives separated from theirs, then if two equal and opposite motives are applied to a person at the same time, he cannot act at all: and if a small inclining motive be superadded, it follows, that a person must act from that superadded motive alone, however trivial, precisely as he would have been compelled to act from the greater motive, either applied alone, or opposed by an equal motive and assisted by the additional one in question; which he considers as a *reductio ad absurdum*.—To the advocate for necessity, who contends, that the will is determined by the judgment of the understanding, and the judgment by the case presented to it, Gregory *seems* to reply, that our judgments are by no means involuntary, since *attention*, on which they are founded, is in a great degree voluntary; and that we frequently act in direct opposition to our judgment—as, he maintains, would perpetually be the case, were it not for that very self-determining power on which he founds the freedom of our actions. This power—this force of mind—he admits, is different in different persons: but though we should allow that it might be overpowered in all, it would not therefore be annihilated in any.—The relation of evidence and belief, (where no such power obtains), bears, he thinks, a

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nearer affinity to cause and effect, than that of motive and action does; but even these, he contends, are manifestly different.—Gregory is so abundantly slow and cautious in all his steps, and so tediously prolix in descanting as he crawls along, that it is often difficult to collect a just sense of his meaning; and I am not sure of having extracted the rectified spirit of his voluminous labours correctly.

MARCH the 31st.

Looked over Dionysius Halicarnasseus Περι Συνθέσεως Ὀνομάτων; in which there is an infinite deal about nothing—great preparation and little advance—pompous display of learning and trifling instruction. The distinction he makes (sects. 10 and 11.) between τό θ' ἡδύ and τὸ καλὸν, might, I once thought, throw light on Horace's "non satis est *pulchra* esse poemata, *dulcia* sunto"; but it would be endeavouring to illustrate "obscurum per obscurius".—In the 17th. and 18th. sects. he gives a good account of the different feet in prosody. If the observance of these, was so essential (as he makes it) to constitute a good *discourse*, they must have been observed in *speaking*:—it is impossible that their sole effect should have been (as it now is), to please the eye upon paper, or the fancy on reflection.

Finished Moore's Mordaunt. It has no pretensions in point of fable, but it pleases me more than any of his novels. All the personages brought forward, are spiritedly and characteristically sketched; and the poetical justice of the piece, is exemplarily observed:—it is impossible not to be delighted at the appropriate retribution to Grindill and Lady Deanport, springing out of their own flagitious principles and conduct. I will not dwell on the defects of this Work: they are but few.

APRIL the 6th.

Read Cicero De Inventione. After vast parade of preparation, but little (as might be foreseen) is effected. The *exercise* of Invention, is a fit subject of regulation; but of all the prerogatives of genius, Invention itself, seems the least capable of being communicated, or materially assisted, by art; and even the prolific vigour of Cicero, appears to sink under the exhausting and hopeless attempt to impregnate a barren fancy.—Under the head of "probabilia in opinione", he gives as examples (L. 1, c. 29.), "Impiis apud inferos pœnas esse præparatas: Eos, qui philosophiæ dent operam, non arbitrari deos esse":—what are we to make of this?—In considering (L. 2, c. 22.) the origin of Law, he defines "jus naturæ", "quod nobis, non opinio, sed quædam innata vis afferat"; though he seems to think, that independently

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of these dictates of nature, we are led to the enactment of laws, sometimes by the perception of utility, and sometimes by the force of custom.—" Res expetendæ" he divides (c. 52.) into the " honestum", the object of virtue, which, " sua vi nos alliciat, et propter se est petendum";—as science, truth, &c; and the " utile", which, " non propter suam vim et naturam, sed propter fructum, petendum est",—as money; and objects combined of both—as friendship, fame, &c.—There is a strange similitude (in treating of this and the former subject) between passages in c. 22, and others in cs. 53 and 54: the same sentiment is repeated in nearly the same terms—a mark of carelesness, which I do not remember to have observed before in any of Cicero's compositions.—In the last paragraph of c. 54, he remarks, that it is not merely the opposite to virtue, which is vice; but that which appears to be near, though it is in fact remote: thus " fidentiæ contrarium, est diffidentia, et ea re vitium est; audacia, non contrarium sed appositum est ac propinquum, et tamen vitium est". This observation, however acute, is perplexing as Cicero puts it: but the subject clears up, on reflecting, that virtue consists in the possession of a certain degree of any quality; and that the excess or defect of it, are equally faulty. A certain degree of confidence in the professions of mankind, is essential to the maintenance of social intercourse: an excess of this quality, in a rash reliance on those professions; or a defect of it, in a temper for ever suspicious and distrustful, are both, in nearly the same proportion, culpable: the supposed opposition and propinquity are merely verbal or ideal.—The common-place topics by which Cicero endeavours to prompt Invention, in this piece, display astonishing fertility of fancy on his part; but they must be consulted, rather than retained.

APRIL the 9th.

Looked into Marsh's Michaelis. Michaelis reckons 292 Mss of the whole or a part of the New Testament, in Greek, which have been wholly or partially collated; to which Marsh adds 177 more, making in the whole 469: of these, only two, the Montfortianus and Ravianus, and those both modern, contain the disputed passage in the 1st. Epistle of John, c. 5, v. 7. The four fundamental printed editions, from which all the rest, with one or two exceptions, are taken, are, the Complutensian (Editio Princeps), Erasmus', Beza's, and Stephens'. It appears (Vol. 2, p. 730) that a Ms copy which belonged to Cromwell, is deposited, *with his other Mss*, in the Bodleian Library.—Marsh (Vol. 2, p. 892) mentions a Greek, who, in reading verse, distinctly marked both accent and quantity; raising or depressing his voice, according to the former; and shortening or prolonging it, according to the latter;

and this independently of each other. *We*, he observes, reject the Greek accents, and pronounce it as if it were Latin; which we again pronounce, not according to quantity, but accent—in dissyllables, accenting the first syllable, whether long or short;—in polysyllables, the penultimate, if long; if short, the antipenultimate, whether long or short: so that there is only one case in which the accent and quantity must necessarily coincide—which is, where the penultimate is long. It is to this mixture of coincidence and disagreement, that he ascribes the harmony of Latin verse; which is greatest, he conceives, where this mixture most obtains; while the effect, he asserts, would be intolerable, did accent and quantity always coincide—instancing an hexameter consisting of six words, of which the first five are dactyls. But suppose two or three of those words to be, not real dactyls, but trisyllables which we dactylise in defiance of quantity:—here the effect, on the ear, would be precisely the same; yet the mixture he talks of, complete. From what authority, too, I should wish to ask, is our mode of accenting Latin as we do, derived?

APRIL the 12th.

Read Frend's Animadversions on Prettyman's Theology:—more temperate and chastised than I expected; though the spirit of this bold reformer still shines through him. The Bishop has unquestionably brought himself into an awkward scrape, by requiring implicit assent to the Articles from others, while he with-holds it from them, in some instances, himself.—Baptism, and the Lord's Supper, Frend regards as merely temporary rites:—the former, for new converts, in compliance with Jewish prejudices; the latter, for the Apostles merely, so long as they observed the Passover.

Finished Porson's Letters to Travis, on the disputed passage in John: displaying uncommon robustness of judgment, keenness of perspicacity, and vigour of argumentation. In the consciousness of transcendant superiority, he dandles Travis as a tyger would a fawn; and appears only to reserve him alive, for a time, that he may gratify his appetite for sport, before he consigns his feeble prey, by a rougher squeeze, to destruction.—The whole argument is ably summed up at the close of the last Letter.

APRIL the 16th.

Finished a perusal of Warton's Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope. Invention, he regards as the characteristic of a Poet; and therefore looks upon Burnet (the cosmogonist—not the Bishop), and Addison in his *prose* works, as displaying a

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truly poetic, ie, creative genius: Pope, though an excellent *improver*, he esteems no great original inventor; and rests his pretensions to immortal fame as a poet (as he afterwards narrows those of Dryden to his Fables) on his Windsor Forest, the Rape of the Lock, and Eloisa's Epistle to Abelard—observing, that wit and satire, are transitory and perishable; but nature and passion, eternal.—The fine arts, he thinks (p. 182.),—poetry, painting, music—naturally flourish in the luxury of monarchy; but the sciences, eloquence, history, and philosophy, demand the freedom of a republic to raise them to their full vigour and growth. I doubt exceedingly whether this distinction can be sustained either by reason or experience. At first glance, I should suppose, that such productions as most powerfully agitated strong feeling, would be most in request, and most likely to be supplied, in a republic; those which administered gratification to a delicate and refined taste, in a monarchy:—but this is a very hasty view of the subject.—In enquiring into the causes, why genius declines as taste improves, he asks, at the close of the 3d. sect., "whether that philosophical, that geometrical and systematical spirit, so much in vogue, which has spread itself from the sciences even into polite literature, by consulting only *reason*, has not diminished and destroyed *sentiment*; and made our poets write from and to the *head*, rather than the *heart*?" This is just, as far as it goes: but why, as knowledge, civilization, and refinement, advance, reason should thus encroach upon sentiment, is not so obvious. Partly, no doubt, it arises from the dissipation of those illusions by which, in times less knowing, sensibility was excited and cherished; partly, from the difficulty with which a fastidious taste can be satisfied by what remains to be presented to it from the regions of imagination: but much, I think, must be ascribed to the discovery, that in a settled and quiescent state of things—a state rather of speculation than action—we are far more uniformly and steadily accessible to what is addressed to our reason, than our feelings; to be gratified with what is rational, than to be amused with what is pleasing, or touched with what is moving. Nature and passion, it is true, are eternal; and just representations of them will ever continue to delight: but addresses to our understanding, we find, are more constant, and sure, and appretiable in their effects; and they accordingly rise, with the progress of society, in our esteem.—The use, the force, and the excellence, Warton observes (sect. 10.) of language—an excellence essential to poetry—consists in raising clear, complete, and circumstantial images; and thus turning readers into spectators: the prevailing fault in poets, is the dwelling in generalities; and Homer was fortunate in writing before general and abstract terms were invented. Tacitus, on this occasion, he calls a great *Poet*; and soon afterwards pronounces Pain's-Hill, and Persefield, fine examples of practical *poetry*; and Brown, a great *painter*:—vivid and forcible expres-

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sions.—Of Pope's Preface to the Iliad, he speaks in very different terms Vol. 1, p. 115; and Vol. 2, p. 475: a change of opinion, which may in some measure be explained by the length of time which elapsed between the publication of these Volumes. —He sums up and concludes, with ascribing to Pope, in a tone more subdued (I think) than that with which he started, the characteristic excellence of Judgment rather than Invention.—The multifarious erudition and exquisite taste which Warton displays in his critiques, the various productions he takes occasion to perstringe in his progress through Pope's Works, and the curious anecdotes with which he occasionally seasons his remarks, render this Essay one of the most interesting and delightful compositions in the English language.

APRIL the 17th.

Read Pope's Preface to the Iliad. He makes *Invention* the grand characteristic of genius, of poetical excellence, and of Homer. It is Homer's superiority of Invention, that renders his *fable*, so extensive and copious; his *manners*, so lively and forcibly marked; his *speeches*, so affecting and transported; his *sentiments*, so warm and sublime; his *images* and *descriptions*, so full and animated; his *expression*, so raised and daring; and his *numbers*, so rapid and various.—Pope could at least enthusiastically *praise*, the quality which Warton imagines he did not eminently *possess*.— As Homer's peculiar excellence is *invention*, so Virgil's, in Pope's estimation, is *judgment*. He is certainly right: though one always listens with some scruples of caution, to a comparative estimate of poetical merit by a *translator* of one of the parties.

Looked over Price's Three Essays on the Picturesque; in which he attempts the difficult task of reducing his principles, on this subject, to practice. In the first, on Artificial Water, he is more successful than I expected. In the 2d., on the Decorations *near* the House, he contends, very forcibly, for the spirited effect *here*, of *symmetrical abruptness*, in terraces, parapets, ballustrades, statues, fountains, &c, after the old Italian style of gardening; as, in the *distance*, he would have the picturesque effects of *irregular abruptness*, in rocks, broken ground, and nature unreformed; employing the modern style of landscape gardening, to form a gradual and easy transition between them.—The 3d. Essay, on the Picturesque in Architecture, is very unsatisfactory.

APRIL the 20th.

Read again Hurd's Dissertations, on Universal Poetry, and The Provinces of the

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Drama.—In the former, on the ground that the end of Poetry is pleasure, to which use itself must submit, as in all other kinds of literary composition pleasure is subordinate to use, he infers the necessity of an ornamented, figurative, and numerous style;—of fiction, to represent the fairest objects only, and in the fairest lights;—and of verse, to charm the ear; for the want of which latter requisite, apparently, he blazes out into an outrageous fury against novels and romances. The principle he takes up, it is obvious, is much too general and vague to support the specific conclusions he deduces from it; and the whole disquisition has more the air of a mere tryal of skill, than a serious exercise of critical sagacity.—On the "Provinces of the Drama", he makes the object of Tragedy to be, the excitation of the passions of pity and terror; of Comedy, the gratification arising from a just exhibition of the human character, with its specific shades of difference; and of Farce, the mere provocation of laughter. Tragedy, he infers, requires for its subject, actions rather than manners; important actions; and the actions of important personages: Comedy, manners rather than actions; these not too interesting; and of private persons. Both, demand a plot; an unity and even simplicity of fable; and that the characters exhibited, should neither be perfectly good or bad: but differ in this, that a good plot is most essential to Comedy; that Tragedy succeeds best when the subject is real, Comedy when it is feigned; Tragedy requires more particular characters, Comedy more general—so that a sameness of character is tolerable in the former, but not in the latter; and, that Comedy is most successful when the scene is laid at home, Tragedy when abroad. The genius of Comedy, he considers to be humour, or the just expression of character without design—a happy definition! This expression may, or may not, be enlivened with ridicule; and the drama, in consequence, may take the complexion of serious or pleasant; or it may unite both: but when the qualities common to human nature at large, are overcharged in the exhibition; or when, instead of the peculiarities of particular characters and times, some real individual is personated, the representation degenerates into the lower province of Farce.—Hurd's qualifications as a critic, are obviously subtlety and acumen, rather than sensibility and taste; but we must allow that he makes the most of the powers with which he has been gifted.

APRIL the 23d.

Finished Marsh's Tract on the Politics of Great Britain and France, from the Conference at Pilnitz, to the Declaration of War; in which he demonstrates (as far as such a subject is susceptible of demonstration) from authentic documents, that we were reluctantly forced into the present contest by a series of unprovoked and in-

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tolerable injuries. The whole is conducted in a very temperate, but dignified, and masterly manner; and appears conclusive on the subject. I do not envy Mr. Erskine his feelings on the perusal of this Work:—it operates as the most complete extinguisher that could possibly be placed on the doctrines of his pamphlet.—Whether, in point of policy, it might not have been prudent, as we had borne so long, to have endured with patience our wrongs a little longer, just when things were drawing to a crisis; so that we might have extorted conviction of our moderation and forbearance from the most obdurate, and heaped coals of hotter fire on the heads of our frantic aggressors—may perhaps admit of question: but that we were fully justified, by the law of nature and nations, in the measures we *did* pursue, preliminary to the rupture, is a point which Mr. Marsh appears to have put beyond all contestation.—One is surprised that a Work of this nature should not have been exhibited to the Public, before: it has been delayed, till the period for its immediate efficacy is past; and it becomes principally valuable, as an historical memorial.

APRIL the 27th.

Read again, and with more attention, Hurd's Discourse on Poetical Imitation. He considers what is called *invention*, in criticism, as being, in philosophical language, simply an *imitation* of natural objects: that these objects, from which it is the office of genius to select its sentiments and images, fall under the heads, either of, 1st. the material world; 2dly., the internal workings and movements of our minds; or, 3dly., those internal operations that are made objective to sense, by gesture, attitude, or action: and, that, being by the constitution of our common nature, 1st., sensible to the same beauties in external objects; 2dly., subject to the same passions, affections and sentiments; and, 3dly, expressing our internal feelings by the same outward signs,—mere resemblance in subject-matter between two single images or sentiments, is no sufficient proof that one was copied from the other. This respects the *matter* of poetical composition: and with regard to the *manner*, he thinks that common principles may determine us to adopt, not only the same general form of composition, but even similar constituent members—as episodes, descriptions, and similies; and that peculiarities of expression, are the surest tests of Imitation. Having thus reduced the criteria for detecting plagiarism, within as narrow a range as possible, he proceeds to vindicate Imitation itself, by maintaining, that we are naturally led to regard the copies rather than the originals; and that the two great faculties, of Judgment and Invention, are exercised in the highest degree, in selecting from, and

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improving upon, these.—Nothing can equal the exquisite subtlety which Hurd displays in spinning the texture of his Theory:—an awkward assailant would find himself entangled in a web, from which extrication would be rendered hopeless, by the multitude, and tenuity, and involution, of the filmy threads that compose it.—The comparison (P. 1, sect. 1.) of the influence of certain sentiments on the human form, to the gentle breathings of the air on the face of nature, is wonderfully fine, and highly wrought up. Parr's vivid description of the effect of these isolated passages, of bright and unsullied lustre, on his feelings, flashed instantly and forcibly upon my mind, on the occasion.

MAY the 2d.

Looked into Hurd's Notes on Horace's Art of Poetry.—On v. 94, he remarks, that figurative language is not to be rejected in dramatic writing; but only such images to be given to the speaker, as the passion by which he is affected naturally suggests to the human mind. This is very just: the prevailing fault of dramatic writers in this respect, is, the imparting to their characters under the agitation of the passions, not such images as passion rouses in the mind immediately subject to its fervour, but as the observer is prone to indulge on contemplating this spectacle and aiming to describe it.—On v. 244, he ascribes the pleasure derived from pastoral poetry, to its addressing itself to the three leading principles in human nature, the love of ease, the love of beauty, and the moral sense; by exhibiting the tranquillity, the scenery, and the innocence of rural life:—a happy example of a solution exact and complete in all its parts; and which leaves nothing wanting, to give absolute and entire satisfaction to the mind of the enquirer.—On v. 317, he contends, that both in poetry and painting, an artist may confine himself too much to individuals, and thus fail in exhibiting the kind; or, in giving the general idea, he may collect it from an extended view of real life, instead of taking it from the nobler conception existing only in the mind: and that by deviating from particular, he more faithfully imitates universal truth—on which principle, Aristotle affirms fiction to be φιλοσοφώτερον καὶ σπουδαιότερον (more philosophical and instructive) than history.—On v. 410, he remarks, that of Longinus' five sources of the sublime, two—a grandeur of conception, and the pathetic, come from nature; three—a just arrangement of figures, a splendid diction, and dignity of composition, are the province of art:—but, even in this view of it, it is impossible to conceal, that Longinus' division of the subject, is miserably lame and defective.

MAY the 6th.

Read Gildon's Essay, prefixed to Shakespear's Poems; in which he largely discusses Dramatic Poetry. Poetry, he considers as an art; and he is a grand stickler for the rules of this art, which he regards, rather as the original suggestions of right reason, instructing us how to please, than the mere conclusions of experience from what has pleased:—a preposterous piece of folly, nearly akin to that which attempts to solve the phænomena of nature from the chimæras of the fancy, instead of collecting the materials for this solution from a patient investigation of the laws by which nature is really governed in all her operations; but as a *practical* piece of folly, leading to consequences still more absurd. According to Gildon, all excellence flows from the observance of the rules of composition, and all deformity from their violation: to such a taste, Shakespear's Dramas must have a most untoward aspect; yet his "wood-notes wild" occasionally extort, even from this sturdy champion of the *summum jus* in critical jurisprudence, an approving nod, with—"this is very well".—At the close of his Remarks on Shakespear's Plays, he observes, that "verisimilitude in the Drama, is more essential than truth, because fact itself is sometimes so barely possible that it is almost incredible". Hurd has caught this idea: and it is not the only instance in which I fancy I have detected him poaching on this antient and neglected manor.

MAY the 7th.

Looked into Cicero's Brutus. From the 49th. to the 55th. c. Cicero contends, that the popular judgment on oratory—though not on poetry—is always right, and coincident with that of the best judges. One does not see much ground for this distinction: except, indeed, that the people of Rome were more likely to be conversant with speeches than poems.—Parr has professedly drawn much from this piece, in his Preface; and he has taken more than he has acknowledged.—"Peringeniosis neque satis doctis hominibus, plerumque contingit, ut meliùs putent se dicere posse, quàm scribere": Parr. "Videmus alios, quòd meliùs putent dicere se posse, quàm scribere; quod peringeniosis hominibus, neque satis doctis, plerumque contigit": Cic. c. 24. —"Propter expeditam ac profluentem quodam modo celeritatem": Cic. c. 61: verbatim.—"Hæc cui contingant, eum scito Atticè dicere": Cic. c. 84. "Hæc cui contingant, eum iterùm ac sæpiùs dixerim Atticè loqui": Parr.—"Nemo erat qui videretur exquisitius * * * studuisse literis, * * * nemo, qui philosophiamc omplexus esset, matrem omnium bene factorum benéque dictorum * * * nemo, qui memoriam

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rerum Romanarum teneret * * * nemo, qui * * * laxaret judicum animos, atque à severitate paulisper ad hilaritatem risumque traduceret * * * nemo, qui delectandi gratiâ digredi parumper à causâ; nemo, qui * * * judicem * * * ad fletum posset adducere": Cic. c. 93. "Nemo, qui * * * diligentiùs * * * litterarum scientiæ se dederit; nemo, qu iphilosophiam illam, matrem omnium benè factorum benèque dictorum, coluerit exquisitiùs; * * * nemo, qui rerum et veterum et recentiorum memoriam vel arctiùs vel copiosiùs tenuerit; nemo, qui delectandi gratia jucundiùs sit à proposito parumper egressus, et à severitate ad risum leniùs deduxerit animos audientium; nemo qui ad fletum * * * vehementiùs deflexerit": Parr.—"Doleo me in vitam paulo seriùs, tanquam in viam, ingressum, priusquàm confectum iter sit, *in hanc reipublicæ noctem incidisse*": Cic. c. 96. "Antequam in hanc senatus noctem incidimus": Parr. In Cicero, the metaphor is clear: it is not so in Parr.—I have still attended only to that part of the Preface, which gives the character of Burke.

MAY the 9th.

Looked into Prettyman's Theology. The Dedication to Pitt, is insufferably fulsome. Fawning adulation, is at all times, and on all occasions, surfeiting; but from a bishop to his political creator, such cant is peculiarly offensive and detestable.—It is remarked in the Preface, that if all religions must be examined, to ascertain the best, none could be chosen: nor, on the same principle, could practice of any kind be adopted, by him that should teach, or him that should be taught; and because we know not every thing, we must do nothing.

Read Cicero's Orator: in which he endeavours to exhibit the portrait of a perfect orator, according to Plato's notion of an archetypical idea, superior in excellence to any existing form: but his figure, after all, is strangely patched; and he perpetually slides, from exhibiting, to instructing.

MAY the 12th.

Read Hurd's Notes on Horace's Epistle to Augustus. In the Dedication, he requires in a perfect critic, reason, or what he calls a "philosophic spirit", to penetrate the grounds of excellence in every different species of composition; and taste, or what he terms a "strong imagination", to feel those excellencies himself, and to impress them upon others: Aristotle, he considers as transcendant in the former department; Longinus, in the latter: and then—Oh! monstrous adulation!—he compliments Warburton, as perfect in both; and as exciting jealousy, because great to judge as to in-

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vent! How could such a sycophant write the Note on v. 15.—On v. 63, he observes, that the popular voice, after partialities have had time to dye away, is sacred; and fixes the unalterable doom of authors.—On v. 210, he affirms, that all didactic writing, is employed in referring particular facts to general principles; and defines criticism, the referring to general rules the virtues and the faults of composition. The perfection of criticism, he thinks, would consist in referring *every* beauty and blemish to a separate class; and *every* class, by a gradual progression, to some *one* single principle. Critics, he continues, are properly employed, in *confirming* established rules, which can only be done by referring more particulars to them; or by *inventing* new ones, which implies, 1st., a collection of various particulars, not yet regulated; 2dly., a discovery of those circumstances of resemblance or agreement whereby they become capable of being regulated; and, 3dly., an arrangement into one class, according to such similitude: when this is done, the rule is completed; and its object is, to direct the caprices of taste by an authority which we call reason. Longinus, Bouhours, and Addison, he censures as dwelling too much in generals: not only the *genus* to which they refer their *species*, is too large; but the *species* themselves, are too comprehensive. This is as just and philosophical a view of criticism, as I have any where met with.

MAY the 13th.

Finished Malone's Life of Dryden, prefixed to an Edition of his Prose Works. By the drudgery of searching deeds, wills, genealogies, registers, and records of all sorts, Malone has discovered some new facts, and detected a few mistakes, respecting Dryden and his Family, of very little consequence though they regard so great a character; and the whole substance of which, might have been appended, in a few notes, to Johnson's Life.—What a contrast between these two pieces of biography! Malone admits, indeed, that his is the life of the *man*, and Johnson's of the *poet*.—In the Preface, Malone states, that Burke greatly admired, and had diligently read, Dryden's Miscellaneous Essays; and that his own style was perhaps originally formed on Dryden's, it bearing a greater resemblance to his, than that of any other English writer. Fox, I am told, entertains a similar predilection for Dryden's prose style:—a singular coincidence of opinion, in two such men; whose taste, in their own compositions, appears to differ so essentially.—In a note (p. 140, of the Life) Malone gives to Bacon, an allusion which was intended for Hooker:—the passage referred to, is the very first sentence of Ecclesiastical Polity.

MAY the 15th.

Read Daines Barrington's curious Observations on the Notes of Birds. It appears, That birds are not prompted by instinct in their song, but that they will imitate, as far as their organs allow, the earliest notes they hear; and that canary birds, which are naturally silent, are thus taught from the nightingale and titlark; That cock birds alone sing; That the notes of birds are of a higher pitch than the shrillest instrument can reach; That the intervals of these notes, are too minute to be appretiated by the gross intervals of our musical scale; That as there is no apparent dissonance though a dozen birds are singing different tunes, they probably pitch on the same key, which seems to be G. with a flat third; That the oldest airs with which we are acquainted (Morva Rhyddlan particularly) are composed in a flat third; and, That there is a much higher combination of mellowness of tone, sprightliness, plaintiveness, compass, and execution, in the nightingale's song, than in that of any other bird.

Read Campbell's Pleasures of Hope. Parts of this Poem, are animated and fine; but the imagery is frequently obscure, the meaning involved, and the connection perplexing. The beautiful allusion with which this Poem opens, is borrowed from one in Johnson's Collections for the Rambler; which I believe he never employed, but which was certainly too good to be lost: see Boswell's Life, 8vo. Ed., Vol. 1, p. 180.

Looked into Kirkman's Life of Macklin: he ascribes to Lord Chatham, the Speech on the licensing of Plays, which Maty gives as Lord Chesterfield's; but, whoever furnished the materials and the name, was not the manufacture Johnson's?

MAY the 17th.

Began Dryden's Prose Works. In the Preface to All for Love, he contends against the judgments of self-created critics; maintaining, that an artificer must be the best judge in his own art; that poetry, as a picture of nature, must generally please, but that every species of it may not please every taste; and that it is not enough to be pleased with any species, to be a judge of it, since it is necessary, for this purpose, thoroughly to understand in what its excellencies consist. Previously to this (p. 17, Vol. 2) he makes an acute remark—"that the civillest man in company is commonly the dullest".—Morris' definition of wit, as quoted by Malone (P. to Albion and Albanius, p. 152, Vol. 2.)—"the lustre resulting from the quick elucidation of one subject, by a just and unexpected arrangement of it with another", seems a good one:

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but when Dryden defines it, " a propriety of words and thoughts", it should be recollected, that " wit", in his days, had a much more general signification than that to which it is now restricted:—the context makes this apparent. Dryden's observation, in the same piece, that the first inventors of any art or science, provided they have brought it to perfection, are in reason to give laws to it, seems specious, but in truth has no foundation. In the republic of genius and letters, hints may be supplied, but legislation is out of question: there can be but one law on the subject—to attain the ends of composition by the best possible means.—As an excuse for the violation of the unities of Time and Place in Dramatic Poetry, he observes (P. to Don Sebastian, p. 191, Vol. 2.), that to " gain a greater beauty, it is lawful for a poet to supersede a less";—that " it is better" (P. to Cleomenes, p. 228, Vol. 2.) " to trespass on a rule, than to leave out a beauty";—and (D. to Love Triumphant, p. 239, Vol. 2), " that there are not, indeed, so many absurdities in *their* supposition"—(the supposition of the sticklers for these unities)—" as in ours; but it is an original absurdity for the audience to suppose themselves to be in any other place, than in the very theatre in which they sit; which is neither chamber, nor garden, nor yet a public place of any business but that of representation": this is the germ of the argument so finely expanded and wrought out by Johnson, in his Preface to Shakespear.—The strongest resemblance I have yet met with to the style of Burke, is in the paragraph (Dedication to Amphytrion, p. 198, Vol. 2.) beginning, " All things of honour, &c".—Much of the matter inserted in Malone's Life, is appended in his notes:—I suspect that the Life was an after-thought. His political rancour, like that of most underlings, is extreme.

MAY the 20th.

Pursued Dryden's Prose Works. In his Account of Annus Mirabilis, he states (p. 260, Vol. 2.) that the composition of all Poems, is, or ought to be, wit, which he defines, " the happy product of imagination"; and this exercise of the imagination he divides into, 1st., Invention, or the finding a thought; 2dly., Fancy, or the varying, deriving, and moulding that thought, as judgment directs; and, 3dly., Elocution, or the expressing it in apt, significant, and sounding words: the quickness of the imagination is seen in the first exertion, its fertility in the second, and its accuracy in the third. Ovid, if I understand him, he considers as personating better than Virgil, and Virgil as describing better than Ovid: remarking on Virgil's descriptions (p. 262.) that " we see the objects he represents as within their native figures and proper motions; but so we see them, as our eyes could never have beheld them

so beautiful in themselves"—a just thought, though clumsily expressed. The proper end of Heroic Poetry, he states (p. 265.) to be, Admiration.—At the close of the Preface to Religio Laici (p. 329, Vol. 2.) he observes, that for the purpose of touching the passions, objects must be represented out of their true proportion—either greater or less; but for the purpose of instruction, they must be represented as they are.—His statement of the comparative advantages of biography over history, in his Life of Plutarch, furnished hints, I think, to Barton in the address prefixed to his Edition of Plutarch's Lives—a critical composition of very considerable merit, though little known. Dryden's view, in this piece (p. 398, Vol. 2.), of the general use of history, as assisting us " to judge of what will happen, by shewing us the like revolutions of former times, * * * * mankind being the same in all ages; agitated by the same passions, and moved to action by the same interests", is clear and just.—The opening of the P. S. to the History of the League, gives us a good idea of the doctrines of divine right and passive obedience.—Dryden's images are thickly sown; and some of them are wonderfully forcible. I am not surprised, that the greatest judges are charmed with his style: though debased with many uncouthnesses, it bears, throughout, the manly stamp of our genuine vernacular idiom—true English. Yet it is difficult to separate the consideration of his style, from the stream of thought which it involves: this usually breaks out, at once, in great force; and deriving vehemence and expansion, as it flows, from a thousand auxiliary rills, hurries us along through a rapid succession of ever shifting scenes; which if they fail to inform the judgment, at least, by their variegated splendour and beauty, replenish, invigorate, and delight the imagination.

MAY the 25th.

Finished Dryden's Prose Works. In his Discourse on Satire (p. 73, Vol. 3.) he wavers strangely, as it was natural he should, in giving his preposterous preference to Juvenal over Horace, as a satirist. Whatever immediately occupied Dryden's fervid mind, appears to have assumed a disproportionate importance there.—By a note appended to the Parallel of Poetry and Painting (p. 323, Vol. 3.) it appears, that Aristotle accounts for the gratification afforded by imitation, on the principle, that to learn (μανθανειν) is a natural pleasure. Burke, in his Introduction on Taste, observes, that the mind has a far greater alacrity and satisfaction in tracing resemblances than searching for differences, because, by making resemblances we produce new images; we unite, we create, we enlarge our stock; whereas, by making distinctions, we offer no food at all to the imagination:—whence arises our inclination to belief, rather than incredulity. It does not appear to me, that the passion for mental

acquisition, is at all competent to the effects ascribed to it by either of these writers: —though indeed, if we deduct from the effect of imitations, the pleasure derived from the agreeable qualities of the object represented, and the skill and genius evinced by the artist in executing the representation, there will be little gratification of any kind left, to be accounted for from any cause whatever.

MAY the 26th.

Read Mrs. Radcliffe's Tour to the Lakes. Much might perhaps be expected from this Lady's well known powers of description, exerted on so congenial a theme: but to paint from the imagination, and to copy nature, are such different achievments, that I was surprised, I confess, to find that she had succeeded so well, and failed so little. Her pictures, though somewhat overwrought and heavy compared with the expressive etchings of Gray, exhibit as clear distinct and forcible images to the minds' eye, as it is well possible for words to convey. Such a series of them "where pure description holds the place of sense", would probably pall on most palates; but so strong a passion do I feel for the keen delights of picturesque and mountain scenery, that I was gratified, I own, to the last.—She appears to make the predominant character of Windermere, beauty; of Derwent Lake, picturesqueness; and of Ullswater, sublimity.

MAY the 28th.

Finished the two first Volumes of Soame Jenyns' Works, edited by Cole. His Poetry does not rise above mediocrity—indeed it scarcely deserves the name: but the style of his Prose, is smooth and lucid; his turns of thought, are neat and unexpected; and when he sports in irony, in which he apparently delights to indulge, he is uncommonly playful and airy.—In his Essay on Virtue, he inculcates in verse, the same doctrine that he propounds in his Origin of Evil, in prose,—that virtue consists solely and simply in promoting the general good; and promises himself great things from the diffusion of this discovery.—In his tract on American Taxation, he defends both the right, and the expediency, of taxing the Colonies;—the former, by exploding the received theories of political representation.—In his Reflections on Parliamentary Reform, he derides the projects for securing an independent Parliament; and endeavours to prove, that it would be the destruction of our Constitution, if it could be obtained.—In his Thoughts on the National Debt, he contends, that as the principal borrowed, and the interest raised, from the Public, are both restored to it, the pub-

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lic wealth cannot be impaired by this imaginary burthen; and that by enabling us to circulate the prodigious sums to which that principal and interest amount—(the circulation of money, being money)—it must, of necessity, greatly enhance that wealth: —it is from this encrease of our wealth, that he alone apprehends any danger. He makes one remark on this subject, which Burke has borrowed in his last-published tract, That the sum raised for interest on a new loan, coming again into circulation, is expended in taxed commodities, which bring into the Treasury an additional income that goes far to discharge the interest on the sum borrowed.—Jenyns has evidently a predilection for paradoxical opinions: and why, he might reasonably urge in his defence, should a man address the Public, who has nothing new to offer to it?

MAY the 30th.

Read Jenyns' Metaphysical Disquisitions, in the 3d. Vol. of his Works.—In the 5th., he contends, that God has implanted in the material and intellectual world, powers and propensities greatly analogous: by which they are enabled and impelled, in a similar manner, to perform their appointed parts; to restrain their own excesses; and to call back each other, whenever they too far deviate from their respective destinations. This is profound and just.—In the 6th., on Rational Christianity, he reprobates the plan for reducing the doctrines of religion to the standard of our reason, instead of aiming to exalt our reason to the comprehension of those doctrines; and observes, that Revelation, in its very nature, implies information of something which reason alone was not competent to discover. The distinguishing doctrines of Christianity, he states to be, That we come into the world in a depraved and fallen condition; That we are placed here, to purge off this original guilt, and recover our lost state of innocence and happiness; That we cannot effect this, without the grace of God; and, That, after all, we can only hope for pardon, through the merits of Christ, and the atonement made for our transgressions by his sufferings and death. It would be difficult, I believe, in the work of any divine, to meet with so clear, succinct, and masterly an exposition of the orthodox faith.—In the 7th., on Government and Civil Liberty, he combats, with great shrewdness, the doctrines, that men are born free and equal; that all government is derived from the people; that it is a compact between the governors and governed; and that it should be dissolved when not to the equal advantage of both parties. To be sure, at first view, it seems very preposterous to attempt to regulate authority, and submission to authority, on a gratuitous assumption which has unquestionably no foundation in fact;—for except (perhaps) in the case of the American States, history records no instance in which such a

compact was ever entered into: but the divine right to dominion being justly exploded, there appears to remain nothing, in the shape of a rational motive, to plead, either in support or limitation of government, but mere convenience. Now, to give something like form and stability to so very loose a principle, there seems no impropriety, where the government is such as a wise man would rather choose to abide by than incur the hazard of change, in supposing, not indeed that this government was originally instituted, but that it continues to subsist, by virtue of a compact between the Rulers and the People. Such a doctrine may not have much efficacy in instructing governors in their right to rule, or the people in their duty to obey; nor, till of late, has any such lesson been necessary:—force and prejudice, the two real mainsprings of all government (though not to be offered, in theory, as rational inducements on the subject) will, in ordinary cases, prove amply sufficient, in practice, for this purpose: but by the clear, just, and forcible view it exhibits, of the true nature and destination of all political authority, it can scarcely fail to teach to Sovereigns, of whatever denomination, the duty of consulting the good of the people in the exercise of their power, as the only end for which that power is vested in their hands; and to the People, the right of insisting on this attention to their welfare, as the only principle on which their submission is due:—a species of admonition, which, whatever epidemic fevers of the mind may occasionally rage, will probably prove salutary in the main, as long as the world endures.—In refutation of the fashionable apophthegm, that the People should be their own governors, Jenyns judiciously and acutely remarks, that the very essence of government consists in coercion: but when he proceeds to observe, that the advocates for liberty are usually tyrannical in power, because resistance to their *power* becomes, in that case, an infringement of their *liberty*, he evidently pushes the refinements of speculation too far. The love of power, whatever may be the cant of hypocrites, is a natural and indelible passion in the human mind: and the more precarious the tenure by which that power is held—as precarious, in the hands of demagogues, it ever must be—with the more jealousy will it be guarded, and the more impatiently will resistance be endured. This forms, indeed, one of the capital objections to popular governments; which usually, on this account, infringe far more on personal liberty, than constitutions in which the supreme authority is stable and secure.—In the 8th. Essay, on Religious Establishments, Jenyns maintains, That such institutions are necessary, because all religious sects seek for power, and Government, for its own security, must espouse one; That genuine Christianity can never, on account of its doctrines, become a national religion; and, That as citizens we are bound to accept an imperfect scheme of it, though as men we should aim to approach as near to its original purity as we can.—Burke has borrowed from the 7th. of these Disquisitions; and Hey, from the 6th. and 8th.

JUNE the 3d.

Read Jenyns' View of the Internal Evidences of Christianity; in which he endeavours to establish the truth of our religion, principally on its most singular and extraordinary character—as exhibiting doctrines to our faith, which, while they surpass in excellence, are totally unlike in nature, whatever before entered into the mind of man to conceive;—and enjoining precepts on our practice, which, while they carry all the real virtues to a much higher degree of purity and perfection than any preceding moralist had advanced them, scrupulously omit whatever are spurious and founded on false principles, and inculcate, in their stead, new and peculiar duties exactly corresponding with the new objects which this religion opens to our view. The false virtues omitted, he makes, valour, patriotism, and friendship;—the two latter, because exclusive of universal benevolence: the new virtues added, poorness of spirit, forgiveness of injuries, charity to all men, repentance, faith, self-abasement, and a detachment from the world. Is it likely, is it possible, that a religion thus distinguished, should have been the work of imposture?—He then proceeds to obviate objections. From the sufficiency of reason;—by shewing its insufficiency to construct a code of faith and practice comparable to that which Christianity unfolds. From the errors and inconsistencies to be detected in the Scriptures;—by contending that they are merely the *history* of God's revelations, and consequently subject, like all historical records, to such blemishes. From the opposition of Christianity to our natural propensities, and its incompatibility with the business of the world;—by maintaining, that its universal acceptance was never expected; and that it has performed all it was designed to effect, by enlightening the minds, purifying the faith, and amending the morals of mankind; while, without subverting the policy of the world, it has opened a gate, though a strait one, to the kingdom of heaven. From its corruptions;—by proving them to be the natural consequence of such a religion, delivered to such a being as man. From the incredibility of some of its doctrines;—by evincing the inadequacy of reason to the discussion of such topics. And, lastly, from its apparent partiality and injustice;—by pointing out the same seeming contradictions to our notions of impartiality and justice, in the ordinary dispensations of Providence: observing, that this objection assumes man to be as wise and perfect as his Creator; whereas, being imperfect and ignorant, it is to be presumed that the dispensations of a Being of perfect wisdom, justice, and goodness, will appear to us absurd and unjust, so as almost to justify the pious rant of a mad enthusiast "credo, quia impossibile"; on which principle, he conceives, it is, that faith is so particularly inculcated as a duty—an injunction

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which is not unreasonable, since belief is in a great measure voluntary, as what we wish to believe, we are never far from believing.—Such, on a continued, but not inattentive, perusal, appear Mr. Jenyns' leading arguments in defence of Christianity; and I confess myself to have been powerfully impressed by their novelty and force. He seems to me to enter very fully into the true genius and character of the Christian Religion; which all attempts to soften down and rationalize, only render more incredible: and by meeting the difficulties it really presents, in their entire force, he at any rate takes the surest course to win our confidence and our esteem.—I have been told, but I know not on what authority, that the whole of this defence is a mere *jeu d'esprit*; an exercise of skill and ingenuity on the part of its author, unaccompanied by any serious conviction of the truth of what he professes to establish. If so, he has unquestionably carried on the deception with admirable address; for, throughout, there appear the strongest marks of sincerity and even earnestness: but I should very unwillingly believe such an imputation to be true, as it would imply a disingenuous imposition on the Public, and a cruel mockery of the reason and feelings of mankind, on a subject where all but idiots and madmen must be disposed to be serious, that from every candid and honourable mind would imperiously call for the severest reprobation. An argument, it may be urged, can derive no quality from the quarter whence it proceeds, or the spirit in which it is advanced: there it is: if weak, it must be futile, however solemnly alleged; if strong, it must be cogent, however sportively adduced: "valeat", therefore, "quantum valere potest": it can make no difference, nor have we any business to enquire, by what motives the author was actuated: provided his proofs are satisfactory, that is sufficient; and we are bound to surrender ourselves to his conclusions with the same facility, though he should have been prompted by no other design than to impose on our simplicity and to expose us to derision, as if he had been stimulated by the sincerest zeal to impress us with a conviction correspondent to his own. But let us sophisticate as we may, nature will infallibly rebel at such an audacious attempt to subjugate her instincts: and there is no man, I suppose, who, if apprised of the fact, would listen with complacency to arguments thus urged; or who, if unwittingly seduced by their influence, would not instantly, on detecting the imposition, withdraw, with scorn and indignation, an assent filched from him by so iniquitous a fraud on his good faith and understanding.

JUNE the 11th.

Dipped into Boswell's Life of Johnson. Johnson pronounces Hume either mad or a liar, for having maintained to Boswell, that he was no more uneasy to think he should

not be after this life, than that *he had not been* before he began to exist: yet it is not easy, I conceive, to devise a satisfactory answer to an argument which I once urged upon this subject.

If ever there was a clear and incontestible proposition, it surely is, that an event, of which, and of whose effects, we must ever remain unconscious, is one, in which, whenever it takes place, we can have no possible interest: and if ever there was a particular case obviously and indisputably referable to a general principle, it is, that annihilation, which implies a total extinction of all consciousness, not only of that specific event and its consequences, but of all events and all consequences whatever, is precisely an occurrence of this nature. To compare such a casualty, in point of interest, with what is passing in Jupiter or Saturn, would be doing injustice to the argument. So curious and exquisite is the concatenation of causes and effects, that it is impossible to say how much we may not be affected, while existence continues, by incidents apparently the most remote: but the contingency in question, instantly places us beyond all possibility of benefit or injury from any cause; and ought, therefore, to be regarded as purely and absolutely indifferent. It cuts us off, it may be said, from all the pleasures of existence, and is therefore an evil: Johnson has caught this idea—"when he dies, he at least gives up all he has": but what is a deprivation, of which we neither are, nor ever can be, in the slightest manner sensible? Obviously nothing at all; and little better, indeed, if seriously considered, than a contradiction in terms. Put the strongest case possible: suppose a being in the full enjoyment of the most exquisite delights of which his nature is susceptible, that he promises himself a continuance of these joys throughout the endless duration of time, and that in the midst of his career he is suddenly extinguished. Is he disappointed? He feels no disappointment. Is he injured? He feels no injury. It is a loss, you say: he loses eternal happiness! *Who* loses it? We forget that the being whom we suppose to sustain this deprivation, is no more. Such an instantaneous disappearance might indeed alarm those who witnessed it; but so far as the individual disappearing was concerned, there is surely nothing in the event which would not be perfectly consistent with the plans of entire and infinite benevolence. The "insect of the hour" enjoyed a state of high and unmixed gratification, whilst it lived; and the fond illusion of future bliss, only vanished with that existence which it so eminently tended to exhilirate.—In annihilation, therefore, regarded merely as an occurrence, and an occurrence which takes by *surprise* the object on whom it falls, there is obviously nothing either desirable or terrible: but, it will be said, that the *expectation* of this event, is dreadful; that the prospect of ceasing to exist, of parting for ever with all that we hold dear in the world, of bidding an eternal adieu to all our fondest pleasures,

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our most favourite pursuits, our tenderest connections, by arming death with tenfold terrors, must embitter every enjoyment of life, and cloud the desponding brow with comfortless despair— For who would lose,

Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion?

Par. Lost, B 2, v 146 &c.

To such representations, however, just echoes as they may be of the natural workings of the human heart on the occasion, the obvious and the conclusive answer surely is this, That if annihilation be incontestibly, in itself, an event of perfect indifference, to expect it with terror, must be in the highest degree absurd; since what can be more so, than to dread as an evil, what we are morally assured, when it comes, is no evil at all? The vainest fear of the most base and abject superstition, is sensible and judicious, compared with so groundless an alarm. Whenever we look forward to any privation, not involving positive pain,—the decay of sight or hearing for instance—,with dismay, it is because we anticipate, that whenever that privation occurs, we shall be conscious of our loss. This it is which constitutes that privation an evil, when it takes place; and renders it most justly such, in prospect. Remove, with the departed possession, all consciousness of what is fled, and as the whole evil (which can consist only in regret), disappears, so all just apprehensions respecting such a contingency, must necessarily vanish with it. It is *possible*, for many have believed it to be true, that, in former stages of existence, we ourselves may have enjoyed inlets to gratification, which are now no longer open; or derived pleasures from the senses we retain, which they are no longer competent to transmit: all memory and knowledge, however, of such delights, if they ever existed, having passed away, it is precisely the same as if they had never been: we cannot repine at the loss, of what we never remember the possession; and as we are now sensible that it would have been absurd, in that previous state of being, if it ever obtained, to look forward with anguish to our present condition; so it must be equally absurd to anticipate, with sorrow, a partial or a total extinction of faculties of enjoyment, whose loss, whenever it takes place, we are satisfied we shall be equally unable to feel or to deplore.—All this, it may perhaps be said, is very true; but whence, then, proceeds that sentiment of horror which does *in fact* accompany the prospect of annihilation. From an illusion, I conceive, on this very point, which however obvious, and however simple, it is by no means easy to expell. With the loss, whatever it be, which we incur, it is presumed that all consciousness of that loss will be extinguished: the whole argument rests on this assumption; but the mind,

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whose " thoughts", as Milton so finely expresses it, " wander through eternity", though it admits, in terms, with difficulty acquiesces, in spirit, in this supposition. We cannot, in speculation, separate the loss, from the sense of that loss, nor the feelings with which we conceive that sense must be accompanied. In contemplating the fate of others who have undergone any partial privations of this nature—a failure of memory and reason for example—however assured we may be that they are insensible to their deperdition, and suffer nothing from it, we cannot, by any effort, refrain from entering into their situation, and feeling, by substitution, for them. What we are thus irresistibly impelled, in defiance of the plainest dictates of reason, to feel for others, it would be strange indeed if we did not feel, with a still acuter sense, for ourselves: and in looking forward, accordingly, even to a condition, which, from its very nature, precludes all possibility of regret—in anticipating a total extinction of our existence—the mind finds it impracticable to stop short at this natural boundary of hope and fear; but anticipating in imagination, what is impossible in fact, obscurely figures to itself, at the termination of life, a dark and dismal abyss, a blank and boundless void, into which we are condemned to plunge, and where we must ever remain, in a state of comfortless solitude and seclusion; cut off from those pleasures to which we were once so strongly attached; and disappointed of those prospects which we once so fondly indulged; while other and happier beings, the productions of unborn ages, are busied in those stations, and participating in those delights, which we are no longer in a capacity to fill or to enjoy:—not reflecting, or rather, not being sufficiently impressed with the reflection, that all consciousness of darkness, solitude, and horror, all recollection of past enjoyments or future prospects, all knowledge of what is passing in the universe, all joy and sorrow, all regrets and disappointments, must, on the supposed contingency, for ever cease.

Such, if I remember, was the substance of the argument: but however conclusive it may appear in itself, so powerfully is it opposed by the illusion just considered, that I should deservedly incur the reproach which I have conditionally bestowed on Jenyns, were I seriously to propose it, without acknowledging, that it seemed to me exactly to meet Hume's description of a truly sceptical argument—that it admits of no answer, and produces no conviction.

JUNE the 13th.

Began Herder's Outlines of the Philosophy of the History of Man, of which I had heard high praise;—but was soon obliged to desist. He appears to write like a great child, eager to communicate its late acquirements, however trivial and however trite.

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with wonderment and rapture, as new and most important information. His tedious rhapsodical method, is, however, by no means peculiar to him. In the writings of all the modern German philosophers I have ever met with, there is an encumbered heaviness and wearisome prolixity, arising from a generous but most fatiguing disposition to leave nothing upon trust, but to impart, at full length, and in all the amplitude of ponderous detail, the whole mass of whatever they have laboriously collected—which gradually extinguishes every spark of curiosity and interest, and overwhelms the spirits with lassitude and languor. Something of this, may perhaps be ascribed to the particular state of science in that country; but much must be owing to the peculiar genius of the people. I fancy that in their poetry, I discover a distinguishing cast of character somewhat allied to their prosings. We search in vain, in the effusions of the German Muse, for what the French emphatically term "la spirituelle"—for traits of a delicate and refined sensibility, and cultivated imagination: but are struck, at every step, with indications of powers, rather clumsily robust, than vigorously active; and feelings, rather coarsely strong, than nicely susceptible;—a sort of intellectual constitution, which appears to accomplish every thing by effort; which can neither execute what is trifling, with grace, nor what is great, with dignity; but is for ever mistaking rudeness for simplicity, violence for pathos, appetite for passion, delirium for fancy, enormity for grandeur, and whatever is ghastly ferocious and horrid, for the terrible and the sublime.

Met Dr. Garnet at a party in the evening. He was very full of the late original and important discovery, that the cold and wet weather we have had for some time, is owing to the explosion of gunpowder by the contending armies on the continent: calculating that 30,000 men, in 60 discharges, would disengage 300 cubic miles of air; and descanting largely on the consequences of such a *sufflation*. This foppery of philosophy, deriving countenance, I suspect, from an endeavour to accommodate science to the taste of the grown scholars of the Royal Institution, is surely mighty ridiculous. What sensible and permanent effect is it possible to suppose that 300 cubic miles of air of any description, received into the vast alembic of the atmosphere, and blown about by all the winds of heaven, can produce on whole regions 300 miles off! The only *chill* which these explosions have occasioned, is of a quality, I am afraid, which Count Rumford, with all his pyrotechnical devices, would find it far above his skill to remedy.—Dr. G. could not solve a difficulty I started--Why the Sun's rays, notwithstanding they are concentrated to produce a degree of heat one hundred times more intense than that of the fiercest furnace, will impart *directly* no perceptible warmth to water; though the same water, inclosed in a vessel the most perfectly transparent.

and insulated in the completest manner from all conductors of caloric, will soon acquire a very sensible degree of heat from exposure to a common fire?

JUNE the 19th.

Glanced over Pye's Commentary on Aristotle's Poetics. Pye, in his last note, discusses the question, whether Beauty results from Fitness and Utility; but without coming to any general conclusion: though he inclines to decide, in most instances, in the affirmative; and controverts Burke's examples in favour of an opposite inference. Voltaire, he quotes, as broadly determining in the negative: illustrating his argument by a dose of physic, which however obviously beneficial to the constitution, is not on that account a whit more delectable to the palate: and maintaining, that our moral sentiments are universally the same in all ages and countries; but that our sentiments of beauty and deformity depend altogether upon habit, and will of course vary, at different times, and in different regions, as different habits prevail.

JUNE the 20th.

Had a long conference with Mr. M.— He maintained pretty nearly the same political sentiments as when I last saw him—June 13th, 1799; except, that he spoke more despondingly of the revival of the spirit of freedom in this country.—Of—he observed, that, with all his wisdom, he was foolish enough to be factious; and from an aversion to the present Administration (in common with himself) as enemies to freedom, to lend his countenance and support to a Party, who were prepared to introduce a domination ten times more formidable. Expressed a vehement disgust at the intolerance of these bigots for pretended liberality.—Exhibited, in a very striking point of view, the difficulty of the return of order, combined with liberty, in France, in consequence of the enormous confiscations which had taken place there; and which he computed at not much less than nine tenths of the whole landed property of the country: and remarked on this subject, that a similar proceeding was felt, to this very hour, in producing a fund of discontent and disaffection, in Ireland.—Mentioned, that upon asking Fox's opinion of what he had observed, of the necessary complexity of all free governments, from the various elements out of which they must arise, and the various interests with which they must be charged, Fox said, that nothing certainly could be more true; nor any thing more foolish, than the doctrine of the advocates for simple forms of government. In addition to his History of this Country from the Revolution, had talked of preparing Mmoirs of his own Times—

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to be published after his death. His mind perfectly composed *now*, and resigned to the dereliction of power.—M. recited some passages he had extracted, at Cambridge, from a Work of Leibnitz, de Jure Gentium; in which that acute philosopher seemed to place Virtue, simply in promoting the good of mankind; and to account for the motives to it, by considering the interests of others as in some way incorporated with our own:—illustrating his notion on this subject, by the interest which we are naturally led to take in sublime and beautiful objects.—Had received a Letter from L., remonstrating on his calling Rousseau a sophist; which L. construed, a propagator of sophisms for hire: M. answered, that he considered a "sophist" as a promulger of specious but false doctrines, whatever were his motives; and that the term applied most pertinently to Rousseau.

JUNE the 23rd.

Looked in at the House of Commons, in the afternoon. The Question, the Third Reading of the Bill for restricting Monastic Institutions in this Country. The principal speakers—Mr. Wyndham, colloquial and ingenious, but desultory and ineffective;—Mr. Ryder, precise and affected;—Sir William Scott, solemn, neat and elegant;—Mr. Johnes, coarse and ridiculous;—Mr. Hobhouse, plain and inexpert. The first and last, against the Bill, as unnecessary. Left the House at eight, when Erskine was speaking for it. After having listened, Term after Term, with delight and exultation to this pride of the English Bar, in his place, I confess I never hear him, above stairs, but with some emotions of shame for my profession. The constant habit of advocating private suits before a superior Tribunal, generates a species of eloquence, which, however excellent in itself, appears to cruel disadvantage in a deliberative assembly of legislators and statesmen, debating, as equals, seriously and in earnest, the most important interests of the Empire. Bearcroft, indeed, whom I once heard on Erskine's Libel Bill, appeared to suffer little by the change of station: but then, with a vein of the driest and happiest humour I ever met with, there was a solemn gravity in his deportment, and a didactic energy in his manner, which, even at the Bar, removed the Advocate from sight; and frequently rendered the argument of the Counsel, more dignified and impressive than the Judgment from the Bench.

JUNE the 24th.

Read a very elegant piece of criticism, intituled "A Letter to the Rev. Mr. T. Warton, on his late Edition of Milton's Juvenile Poems"; ascribed, and I believe

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truly, to the late Rev. Samuel Darby, of Ipswich. In most of the strictures, I very heartily concur; there is one, however, from which I am disposed to dissent more vehemently, perhaps, than the occasion may seem to warrant.

" Towred Cities please us then."

MILTON: Allegro.

" *Then*, that is, at night!"

WARTON.

" An odd time, surely, for TOWRED Cities to please, when they cannot be seen. It is not Milton's wont to throw about his epithets thus at random. I remember, indeed, a party of young students from the University, who skaited down the river to Ely, and, arriving there late, would view the cathedral by candle and lantern. But the fact is rather singular; and it may be said in their excuse, that they were educated —juncosi ad littora Cami. THEN serves only, I apprehend, to shift the scene from the country to the town. The description of the morning is inimitable; and Milton must have been a very early riser, as well as an excellent poet, to mark its progressive beauties so distinctly and minutely as he has done. The lark startling the dull night with his song—the dappled dawn—the cock with lively din scattering the *rear* of darkness, and strutting out before his dames—the poet stealing forth to take his walk by hedge-row elms or hillocks green, to meet the sun (as Gray expresses it) at his Eastern Gate—robed in flames of amber, the clouds dight in a thousand colours, (forgive his liveries)—the plowman, the milkmaid, the mower, the shepherd, all with their proper attributes—the eye catching new pleasures as the sun advances—the discovery of the lawns, fallows, nibbling flocks, clouds resting on the breast of the mountains, meadows, rivers, towers and battlements bosomed high in tufted trees—form, in the whole, a picture which is unequalled, and would give new force and spirit to the glowing pencil of Reubens. I think the words, v. 67.—" Every Shepherd *tells his tale*," are well explained, as in this interpretation (which I own is new to me) the time is precisely marked. The description of the day is carried on with the same spirit, and the evening closes with a display of rural amusements and rural superstition. We are then carried to town amidst the busy hum of men. We are not to expect here the same entertainment we met with in the country. There is, however, a day-piece and a night-piece; and the evening is passed in a manner most agreeable to a man of taste and reflection, with Johnson and Shakespear, or in hearing soft Lydian airs, married to immortal verse." P. 7.

This is certainly ingenious and acute; and evinces a very delicate perception, and just relish, of the beautiful and appropriate imagery which Milton has employed, with such exquisite taste, in the most truly delicious and engaging, perhaps, of all his com-

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positions: I cannot help thinking, however, that the reasons for excepting to Warton's, and (as I conceive) the ordinary, interpretation of the passage, are far from conclusive; and I must confess, at the same time, that I should very reluctantly submit to their authority, if they were, as infinitely preferring an agreeable illusion, to an unacceptable truth.

The only objection expressly alleged against the obvious construction of the line in question, is derived from the epithet "towred", regarded as inapplicable to a night-piece: but there seems an indirect reference to another—the description of "the busy hum of men"—as a circumstance equally unsuitable to such a season; and an oblique glance at a third—in a supposed allusion (I conceive) of the Poet to tilts and tournaments, as forming part of the amusements of the Town—which, if it could be fairly established, would, no doubt, fix the period to the day. Let us examine each of these objections in its order. I. The epithet "towred" is manifestly employed to denote populousness and opulence—

> "Huge Cities, and *high-tower'd*, that well might seem
> The seats of mightiest monarchs"—
>
> Par. Regained, B. 3, v. 261.

—such qualities, as would fit the imagined Capitals for those splendid scenes with which the Poet was preparing to enliven them; and which are by no properties more emphatically indicated, than by the clustering turrets, and aspiring battlements and pinnacles, of castles, churches, palaces, and public buildings. These, no doubt, are august and striking objects to the eye: let them be ever so imposing, however, it is not on *their* account that the Poet, on this occasion, exhibits Cities as delightful; but for considerations of a very different order, which these symbols of magnificence, thus slightly suggested to the imagination, merely serve to introduce. This, I conceive, would be a satisfactory answer to the objection, were the epithet in question altogether inapplicable, as depictive of the effect of such objects in the night: but there is no necessity for any such concession. Every one who has entered a considerable town, by moonlight, or amidst the glare of high rejoicings, must have been struck with the sublime effect of its loftier edifices, either majestically reposing under the pale but resplendent tint which "sleeps" (as Shakespear so exquisitely describes it) upon the face of nature; or partially illumed, in vivid gleams, by the immediate blaze of lamps and torches. Such objects may be more picturesque and pleasing, viewed at a *distance*—(Milton had before *so* viewed them)—,gilded by the morning sun, or trembling in the haze of noon; but they are incomparably more grand and impressive, when *approached*—(and the Poet here evidently supposes them *near*)—,under either of the former aspects. II. But what shall we say to the circumstance by which this

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proximity is so strikingly marked—to " the busy hum of men"? Does not such a description instantly suggest the *noontide* buzz of populous cities—the indefatigable murmur of Cheapside and the Change; and can such an image possibly comport with the stillness and solitude of night? Certainly, not with stillness and solitude: but are these the *necessary* accompaniments of the close of day? Are they *such* accompaniments as the inhabitants of crowded Capitals are accustomed to witness? Are they the accompaniments of *such* an evening as, I contend, the Poet is about to introduce? To secluded peasantry, indeed, the objected image might well appear unsuited to the evening; but a frequenter of the parties of gaiety and fashion, will surely attest its admirable adaptation to express the first effect upon the ear, of a scene, however late the hour,

" Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold;
With store of Ladies"—.

The busy bee may close his labours with the day: but Man, intent on pleasure, holds another language—

Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice, with scrupulous head:
Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire,
Imitate the starry quire;
Who in their nightly, watchful spheres,
Lead, in swift round, the months and years.
* * * * * * * * * *
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove—
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
—Come! Let us now our rites begin.

Comus, 107, &c.

III. The last objection, appears at first view by far the most formidable of the three; and, could it be substantiated, would undoubtedly be decisive of the question. If tilts and tournaments are really introduced as parts of the entertainment in the Town-scene, the time is irrevocably fixed to *day*. Let us view the passage, then:

Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold;

With store of Ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while all contend
To win her praise whom all commend.

Here is a manifest and direct allusion, indeed, to jousts and tournaments; but surely nothing which determines them to be passing at the time. On the contrary, there are three expressions which seem purposely introduced to obviate such an interpretation:—the knights and barons are emphatically stated to be clad "*in weeds of peace*"; whereas a tournament was, in all respects, and particularly in dress and accoutrements, the express image of war:—the occasion of assembling, is denominated a "*triumph*"; which Steevens, in a note on Shakespear's expression (1st. P. of King Henry the 4th., Act 3, scene 3.) "O, thou art a perpetual *triumph*, an everlasting *bonfire-light*", defines to be "a general term for any public exhibition, such as a royal marriage, a grand procession, &c, *which commonly being at night*, were attended by a multitude of torch-bearers":—and the prize of *wit* is adjudged on the occasion, as well as *arms*. Whatever interpretation explained, in an easy way, these apparent inconsistencies, would merit attention, if not reception, on that consideration alone. Now it appears from M. De St. Palaye's Memoirs of Chivalry, that it was customary to close these martial exhibitions of our ancestors, with a solemn banquet—a supper—called the Feast of Tournaments; that at this high festival, this "triumph", all the guests, the dames, the barons, knights, and squires, appeared in their *robes* of state and ceremony; that, in the course of it, the prize of *arms* was frequently adjudged; that the parties afterwards engaged in contentions of *wit* and games of skill; and that the splendour of the evening was often still farther heightened by the introduction of masques and pageants, after the taste and fashion of the times:

"There let Hymen oft appear,
In saffron robe, with taper clear;
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With masque, and antique pageantry".

We have only to conceive ourselves transported to a festival of this nature, and every circumstance of Milton's description will correspond exactly with the scene into which we are ushered:—there can be little difficulty, therefore, in conceding, that this is the scene which the Poet designed to exhibit.

That Warton's construction, then, is at least admissible, I trust, may safely be assumed; and that, if admissible, it is incomparably the most poetical, is surely past all dispute.—Milton's design in the Allegro and Penseroso, has perhaps been regarded with too much refinement by Johnson, when he considers it as being—not what Theo-

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bald, with still more refinement, supposed, " to shew how objects derived their colours from the mind, by representing the operation of the same things upon the gay and the melancholy temper, or upon the same man as he is differently disposed"—but rather " to illustrate, how, among the successive variety of appearances, every disposition of mind takes hold on those by which it may be gratified". To me, the Poet's aim appears simply, to exhibit a succession of such appearances as are best adapted to interest and cherish a cheerful or pensive disposition. But however this may be, his conduct, in the pursuit of what must be regarded as his leading object, under any supposition, is clear and admirable. He personates, in turn, both characters; and conducts himself through a series of scenes and images congenial to each. These scenes and images are not promiscuously thrown together: they are exhibited in the order in which they naturally occur—in the succession in which they might actually have been witnessed and enjoyed; and thus essentially contribute to the vivacity and dramatic effect of the piece. In the Penseroso, the scene commences in the evening, and is pursued through the next day: in the Allegro, it opens in the morning, when first

" * * * the lark begins his flight,
" And singing startles the dull night";

and is continued, through periods marked by the most characteristic imagery, true to nature and exquisitely touched,

" Till the live-long day-light fails":

But the recreations of a country life are not yet exhausted: the spicy, nut-brown ale is introduced; and the rustic beverage is accompanied with appropriate tales of village superstition, till the hour of rest (an early hour) arrives, the whispering winds lull all to slumber, and universal stillness closes up the evening. Then—at this pause—if Warton's interpretation be received, the Poet shifts the scene; and from the sequestered hamlet, hushed in silence and repose, transports us suddenly, and by an unexpected and awakening contrast, into the midst of luxurious cities, now revelling in the height of their festivities; where he mingles with whatever is most crowded, and brilliant, and exhilirating—the sumptuous feast, the gorgeous pageant, the splendid drama, and the inspiring concert. A transition more truly animating and delightful, never was conceived: it has the same effect, as when, in some entrancing Symphony, after a Minor-movement gradually softened by a *lentando* and *diminuendo* to a close that dies away upon the ear, the whole force of the orchestra abruptly breaks forth in the original key and to brisk measure. The transition it not only exquisite in itself, but its introduction is infinitely happy. It possesses perfectly both the requisites of that " curiosa felicitas" which constitutes the fondest wish of the aspirer to elegance of composition;—it has all the ease which seems the gift of fortune, with

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all the justness which forms the triumph of art. After having chased the delights of the country through the day, the Poet is naturally led to resort in the evening to cities; and cities, at this juncture, readily furnish those glittering spectacles which contrast so admirably with the tranquil pleasures of the day. Destroy this continuity—suppose a total break in the scene—conceive that the Poet, after having left us to slumber through the night, goes over again the next day, in the town, the same circuit which he had, the evening before, completed in the country, and—I will not say that the spirit of the piece is gone—but I am sure it is miserably impaired. Every reader of taste, must forcibly feel the difference: he will abandon, if he be compelled to abandon, the illusion arising from the obvious interpretation of the contested passage, with sincere regret: and will be tempted to exclaim, with the enthusiast in Horace, to the sturdy disciplinarians who should compel him to such a measure—

* * * * * * * Pol, me occidistis amici,
Non servâstis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus, per vim, mentis gratissimus error.

L. 2, Epis. 2, v. 138, &c.

INDEX,

OF

SUBJECTS CRITICISED, DISCUSSED, OR DESCRIBED.

FINIS.

J. Raw, Printer, Ipswich.